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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

MY DEAR WALPOLE:

It may be that by the time this note reaches your eyes the controversy (?) between Mr. Mencken and yourself may have died away. I write only because I feel it the duty of one quite as "Amurican" as Mr. Mencken to speak up in behalf of an element which he certainly does not represent in his note to you.*

Mr. Mencken, you must understand in the beginning, is what may be called the "he-man" of American letters, and sometimes as such he protests too much. There are times when in his crusades upon bunk he manages to turn out something very close to bunk himself. He is inclined to protest rather too savagely in behalf of ugliness and crudity; having being born, one can't help thinking, with a predilection for beer and brass chandeliers and fly specks on the ceiling. His notorious championing of James Branch Cabell might be called the exception which gloriously proves the rule.

Not knowing Mr. Mencken, I cannot say whether he is acquainted with any but the more sordid aspects of American life; from his critical appraisals one is tempted to say at least that he recognizes no others. Yet I assure you of a fact of which, since you have spent much time in America, you may already be aware — that there are among us large numbers of individuals who enjoy good music, good pictures, good books, who lead lives surrounded, if not by luxury, certainly by a high degree of comfort. We do not wither under any drabness of American life, nor are we all drummers, waitresses, plowboys and farmgirls surrounded by barnyard smells and profanity. Some of us are indeed quite civilized, and so are able to find an equal enjoyment in Katherine Mansfield and Theodore Dreiser. We are likely to see the world in the round rather than the flat, and to allot to the whole picture of life proportionate slices of the sordid and the luxurious, the gentle and the savage, the ugly and the beautiful, the honest and the dishonest, and so on through the whole category.

*See THE BOOKMAN for December.

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Mr. Mencken has done a valiant service in behalf of American letters, clearing away much of the rubbish and drivel hanging over from the Nineties—an accumulation which has since been used as a foundation for something known as the American Academy of Arts and Letters or some such name. He is a decided personality, so decided that at times one is inclined to believe that he forces himself a little, as he has done in addressing you. But he is also beginning to age, imperceptibly, and like many a valiant veteran keeps making faces after the battle is won.

Our American writing stands quite firmly on its own legs, and if it is neglected by your countrymen that is not a very great cause for worry; certainly not in a financial sense, since our writers as well as yours find their chief support in America. The shift of financial and political world importance since 1914 is not without its parallel in the world of letters. But these things adjust themselves. Being disagreeable on one side or the other makes very little difference in the end. Mr. Mencken is quite right when he says, "I don't know of anything that is to be done about it."

In case this letter arrives late, it is because I happen at the moment to be in Europe, which Mr. Mencken, I believe, boasts of not having visited in many years. I find it quite interesting and do not feel that I am becoming less "Amurican".

I am,

Yours faithfully,

LOUIS BROMFIELD.

NEWSPAPERS AND WRITERS

SOME American magazine, devoted to the craft of writing and marketing stories, recently sent out a questionnaire on the subject of whether or not a story teller was harmed by working for the daily newspapers. The question is perennial, and seems to spring from the wide belief that an author mars his style by writing for the news columns. Setting down the facts that Samuel Entwhistle, 45, 1926 Calamity Street, died Thursday at Victim's Hospital after having been struck by a speeding automobile at Danger Avenue and Unlucky Street Wednesday, is supposed to be bad for the writer's style; or saying, "Snow, which lasted three hours Tuesday night, left a white covering two inches thick here Wednesday", is reputed to spoil the literary person's career. It is a very pleasant and convenient excuse for those who have no style to begin with, and also for those reviewers who, finding that the author of a book has worked on a newspaper and not liking the book, describe his manner of writing as deplorably "journalese". But except in those two cases, the matter of whether a writer has been trained on a newspaper is of little importance so far as his style is concerned.

Perhaps it was Matthew Arnold who said that getting his feet wet spoiled his style for days. It may have done so. Small things often have large consequences. And how much more than writing news stories or getting your feet wet is continuous reading of the newspapers likely to spoil the writer's style! For in the newspapers, as in the most popular magazines, all facts are thrown out of proportion, and the prose is either hackneyed to death in copybook manner or else florid and slovenly. Newspapers would appear to be stifling the creative spirit. The throbbing question becomes, not whether the creative artist can function in America, but whether the creative artist can survive the newspapers. For

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those of our literary gentlemen and ladies who do not write for the newspapers read them.

Yet the editorial executive of one of America's large publishing houses said a short while ago that a friend of his began writing by the imaginative elaboration of stories in the newspapers. And that he made quite a success of it! For that matter, the daily press supplies plenty of plots for all kinds of writers. Many times has "The Saturday Evening Post" prematurely printed the romance of W. L. (Young) Stribling, lightweight contender for the world's boxing championship, and Clara Virginia Kinney of a fairly prominent Macon family. Then remember also the possibilities in the recent news story of the marriage of Irving Berlin with Ellin Mackay. Either Sherwood Anderson or Edna Ferber could write that one — but how different would be their versions! From Shakespeare to Hardy geniuses have never worried over the origination of plots. Nor will geniuses, nor even men of superior talent,, ever worry over whether or not writing for a newspaper is going to spoil the writer's style.

THE UNROMANTIC SINNER

"EARNEST INQUIRER" writes us the following letter. The question raised is a real one. Yet there is this to be said for the Sherwood Andersons. For many many years the Puritans had their innings; now, as little as we may like it, the other attitude is being heard! Also, there are plenty of books and magazines on the market still supporting the church givers and goers. It is the duty of "Earnest Inquirer" to support these; but such is the spirit of the times that we suspect these Inquirers of trotting around to contemplate the other side with curiosity and thus give it ample support.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN,
SIR:

The other evening I heard Mr. Sherwood Anderson lecture and came away feeling that I ought to apologize to the world for being a respectable member of society. The lecture was circumspect enough, but patronizing. He said, "I hardly suppose anyone in this audience has ever been drunk", and I fancied that he regarded us pityingly. He seemed to be depressed by the hopelessness of our situation, our utter inability to understand life and literature. The futility of trying to make himself intelligible to such monsters of respectability seemed to weigh upon him. He found us oppressive and yet no one present wished to sadden him.

But, my dear BOOKMAN, his attitude represents the feeling of many modern writers. Their abhorrence of respectable living and good citizenship shouts from their pages. Why should so called good people be so ignored in literature? If mentioned at all why do they figure only as hypocrites?

Why should I come away from a lecture feeling that life has not unfolded itself to me because I have never been drunk or never been divorced or involved in a triangle or perhaps never been married at all? How can I accomplish these things? Even in these prohibition days when I am told that anyone can buy "it", getting drunk would be impossible for me. So would all the other things the novelists think essential for a "real and a full life". I have faults and failings but not romantic and picturesque ones from a literary point of view. I know I am a sinner and my name is legion, but why should I be pitied and despised because I am not a splendid sinner, defying all conventions? I may lack imagination and "strong elemental passions", but why can't the daring sinners be charitable toward me as I am supposed to become charitable toward them, when I read of their temptations and their numerous falls?

We poor clods who can't fall because we attain no heights have a few good points even if we are despised by the modern writers of fiction.

We do a few things. We try to keep the homes, the schools, and the churches going. We give to good causes including foreign missions. We take good magazines and try to find readable books. We enjoy

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sunsets and outdoor suppers. We even read poetry and try to hear good music. We can't help being uninteresting, so why should we be so despised?

Perhaps we are more canny than we seem. What does all this sin business get people anyway except a place in the newspapers, in literature and drama and movies? In real life it gets them into hospitals and onto operating tables, into divorce courts, reformatories, penitentiaries, poor houses, and insane asylums. So why lead a "full life"? But then I am no judge. I have never been drunk and never wanted to be. What do I know? Ask Mr. Walpole or Mr. Mencken about my sad case. No, don't ask "My dear Mencken", he would despise me too and I couldn't bear it.

EARNEST INQUIRER.

MOUNTAINS AND MAMMALS

STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL near Atlanta, Georgia, begun by Gutzon Borglum and being completed by Augustus Lukeman, is unique in more ways than one, you gather from the nicely printed booklet which the Memorial Association has published for distribution and sale.

This memorial, it may be said for those who scorn the newspapers, concerns the sculpturing on the northern side of Stone Mountain of a mass of figures representing Confederate troops passing in review before their leaders: Davis, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson. It is an imposing mountain to be in such a country of low hills and scrub pine, and no doubt there is a justifiable awe of it felt by most of the people who can see it.

But that is the mountain itself. Stone Mountain Memorial is a different matter, a laying on of hands not godlike upon an already finished creation of nature. Stone Mountain, the Association booklet informs you, is eight thousand feet long, seven miles around its base, consists of seven billion cubic feet of stone — the largest lump of solid granite in the world. That, of course, is said not in the interests of Stone Mountain, but rather in the interests of Stone Mountain Memorial — quite a difference. Stone Mountain Memorial, the booklet tells you, will have figures of 150 feet from hat to shoe, and these figures will make a 1,350 foot banner across the face of the mountain.

In illustration of the size of this projected memorial, the Association booklet says that it would be possible to set a table for 120 people on the necks of the horses of President Davis and General Lee. And if that is not vivid enough, you may read also in the Association booklet that the head of General Lee's horse will measure more than forty feet from the tip of his nostril to the tip of his ear. Also: "General Lee's left shoulder will form a ledge of granite on which could be constructed a platform capable of accommodating fifty people."

Dr. C. Hight Moore, a much informed local pundit, bursts into the following rhetoric on the subject:

Trajan's Column at Rome, the chief work of Apollodorus, is only 132 feet high, so that it would look like a cane in the hands of Lee. Transport Bunker Hill Monument from Boston to a level with "Traveler's" feet; then climb 224 stone steps winding upward within it, and you would be almost in easy downreach of Lee's hat. Let Washington Monument, towering 555 feet, take its stand on the level beside Stone Mountain, and though it would rise slightly higher than the central group it would not be wide enough to conceal a single mounted chieftain of the Confederacy, and would leave quite exposed the entire cavalcade on the right and every column of infantry on the left. Even the great Pyramid of Gizeh would appear humble beside Stone Mountain, although from a base 764 feet square, covering more than four acres, and requiring five million tons of hewn stone, it rises to an altitude of 488 feet. Beyond a doubt, the Stone Mountain Memorial is one of the wonders of the world.

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Mountains and mammals. All this eloquence over Mr. Lukeman's endeavor to fit a body on the head of Lee, which Mr. Borglum had left staring from the mountains when he severed his connections with the Stone Mountain Memorial Association. Yes, Stone Mountain Memorial is unique. It is to be hoped that it will remain so.

SHOULD A NOVEL MEAN ANYTHING?

TWO novels recently much discussed are "Thunder on the Left" by Christopher Morley and "Manhattan Transfer" by John Dos Passos. In both cases reviewers and critics have disagreed violently concerning the merits of the books. In the case of the Dos Passos book the issue seems fairly clear. Written in a curious manner, purporting to be a portrait of New York City, it seems to some to represent only a small portion of Manhattan, only the most unpleasant and perhaps neurotic side. It is therefore said to be a poor book. We hold no brief for "Manhattan Transfer". It is powerful. It is also unpleasant. For what it is, however, it is well done, just as this author's earlier novel "Three Soldiers" was well done. As Dos Passos suppressed the pleasanter side of war, giving a bitter and an unrelieved picture, just so he suppresses the pleasant side of New York City. This is his privilege as an artist. You may like or dislike his picture. You may criticize his choice of color. You may say, "That is not at all the way New York looks." Yet, after all, it is his picture of New York — and as such it must stand or fall.

The question involved in Mr. Morley's "Thunder on the Left" is more serious. It has been termed a masterpiece, and it has been called far less than that. It has been highly praised in these pages, and the effect of a first reading on the reviewer was of great emotional delight. In retrospect that feeling still persists, but along with it comes a questioning. Just what did Christopher Morley mean by his closing episode? When first read it seemed perfectly clear. A return to it makes any of a number of explanations seem possible. Asking others who have read this novel what it meant to them becomes almost like a parlor game. Few are alike in their reactions. Now it is possible that this is the strength of the book; that, being an allegory, or at least a fantasy, it may mean one thing to one man and one thing to another; that this was the author's purpose. Here, then, the question arises: does he know, himself, what it means? Is it necessary for a great piece of emotional writing to be definite? Must it be clear all along the line just what the action is, and what the author's interpretation of it is? Certainly, in poetry, the seeker after definitive meanings for every phrase would often be at a loss. Yet should he be?

After being so moved by any book as by "Thunder on the Left", one is ungracious in finding fault, but the curious final scenes puzzle and will continue to puzzle. Will Mr. Morley consider this puzzlement stupidity, or is puzzlement his desired effect? Are there many readers of THE BOOKMAN to whom this extraordinary story is crystal clear?

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REASON FOR THE RAPTUROUS

By Irwin Edman

IT might appear that, when intellectualism, even among young men, has become an habitual disease, it were hardly necessary to write a defense of reason as a habit of life. In these columns, only a month or two ago, the present writer was making a slender plea for ecstasy. But there are signs all over Europe and America of a growing revolt against reason. It may not, therefore, be without point to say something in defense of the cool reflective tradition. In Italy, for example, the younger philosophical men of letters seem preoccupied with a neo-mystical movement directed at once against the intellectualized idealism of the nineteenth century and the materialistic cynicism of the twentieth. In England, championed not least by the energetic though gloomy Dean, the right to be mystical is once more being urged. The subtlest of logics is being invoked in the campaign against the domination of life by thought. The cult of reason has had its fruits in cynicism, pessimism, and despair. The flowers of clear thought have not been altogether beautiful. From many unhappy quarters, therefore, the rebound has come. Too much mind, it is feared, has thinned the blood; the wanton use of logic has despoiled loveliness. Hence in literary criticism and programs has come a demand, *vide* Croce or Sherwood Anderson, for less polish and more fire; in politics, *vide* Mussolini, energy is acclaimed as superior to counsel or compromise; in religion, *vide* Dean Inge or Mary Austin, mystical rapture has been sought in place of the intellectual love or the intellectual questioning of God.

To these revoltees, reason needs not so much an exposition as it needs an apology. They point out with justice that life becomes most alive and certainly becomes most completely justified in its high unexamined moments of completion. There are instants in friendship and in art when one is incited not to inquire but to enjoy. At such moments the mere fact of being is the experience of perfection. At such crescendi in otherwise routine days one resents the prying presence of reflection. For what is reason but the uninvited, unwanted guest at the festival of happiness? What does it do but shadow the so vivid present reality with suggestions of its precarious endurance, its high costs, or its wormy consequences? Those whom love has once taken to a height, or whom sensibility to line or color or sound has once quickened to a swifter awareness, may come to identify reflection with a lowering of vitality or a clipping of the spirit's wings.

From the Greeks down, there have been the now familiar prudential arguments for leading the life of reason. By many different philosophers in many different languages, the race has been informed that it pays to be prudent. One swallow, says Aristotle sententiously, does not make a summer. And the whole burden of the typical cautious moralist is that one glamourous impulse may ruin a life;

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one touch of flame may be the immolation of a career. The nonchalant way in which the race has ignored moral theory is proof enough of how futile such exhortations must be. It is no use telling a creature thirsty for joys that his body will not let him question, that he may, by refusing them, live joylessly forever. The moralists themselves have not appeared to deny that beyond the golden mean lay joys of still rarer metal. But traffic with such exotic goods has always seemed to them fraught with danger. Indeed the golden mean has been recommended chiefly, not because it was golden, but because it was safe. Half a life, the implication has been, is better than none. But it is no use calling human beings from a dangerous bliss to dull safety. Reason will win its votaries when the life of reason is shown, not to be safe, but to be even more seductive than the life of passionate impulse itself.

All arguments about the conduct of life are a posteriori. It is a familiar fact that it is not theory but temperament that determines our ultimate choices. But there is one plea for the reflective life that has not been sufficiently stressed and one, incidentally, that should appeal particularly to those avid of ecstasy. That consideration is the truth attested to by great lovers throughout history, that to any experience in art or in life, reason gives poignancy, volume, and depth. It is the light which intensifies the hues of all varieties of joy; it is the ray which penetrates to the deep heart of otherwise unknown and unknowable pleasures. No love becomes less vivid because the lover realizes consciously and completely the lineaments, the destiny, the bud-like excellences, the weed-like weaknesses, of his beloved. The edge and dram of his passion lose nothing in force and gain much in tenderness because he knows the animal roots out of which his love has grown, or the dusty extinction to which he and his beloved and all their little fire are doomed. No connoisseur's pleasure is infected because his eye has been subtly trained to observe the particular niceties of line and color to which he has hitherto responded with a vague and leaping heart. There is no diminishing of joy to the musician because he has discovered in music an intricate, exciting pattern to be followed, not an opiate to be drunk swooningly. Nor finally, on a wider scale, is the lover of God less filled with Godhead because his disciplined mind has become a clear mirror of divinity. "The heart", said Pascal, "has its reasons that reason does not know." And it may be said, on the other hand, that reason has its joys that the heart alone could never find or fathom.

The illusion that the practice of reasonableness mitigates the experience of pleasure has several obvious sources. It is beyond doubt true that reason robs human beings of certain types and qualities of enjoyment that do not go with a clear head. Sentimentalism in love and superstition in religion, the rhetorical in literature and the gaudy in painting, are made forever impossible to those whose imaginations have been tempered by reflection. One is spoiled for affection without the saving salt of irony, and for romance without the antiseptic of common sense. Music without structure and poetry without substance are increasingly distasteful to those who come to all arts and to all experiences with their minds as well as their diaphragms. Intelligence beyond peradventure robs the human animal of his cheaper and more obvious pleasures. Even when in the grip of lust he cannot refrain from noting the

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brutal compulsion that thus constrains him to joy. Even when, incited by the flesh, his imagination carries him to mystical peaks of the spirit, he cannot help remembering the physical mechanisms that are the cause of his rare, unearthly dreams.

The amateur in the life of reason is necessarily self conscious. For a while he distrusts his emotions altogether or enjoys them with a mental reservation of ennui or disdain. There are students of harmony and counterpoint, the intellectual amateurs of music, who will not admit to themselves that they are ever caught up by a swelling movement or an engulfing crescendo of sound. There are lovers, newly sophisticated with reason, who would not admit, even in mutual intimacy, that they have become for each other each other's universe. Thus to confess what is emotionally true, would appear to them intellectually silly. It is not reason that kills naïve joys and corrupts honest emotions. It is the self consciousness that comes to those who have only lately learned to practise reason, or have not learned to practise it often.

Those in whom intelligent awareness has become a fixed mental habit know that joy does not kill but rather sharpens rapture. The trained music lover knows that music has become for him an infinitely more various and extensive continent since he learned to move from its pretty coast through its lovelier inland forests of harmony with ease. The enchantment that once vaguely stirred his nerves now satisfies his acutely awakened sense and absorbs his aware and possessed mind. In addition to the merely emotional disturbance that music has been for him always, it now becomes an "audible mathematics", a logic piquantly sensuous in its medium and its appeal. It has turned into a song for the mind.

Nor does all this mean that he has lost the simpler vital pleasures of music. The tremble of a note, the movement of a melody, engage his senses more keenly even than they did of old, now that he has learned to study and to follow them more minutely. But he has acquired a new perspective, and his pleasure has a new dimension. Notes have become moments in the magnificent drama of sound. And, through the intercession of mind, he is enabled now to recognize past harmonies and recognize their emergence in strange new colors and in ultimate happy concords. The Bach "Passacaglia", from being a vast boring blur, has been transformed into a flawless, overwhelming pattern. The listener has acquired a possibility of musical pleasure far more intense and far more unearthly than the musical sensualist or the musical sentimentalist alone could ever know.

What is true of the enjoyment of music is true of the enjoyment of any art. To perceive with precision and with perspective — and that is what intelligent connoisseurship consists in — is to turn a merely brute excitement into a perduring spiritual delight. To have seen and heard and enjoyed with intelligence is not simply to have breathed an experience more deeply; it is to have conserved it long after it is over. The mere act of reflection, as those best know to whom it has become habitual, may become on occasion the most exquisite *volupté*. Especially when the subject matter of one's reflection is beautiful, like choice sensations of color or sound, to think is to become for a moment a sensorium of pure delight, a purified register of beauty. And what has once been caught in the eternal relations of thought may be called up as a recurrent shining memory

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when the first happy contact is over.

There will be those ready enough to admit that the pleasures of appreciation may be heightened when they are clarified and discriminated in reflection. A few will be ready to take on faith that the act of thought may itself be the most delicious of sensations. (Aristotle could conceive of no purer bliss for God.) But these same voices will be raised to protest that in the arts, on the productive side, no good can ever come from reflection. There have been dozens since Plato who have insisted that great artistic creation comes from a divine madness. And in our day, writers as far apart as Croce and Mary Austin have insinuated that in creation the sane are more than probably the mediocre. Certainly the highest achievements in art do seem to have sprung from something deep, primitive, and subconscious, dictated by an inner dæmon, a divine whispering voice. Metaphorically at least one is ready to accept the notion of some genius of a place or art speaking softly and with authority into the ear of a great artist. Even the layman is ready with his facile distinction between genius and talent.

Croce, who has been quoted by many more critics than have read him, did in all his labored "Estetica" manage to make one point clear. It is the artist's intuition, not his technique, that matters. Line and color in painting, rhyme and rhythm in poetry, harmony and counterpoint in music, these do not signify much, if anything. The great and essential fact is what an artist feels, the acute centre of his sincerity and rapture. The rest is machinery. Tolstoy went so far indeed as to insist that all that preoccupied the sophisticated critics, the devices and subtleties by which effects were produced, was so much testimony to the falsity and emptiness of contemporary art. Only the passionate image in an artist's soul was of importance. His gift was his vision of the truth; his art, in so far as it was art and not artifice, was his version of truth. And his version was as successful as his vision was sincere.

Croce and Tolstoy were both emphasizing something fundamental and just. Of that there can scarcely be a doubt in the mind of anyone who has come suddenly into surprised contact with a masterpiece in any art. Pass along a gallery of pictures at any exhibition—canvas after canvas with all the certificated competence of the schools. There is no flaw of composition and no colored outrage upon the eye. All is effective and disciplined and dull. Then there meets the eye something whose impressive quality outruns definition and analysis. It seems the product of something other than competence; it is addressed to something more deep and private and authoritative than reason. The voice is the voice of genius and the language is that of unmistakable perfection. The picture appears to be more than an adroitly contrived *thing:* it is the visible sign of a passionate spirit, and in our own spirit it quickens passions below the precise formulas of the connoisseur.

It is the extraordinary difference between first and second rate in art that places them in two different worlds. In the case of first rate art, one cannot believe that what is so transcendent of analysis can possibly have been produced by mind. And in the case of second rate art, it is apparent always that the most competent academician absents himself from the felicity which is the signature of genius.

But certain corruptive illusions follow in the train of that recognition of the chasm between genius and talent.

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The genius that is absolute felicity is certainly a very different matter from the modest talent that wishes to substitute a vague intensity for discipline. No amount of intelligence will ever be a surrogate for the authentic fire. But a very good case may be made out from contemporary or historical examples for the contention that intelligence is the least neglected instrument which genius has used. What may genius be, indeed, but intelligence preternaturally felicitous and swift? Because a masterpiece keeps the secret of its production, it does not follow that it was produced without method at all. It is the little yearners after greatness, not the great, who counsel a slovenly dependence upon inspiration.

The living breath of a work of art is certainly the artist's vision, his sense of some phase of experience in which his quickened spirit has lived in fact or in imagination. The aim of art, it may be said, is to communicate that quickened sense to the observer. But the means of communication are always material means, just those strokes of the brush, just that arrangement of notes, just that collocation of chords. It requires training, precision, and the skill of the craftsman to translate a vague intense vision into a work of art. And it requires the connivance of mind on the part of the observer for the vision to become his as well as the artist's.

No creator ever killed a conception, some beauty in embryo, because of a sure technique. He merely communicated it the better. No observer was ever purloined of pleasure because he had trained eyes with which to see precisely, ears with which to hear exactly, and an intelligence with which to understand. All jewels gleam more beautifully in a clear intense light. All the facets of pleasure become more crystalline in the impeccable light of mind. The purest ecstasy may indeed be what the Hindu philosophers have claimed it to be, not the flight from but the closest embracing of thought.

In the conclusion of Shaw's "Back to Methuselah", in the section called "As Far As Thought Can Reach", Shaw represents, it will be remembered, a group of ancients. They are grey people, these, who have passed beyond the seduction of sense and the playtime of art to the sober satisfactions of contemplation. The picture of these intellectuals is not rapturous. The better image is, perhaps, Dante's. Dante, conducted by Beatrice, has passed through circle after circle of Paradise, and through session after session of dialectical discussion with various learned saints. The beatific vision in which he is lost at the end, the fusion of instantaneous and eternal love and light, these form the terminus of an intense logical journey. Thought, too, may lead to the divine rapture. Perhaps on the whole there is no easier way.

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AMY LOWELL AND THE FAR EAST

By Florence Ayscough

IN the critical analysis bound to be made of Amy Lowell's contribution to literature, it is important that due stress be laid on her interpretations of the Farthest East — that is, of China and Japan. The sum total of these interpretations may not be large but the quality is unique. By virtue of her astounding gift of intuition Amy Lowell annihilated time and space, and seemed to comprehend the thoughts of men long dead, and visualize the movement of scenes long past, although both thoughts and scenes belonged to civilizations far removed from our own.

She visited neither China nor Japan, but came in close touch with Japanese art and legend through her brother Percival Lowell, the astronomer, who traveled in Japan and Corea during the Eighties, and who found an eager sympathetic listener in his little sister at home. Upon one occasion he brought back with him his interpreter, Mr. Teunejiro Miyaoka, now a lawyer living in Tokio, and the charming Japanese took a great fancy to the intelligent child whom he found at Sevenels. He talked to her at length about his beautiful island country and told her many of its romantic tales. Since that time Japanese prints and wood carvings have been an integral part of Amy Lowell's entourage, and books on Japan have always lain upon her table.

Her first volume of poems, "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass", was published in 1912, and in it we find two poems on Japanese subjects: "A Japanese Wood-Carving" and a "Coloured Print by Shokei". The carving — how well I know it! — hangs still as she describes it:

High up above the open welcoming door
It hangs, a piece of wood with colours dim.
. . . . . .
An artist once, with patient, careful knife,
Had fashioned it like to the untamed sea.
Here waves uprear themselves, their tops
blown back
By the gay, sunny wind, which whips the
blue
And breaks it, into gleams and sparks of
light.

The next two volumes, "Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds", 1914, and "Men, Women and Ghosts", 1917, contain nothing specifically oriental, but the imagery of certain pieces such as "The Pike", "Afternoon Rain in State Street", and others, resembles the imagery of Far Eastern poems.

At this time Miss Lowell was becoming more and more absorbed in Japanese literature, and in August, 1917, her great poem on the opening of Japan by Commodore Perry appeared in "The Seven Arts", a magazine no longer published.

The poem, now printed in "Can Grande's Castle", is called "Guns as Keys: and the Great Gate Swings". It is very remarkable from both an artistic and a psychological point of view, and is especially interesting in connection with present day developments in the relation of East and West.

The work is divided into two parts and a postlude. Part One describes the voyage of Commodore Perry's

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ship, the "Mississippi", and the squadron under his command from Chesapeake Bay, around the Cape of Good Hope, to the Great Gate of Japan. The passages dealing with the "Mississippi" and her crew are written in polyphonic prose, but are interspersed with exquisite vignettes in unrhymed cadence which give pictures of the country toward which the ships are headed. These vignettes are positively photographic in their vividness. Of all the many many descriptions of Japan which I have read they are far and away the most beautiful. In fact, to me they *are Japan*. Nor am I peculiar in this respect. Soon after the poem appeared in "The Seven Arts", a Japanese wrote to Miss Lowell expressing his wondering admiration of her descriptive power, and in closing asked how many years she had lived in his country!

The exquisite group of poems called "Lacquer Prints" which open the volume "Pictures of the Floating World", are also the result of this period when Miss Lowell lived, as far as her mentality was concerned, in old Japan.

Of these poems she says: "I have made no attempt to observe the syllabic rules which are an integral part of all Japanese poetry. I have endeavored only to keep the brevity and suggestion of the *hokku*, and to preserve it within its natural sphere."

A LOVER

If I could catch the green lantern of the firefly
I could see to write you a letter.

TO A HUSBAND

Brighter than the fireflies upon the Uji River
Are your words in the dark, Beloved.

These examples, chosen somewhat fortuitously from among the fifty nine pieces of the group, demonstrate the success which has crowned her endeavor; and among her latest poems is the beautiful "Anniversary" cast in the *hokku* mold.

I cannot leave the Japanese division of Miss Lowell's work without at least mentioning her very vivid introduction to the "Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan" translated by Annie Shepley Omori and Kochi Doi. The diaries date from the Heian period of Japanese history, A.D. 794–1186, and as Miss Lowell says, ". . . it is just because these Diaries reflect the real life of these ladies that they are important. The world they portray is in most ways quite as advanced as our own, and in some, much more so . . . and everywhere, everywhere, there is poetry. A gentleman hands a lady a poem on the end of his fan and she is expected to reply in kind within the instant." In reading the diaries Miss Lowell turned back the clock of time and vibrated with the emotion which stirred those charming ladies of long ago. She possessed in a rare degree that intuitive gift which she describes so well in her Life of Keats (Volume I, page 505):

> He reflected constantly on his art, and the remarks about poetry scattered through his writings prove him to have possessed — besides, and quite apart from, his genius — a very acute and subtle mind. "The excellence of every art is its intensity" is one of his dictums, and it is absolutely true. Again, he speaks of "that trembling delicate and snail-horn perception of beauty", and if ever man had it, it was he. Once when George Keats had been making some comparison between him and Lord Byron, he answers in a letter: "You speak of Lord Byron and me. There is this great difference between us, he describes what he sees — I describe what I imagine. Mine is the hardest task."

So it was with Amy Lowell. She "described what she imagined" and the description rang true.

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If Miss Lowell's approach to Japan sprang from a childish enthusiasm which grew to critical and sympathetic appreciation, her approach to China and its literature was very different.

The central Flowery State attracted her, and she loved to read and talk about China. I have lived there for many years, and when I came to America she always plied me with questions, but until the autumn of 1917 she had not studied it seriously. At that time I happened to pay her a long visit, and I had in my possession some paintings and a number of "written pictures", examples of that art which the Chinese consider the most perfect medium of æsthetic expression. They are perhaps the least known, and certainly the least understood, of all oriental art forms; which is a pity, since these "hanging-on-the-wall-poems" are highly characteristic of the Chinese idea. A beautiful thought perpetuated in beautiful handwriting, and hung upon the wall to suggest a mental picture — that is what a *tzû hua* amounts to.

Miss Lowell was immensely interested. Her own account of this happening appears in the preface to "Fir-Flower Tablets", and I will quote her words: "Among these paintings were a number of examples of the 'Written Pictures'. Of these Mrs. Ayscough had made some rough translations which she intended to use to illustrate her lectures. She brought them to me with the request that I put them into poetic shape. I was fascinated by the poems, and, as we talked them over, we realized that

here was a field in which we should like to work."

It must not be supposed for a moment, however, that Miss Lowell was content to work from my translations alone. By no means. We both realized that it was impossible for her to give an adequate rendering of a poet's thought unless she knew *exactly* the words in which he clothed it. So ideograph by ideograph, and line by line, we worked together, I translating and she making careful notes. While so working Miss Lowell made a discovery which I believe will be far reaching in its result. She found that, frequently, an analysis of an ideograph in a phrase instead of in a single word made the meaning of the line far more vivid. The discovery came about in this way. We were at work upon a poem, and I read the character *mo*. "It means 'sunset'", I said; and then added casually, "The character shows the sun disappearing in the long grass at the edge of the horizon." "How do you mean?" asked Miss Lowell. "Why what I say", I replied, and forthwith showed her the character

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The illustrations accompanying this article are reproduced from Mrs. Ayscough's new book "A Chinese Mirror" (Houghton Mifflin).

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or pictograph in its ancient form, which shows plainly the sun sinking behind tufts of grass on the far off horizon. She was more enthralled than ever and insisted that I give her a long dissertation on the composition of characters, a subject that has always been of intense interest to me, but which I had never thought of applying in translation.

Although the Chinese have no alphabet, they build up their characters from a set of 214 chosen forms, which are pictographs or ideographs. Occidentals call these forms "the radicals"; but Chinese refer to them as ideograph "mothers" or "origins". One of these mothers appears in every written character; and it is in the section headed by its mother that a character must be looked up in a Chinese dictionary.

For instance, the pictograph "grain" appears as mother of the word "autumn", composed by adding to it the pictograph "fire", which in this connection suggests ripe maturity. Go one step further; add the character "heart" to the combination meaning "autumn"; and the resulting word expresses a very special, all consuming grief. A character often used to express the sound of a gale is composed of the wind radical and the figure meaning "to speak" — Miss Lowell renders it in the phrase, "shouts on the clearness of a gale". The pictograph for "a whirlpool" shows rivers which cross each other, and Miss Lowell's version reads, "the whirled water of meeting streams".

Other examples might be given, but I have said enough to show that the aura of a Chinese character must often be sought in its makeup; and in our work Miss Lowell and I were very careful to investigate the ancestry of characters.

The written pictures were finished and, to quote Miss Lowell again: "When Mrs. Ayscough returned to China, it was agreed that we should make a volume of translation from the classic Chinese writers. Such translations were in the line of her usual work, and I was anxious to read the Chinese poets as nearly in the original as it was possible for me to do. At first we hardly considered publication."

Our correspondence became, however, more and more devoted to the discussion of Chinese poetry, and when I came to America in May, 1921, we worked together for months, revising the poems rendered when we were half a world apart, and studying the new translations I had brought with me. The result of this collaboration appeared in December of that year in the volume called "Fir-Flower Tablets".

I wish that it were possible for the general reader to realize how very close to the originals Miss Lowell's renderings are, but this could not be unless the complicated drafts I sent her were published. I often wondered how it was possible for her to decipher them, although they were as simple as I could make them. As she says, "I had, in fact, four different means of approach to a poem. The Chinese text (in transliteration) for rhyme-scheme and rhythm; the dictionary meanings of the words; the analyses of characters; and for the fourth, a careful paraphrase by Mrs. Ayscough, to which she added copious notes to acquaint me with all the allusions, historical, mythological, geographical and technical that she deemed it necessary for me to know."

After Miss Lowell had once read my paraphrase to get the general drift of a poem I think she hardly looked at it again, but worked directly from the Chinese words themselves.

She found that the analysis of char-

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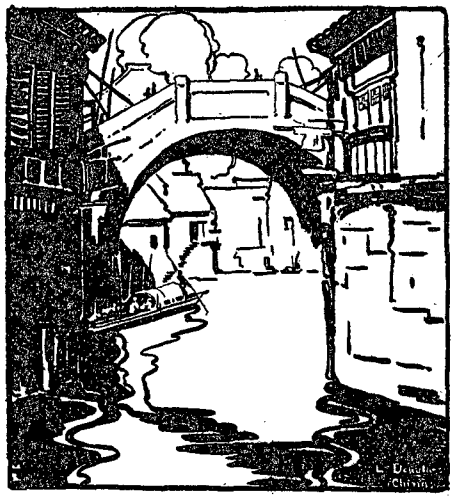
acters — that is the rendering of an ideograph by a phrase — had to be used very sparingly in poetry, because, as she explains in a letter, it is so very easy to spoil the cadence. She writes: "I could not get the sun disappearing in the long grass at the edge of the horizon either. Everything I did seemed to spoil the cadence which is particularly good in this poem, so finally, after struggling and struggling over it, I have determined to leave it as it is, if you are satisfied." The poem under consideration was "The Palace Blossoms" (page 155) and the word "sunset" appears at the end of the second line, which is quite long enough as it stands.

Apropos the necessity of having the actual text and all the data I could possibly give her, she wrote me: "Now most people do not know this for they have no idea what it means to translate a Chinese poem. They do not know the combination of qualities necessary to produce anything like the original. Personally since doing this work with you, I have become more in love with Chinese poetry than ever. I think it is extraordinarily good and immensely interesting to work with, but it would be *no good at all if you did it in free translation;* no good as an approach to the Oriental mind, that is." Later in discussing our collaboration she said: "The sinologues do not know enough about poetry to make adequate translations . . . and the poets who have done them best are more concerned in making *a name for themselves than in rendering the old Chinese people.* . . . The consequence is that you get one of two extremes, a scholarly translation which is poor poetry, or a splendid poem which no Chinese ever wrote.

"I think if you do not state this in your prose article, the general reader will wonder why we bother with more Chinese translations when there have been so many. They will not know that we have a reason for doing it which other people have not."



To understand the last sentence it must be remembered that, generally speaking, translators of Chinese have avowedly been concerned with making a smooth rendering in the English idiom. They have deliberately rejected the Chinese idiom as being too bizarre; and it is certainly very difficult to transfer an idiom from one language to another. Miss Lowell found it so — she wrote in June, 1919: "These things do not go as rapidly as I could wish, partly from press of other work and partly because they are so fussy. . . . I am absolutely in love with this Li T'ai-po, but lawks a massy, my dear, 'tain't easy nohow. However you shall have it somehow, God knows how." Other extracts written about the same time read: "I think it is extremely important not to do any embroidery that the character does not justify", and, "I am absolutely drowned in Chinese literature, all I can get in English and French transla-

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tion, and I am beginning to understand a good many things I did not understand before."

Miss Lowell's fidelity was amazing. I often said, "This line *means* so and so", and her invariable reply was, "Yes, but what does it *say*"; and then she would try to render the Chinese idiom, or employ the metaphor used, as nearly as might be.

It was this absolute sincerity of hers which made her so easy to work with. For many weeks we studied together each night, and when the pale summer dawn touched the trees towering above Sevenels, I would leave her to work on alone — she could accomplish the actual rendering far better if left undisturbed. During those weeks we had many discussions, but I cannot recall that in all the weaving together of our dissimiliar work a single hasty, to be regretted, word passed between us. When the book was finished and I sailed back to China leaving her to struggle with the final proofs, she sent me a farewell letter, written in pencil on the smooth primrose colored paper which she always used when composing, a letter which I value very highly. One passage reads:

> Dear Florence you have no idea how much I have enjoyed doing this with you. It has brought us so near together. I have learned to know you so much better. . . . However many books we do, or don't do, let us keep it thus — always.
>
> You have been an angel to me, a monument of patience. I am not easy to work with, I know, I get so excited, and I think only of the work, and not at all of anyone's feelings. Forgive me for all my many faults and omissions, and please believe how very grateful I am for your wonderful sympathy and understanding. But we must do other books.

Our different functions were described metaphorically by my Chinese teacher in a characteristic conversation I had with him after he had perused the copy of "Fir-Flower Tablets" which I gave him. Mr. Nung Chu does not speak English, but he can read a little, and I asked him if he had enjoyed the book. He replied: "The writing brush of Mme. Ai's friend is full of life's movement." "Ah yes," I said, "and that you see is what Heaven does; anyone with patience and your help could do my part, but hers is a gift from Heaven." "Not wrong," he assented, "the words of Mme. Ai are a little not wrong, but if Mme. Ai did not make the poems ten thousand times perfectly clear, how could her friend write with life? We have a common saying, perhaps Mme. Ai does not know it; it says: 'What is the beauty of the peony flower without the green leaves?'"

In order to show that I do not lay too high a claim for Miss Lowell's fidelity to the text, I shall quote a couple of poems as illustrations:

SUNG TO THE TUNE OF THE UNRIPE HAWTHORN BERRY

Text of Poem

Line 1
Spring
Hill
Mist
Desire
Obscure

Line 2
Heaven, or the sky
Light in color, pale.
Stars
Scattered, separate.
Few

Line 3
Destroy, broken.
Moon
Face
Side
Light, illumination.

Line 4
Separation
Tears
Bright, clear.
Light of dawn.

Line 5
Words, to speak.
Already
Many

Line 6
Passion, emotion.
Not yet
Finality.

Line 7
Turn
Head
Still
Again
Say, speak.

Line 8
{ Rise
{ Accomplish
= Remember
Green
Open-worked silk gauze
Skirt

Line 9
{ Place
{ Place
= Everywhere
Remind, not forget.
Sweet scented
Grass

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Miss Lowell's rendering:

Mist is trying to hide the Spring-coloured
hills,
The sky is pale, the stars are scattered and
few.
The moon is broken and fading, yet there is
light on your face,
These are the tears of separation, for now
it is bright dawn.

We have said many words,
But our passion is not assuaged.
Turn your head, I have still something to
say
Remember my skirt of green open-work
silk,
The sweet scented grasses everywhere will
prevent your forgetting.

THE BATTLE TO THE SOUTH OF THE CITY

Text of Poem

Line 1
Battle
Ground
How
Dim
Yellow-dusk

Line 2
Fight
Men
Like
Swarm
Ants

Line 3
Air
Heavy, thick
Sun
Wheel
Red

Line 4
Blood
Dyes
{ Pêng A wild
{ Hao = chrysan-
themum
Purple

Line 5
Vulture
Bird
Hold-in-Mouth
Man
Flesh

Line 6
Eat
Heavy
Fly
Not
Rise

Line 7
Yesterday
Day
City wall
Upon
Men

Line 8
Today
Day
City wall
Below
Spirits-of-the-dead

Line 9
Flags
Color
Like
Net
Stars

Line 10
Drum carried-on-
horseback
Sound
Killing
Not
Finished

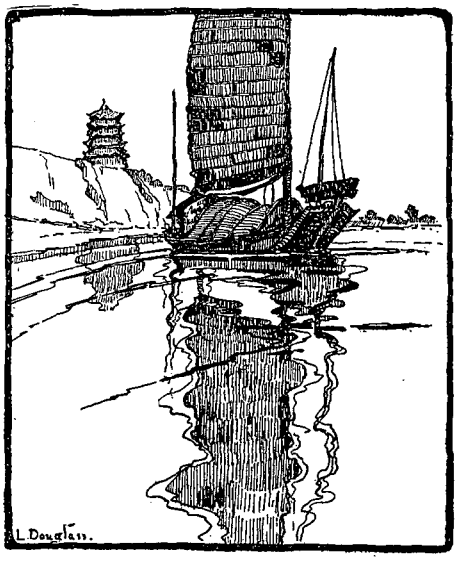
Line 11
Unworthy One
House
Husband
And
Sons

Line 12
All
Within
Drums-carried-on-
horseback
Sound
In

Miss Lowell's rendering:

How dim the battle-field, as yellow dusk
The fighting men are like a swarm of ants.
The air is thick — the sun a red wheel.
Blood dyes the wild chrysanthemums
purple.
Vultures hold the flesh of men in their
mouths,
They are heavy with food — they cannot
rise to fly.
There were men yesterday on the city wall.
There are ghosts today below the city wall.
Colours of flags like a net of stars,
Rolling of horse-carried drums — not yet
is the killing ended.
From the house of the Unworthy One — a
husband, sons,
All within earshot of the rolling horse-
drums.

Having tried so hard to give faithful versions of the poems we translated, we could not but be gratified at receiving, soon after our book appeared, the following letter from Telly H. Koo, a well known Chinese then living in America. "It is hardly imaginable for an American poetess who does not



claim to read and write Chinese to make such a literal and almost exact rendering of some of the greatest

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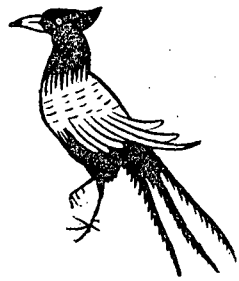
Chinese poems. I can still repeat word by word that poem on the 'Perils of the Szechuen Road'." Mr. Koo then refers to the Chinese scholars who are making translations of English literature for the use of their countrymen, and continues: "It is through men like these, and ladies like you, that the exchange of intellect is made possible, and that a better mutual appreciation of the East and West can be effected. You are lending immortality to our poets in this part of the world."

Miss Lowell and I had intended to publish a book devoted to the poems of Tu Fu, that grave poet whom the Chinese consider their greatest genius in the realm of poetry. The translation was done before I left China early in 1923. It remained to make the analysis and arrange the poems so that Miss Lowell could render them. A paragraph in the letter which she wrote me during December of that year reads now in the light of a prophecy:

"How is Tu Fu coming along? I hope not too rapidly, for when I finish the Keats book I shall be so exhausted that I shall want quite a long vacation before I attempt anything else."



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INTERPRETING JOAN OF ARC

By Joseph Collins

THE ashes of Joan of Arc were thrown into the Seine five hundred years ago. Simultaneously, her spirit entered the bodies of men. It has quickened and softened their hearts and inspired and elevated their minds; it has convinced them of their close kinship to God. Next to Paul she is today the most illustrious personage of Christendom.

She is the inexhaustible material for pæan or for interpretation, for sculptor or for painter, and she will be for all time, for the further removed we shall be from Joan of Arc, the less interested shall we become in the facts of her life, the greater thrill shall we get from its romance.

When a writer, be he novelist, poet, biographer, playwright, historian, has exhausted his material he turns to Joan of Arc. The Domremy heroine has tempted interpreters more than any other character of literature or of history; and this is not astonishing if we agree with Mark Twain that she was the most noble life ever born into this world save One. To interpret Him with any degree of success requires genius. To interpret Joan needs only love.

Her virtues have fascinated every man; her life has thrilled every child; her death perpetuates our remorse. She was the savior of her country. She delivered it of the enemy that first humiliated it, then dismembered it and threw the pieces to the dogs of war. She wrought a miracle.

It is this very miraculous quality that has made Joan of Arc not only an outstanding figure in the history of the world, but a Saint in the eyes of the Church. Strangely enough, it is the miraculousness of Joan's accomplishment that some of her recent biographers have attempted to minimize, by exalting her human side and pointing to its weaknesses. Less of a goddess and more of a woman, seems to be the cry of the present generation; it gets it in Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" and in Joseph Delteil's "Jeanne d'Arc".

There has never been a man who, reading an account of Joan's life and death, has not felt sick at heart when he came to her trial and martyrdom; who has not been revolted at the cruelty of the judges and the injustice of the judgment; who has not resented the treatment she received from her country and her church. Some have pushed hero worship so far as to deplore that she was not born in this age when she would have been treated as the Church now treats her. A preposterous wish at best, because it is safe to assume that were Joan of Arc a modern character, she would suffer the same prejudices and meet the same fate. Her torturers have had their punishment—posterity has upheld them to the judgment of a world purged of superstition. And the heroine has had her reputation enhanced—made immortal—by her death at the stake of Rouen.

Twenty five years after it, Pope Calixtus purged her of the offenses against God, man, and state; five hundred

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years later, Pope Pius XI canonized her. But posterity did not wait for the verdict of the Church which killed her—her torturers pronounced their own condemnation when they said on leaving the remains of their victim: "We have burned a Saint."

Four great biographies of the Maid of Orleans have been written during the generation that is now passing: two by Americans, one by a Scotchman, and one by a Frenchman. The best is that of Francis Lowell, but judgment on this question depends upon one's affectivity and one's intelligence. Mark Twain's "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" was not at first taken seriously, but it is a work which it would be difficult to overpraise. It is the most subtle, the loftiest, the most delicately expressed and conceived of all the books on Joan. He had the true romantic spirit when he wrote it. It is all so tenuous, and yet so true, that one fears the enchantment will go when the book is put down—but it does not. It remains with one as does a beautiful panorama or an exquisite picture. It has the flavor of oldtime chronicles with newtime language. It portrays a Joan of Arc according to our own childish hearts; it is romance in its purest form. The preface is a fine presentation of the subject and no one who reads it can doubt Mark Twain's attitude toward Joan of Arc: attitudes and viewpoints, now, are all that matter in biographers of Joan.

Andrew Lang, a Scot, did not share the inherited prejudice of the English; he shared, on the contrary, his countrymen's admiration of Joan and he was not tempted to defend her persecutors. "The Scots did not buy or sell, or try or condemn, or persecute, or burn, or—most shameful of all—bear witness against and desert the Maid. The Scots stood for her always with pen as with swords." His book is singularly free from personal passion and prejudice and is redolent of admiration and affection. If one could buy only one book on the Maid he should buy Lang's, and then steal Twain's.

Anatole France, who never did anything unless he could do it well, wrote the fourth great life of Joan of Arc which has appeared within thirty years; it is an erudite and brilliant contribution, valuable in its documentation and as a mirror of the author's personality: documents and facts must be molded to suit his wit and allow the venom of his satire to sting humanity in general and the Church in particular through the Maid. But despite its literary merit, "La Vie de Jeanne d'Arc" will not live as long as "Thaïs" or "Penguin Island". The subject was not inspiring to Anatole France. It was a lash to sting the Church.

The basis of all biographies of the Maid is the official Latin text of the Trial and Rehabilitation of Jeanne d'Arc rescued from oblivion among the archives of France and published nearly a century ago by Jules Quicherat; it was rendered into English by T. Douglas Murray about twenty years ago. It is a precious book because of the validity of its claims, the genuineness of its authorities, the coolness of its judgment. It has served all biographers since its appearance, and will likely remain the one document about which there can be no suspicion of prejudice or misinformation.

Considering the importance of Joan of Arc in the world, and the remarkable fact that the details of her life are unique, inasmuch as they form the only story of a human life which comes to us under oath, it is not astonishing that later biographers have laid more stress on the imaginative phases than on the facts. To the facts nothing can be

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added that will make any difference, but every man has latent in him a definite conception of the world's greatest heroine, and some of these conceptions give voice to the writer's song and color to his sketch. The marvel is not that so much has been written about her, but that there has not been more.

The latest French biography has just been awarded the Femina Prize, one of the most coveted of literary honors. The winner is Joseph Delteil, a promising young man of the super-realist group. I heard his "Jeanne d'Arc" much discussed in France when it appeared last summer. It is so daring in treatment and so modern in handling that it shocked the more conservative and aroused the enthusiasm of the more modern. The author states that his chief reason for writing a Life of Joan of Arc is that he fell in love with her. Although one may object that books would be a mess if everyone wrote a book about the object of his love, no one who reads "Jeanne d'Arc" can be sorry for M. Delteil's capitulation. He has not sought to resurrect a mummy, to give new life to a legend, or to recall historical facts: he has only "wished to show a young French girl". His Joan of Arc, regardless of time or circumstance, is a modern young girl of eighteen.

The love theme is the most novel conception of his book. Joan was loved by the Dauphin and she loved him; to him she was a heaven-sent gift, to her he was more than the symbol of the country for which she fought: he was a boy worthy of love and capable of sacrifice. One is sorry that Joan had only a halfwit, a high grade imbecile, a mental and physical weakling to love and fight for, but he was stimulating enough, considering that he represented enormous latent power, and was the victim of great injustice. Thus he engendered the most potent mediator of love: pity.

The book is full of anachronisms of which the author is conscious; but these occur in details, and are used only to produce the effect for which he strives: to place Joan of Arc in our own age, make her as living as a contemporary character. She wears a bell shaped hat and silk stockings. "We must imagine her in reality, touch her with our own hands. To imagine is to give new youth. Let us imagine Jeanne as a typist, or perhaps as a salesgirl." Historically the facts are true, although they do not purport to be history. M. Delteil's "Jeanne d'Arc" is a tangible effort of imagination; it has the consistency of dreams—and who can tell a dream?

His conception of the heroine of Domremy is as far removed from what the Church, legend, tradition, and history have succeeded in making her as our conception of the shape of the universe is different from that of the primitive man. Where we were wont to picture and imagine a terrestrial angel, a messenger of heaven, adorned with the graces of celestial souls, we now shake hands and feel at ease with a woman who could be our own sister; coarse like all mediæval peasants and as sensitive to pain as any of us. She has red cheeks and a quick tongue; her speech is as uncultured as it is picturesque; her "voices" are no longer the great impetus: to "serve" is.

We have what we want of Joan of Arc in this modern biography: a sensible presence, not an intangible tower of sanctity. The Church's canonization has made her universal property. Joseph Delteil's "novel" has made her the personal property of each one of those who read it.

Something similar may be said of Shaw's "Saint Joan". Nothing is safe

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from his satire and his wit. He holds no allegiance to anything or anybody; irrelevant when he wishes, at times dull and prosy, he yet is always likable. His ability to present the truth in the most strongly inverted form enables him to utilize any vehicle available to the dramatist for the purpose of showing the Shavian mind in the unique Shavian métier. It is difficult to conceive of Shaw writing a play around the personality of Joan, but he has produced a play great in theme and structural quality and great in the spirit he recreates. He has built around the heroic sacrifice of the Maid of Domremy a real drama, he has made clear the conflict of motives and of superstitions, dogma, and policy that made the trial of Joan one of the world's greatest tragedies.

Joan, he portrays as a sane and straight country girl of great strength of mind and hardiness of body, calculating in all her actions, a woman of judgment not of impulse; nothing of the popular quality of romance. Great self confidence which has the character of the soil with its native virtues, impelled by a stimulating idea and driving relentlessly toward its realization by force within her. All her qualities reside in a courage, a naïveté, faith, devotion, artless simplicity, and a purity of mind before which the subtleties and tortuous absurdities of ecclesiastical minds are powerless.

Albert Bigelow Paine is the latest contributor to the literature of Joan of Arc. His interest in the Maid was probably aroused when he was associated with Mark Twain. Naturally there are no new facts about Joan; Jules Quicherat saw to that. Mr. Paine does not present his heroine as a figment of his fancy; he does not endow her with the quasi supernatural qualities with which Mark Twain has been so lavish—nor does he on the other hand bring her down to our own level as does M. Delteil. The simplicity of her childhood, the heroism of her youth, the superhuman masterfulness of her great gesture, the resourcefulness and the equanimity she displayed at her trial, the dignity of her death, and the setting of them is done with the skill of a literary artist. The book is carefully wrought and beautifully illustrated. Mr. Paine's "Joan of Arc" is history more than imagination; it is done with sincerity and regard for truth; it helps maintain the tradition that surrounds Joan and her tragedy; and it is a most readable book, instructive in its information, diverting in its presentation.

Thousands of readers will thank Mr. Paine for not discussing the Maid's chastity or her marksmanship; whether her visions and auditions were hallucinations from disease or revelations from God; and for not attempting to estimate the functional capacity of her ductless glands or characterizing her intelligence. Joan of Arc is what she was.

Now she is the mother of her country as George Washington is the father of his.

Joan of Arc. By Francis Lowell. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc. By Mark Twain. Harper and Brothers.
The Maid of France. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green and Company.
Joan of Arc. By Anatole France. Translated by Winifred Stephens. Two volumes. Dodd, Mead and Company.
Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France. Edited by T. Douglas Murray. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Jeanne d'Arc. By Joseph Delteil. Paris: Bernard Grasset.
Saint Joan: A Chronicle Play. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.
Joan of Arc: Maid of France. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Two volumes. The Macmillan Company.

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THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR

By Thomas Burke

PART IV

CHRISTOPHER SCOLLARD at fifteen was outwardly the average Cockney boy. He had its slurred speech, its expressive impudence, its gauche reserve, and nothing in complexion or behavior to mark him from his fellows. There was no sign of the half genius which many bright children for a brief period exhibit, and no sign of that rougher and rarer talent which was to carry his work round the world. But he was, by his Cockney nature, secretive, and nobody knew — and he didn't know — that he already held the awareness that is one step before understanding and two steps before interpretation. He was in worldly matters less than fifteen and in matters of intuition far beyond fifteen. He saw and felt and remembered; but his mind was in flux, and through the flow he perceived only dimly the shape of the secret beauty that lies behind the material beauty of color and sound. The illimitable streets of London troubled him with their evocative rumors, and, quickening to their power and beauty, he was straining to catch their note. For he was part of London, and all that he knew and felt was London; and from different corners of its immensity he took different forms and hues. In a walk from Islington to London Bridge he could gather as much of wonder as many travelers gather from a three months' journey across Europe; and in the murmur of its random voices at night he was moved by the mystery that precious souls find only in the echoes of songs of old years. Its highest roar and its thinnest whisper held the grievous burden of great cities: a burden that is held even in the sham joviality of its comic songs.

London was developing him, and Connie was developing him; though he did not know it. He was aware of London, but he was not aware of her. After her first visit to the upstairs parlor, he had come to accept her as part of his day; and in his attempt to show her the dim beauty that he saw, and in her haphazard responses, he forgot *her* in his discovery of longer sight and firmer footing. Too, he was beginning to be a little querulous of "The Sun in Splendour" and of the lustreless life of Islington High Street. He was beginning to see that it was sordid and without purpose. At times it grated unbearably; at other, more human, moments, he knew that, despite its ugliness, it held associations and ties that nothing else could offer. He was not yet sharing Eric's open rebellion; only conscious of its irk and of an itch for something better.

He was conscious of it this morning as he walked down Euston Road toward Charlotte Street and his violin master. It was a bright morning of March, with blue sky and a waspish wind. The traffic was in full tide, and King's Cross and St. Pancras and Euston stations were sending droves of workers into the thickening current. The well to do came from the station

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yards in taxis. He wished he could ride in taxis. Some came in private cars. He wished he were one of the private car set, so that he might get "them" all out of Islington High Street into a nice villa in a "select" road, like Uncle Gore's. In one of the private cars he recognized a famous conductor. He wished he were that conductor; he wished he had half as much command over music as that man had. Passing a group of U. C. S. students at Gower Street, he wished he were one of them. He wished he could talk in that affected tone without affectation, and carry himself with that unconscious swagger. He wished blasphemously that he were not a Cockney. He wished he knew quiet clever people who observed the graces of life. He wished, as young people wish every day, that God had made him some other sort of fellow.

But in Charlotte Street he found ease from these yearnings. Charlotte Street is as grey and bald as any street of Islington, but its people lend it something of the exile's sad insouciance, which somehow is more stimulating than the content of the settled native. It is one of those sanctuaries of London where creatures of all races meet and mingle their dreams of home; some seeing the snows of Norway, some the long green glamour of Russia, some the blue and white curves of sunburnt beaches, some the velvet nights of the south; and all remembering the songs and the turns of speech that their own people have forgotten these thirty years. In its physical features it is a London street; in smell it is a back street of any European town. It has French libraries, German apothecaries, Italian restaurants, Belgian coffee bars, Spanish groceries, Kosher butchers, clubs for Swiss waiters and offices for Continental lottery tickets. Its side streets run into a no man's land of the mean dwellings of pavement drabs and flamboyant Negroes, with a few cafés whose business is not entirely café business; and before it reaches its end in Euston Road it has become the Fitzroy colony of painting and music and struggling literature.

It held for Christopher something that he could not define. He walked here with a lighter step and an easier heart. It was his atmosphere. He felt that he should like to live here, and that here was the place where one could do wonderful work.

Victor de Florent, his teacher, lived in the art struggle end of it, but he had long ago given up the struggle. He lived now in a spacious flat, furnished to his own taste, and was sad and successful. Long ago he had taken his meals at L'Etoile in Charlotte Street. He now took them at the Ivy. The glorious fight was over, and he was beaten. He had fought his musical battle with the world, and he had let the world down him. Having downed him, it crowned him. It gave him the leadership of the band at a flash and fashionable restaurant where he was the darling of the women and the pride of the directors. He was a failure. He had bartered the hot struggle for frosty achievement. The vision had been given to him, but it had grown fainter as he pursued it, and the road was hard. He had set out to follow the masters, and he had done worse than fall; he had joined himself to the third rate. David Scollard, wrestling with what he could never do, knew what happiness was; de Florent, who could do it, knew what hell was. For, in accepting the third rate, he was not cynical enough to resign himself to it. He saw it always, and his loathing was still active.

When he stood on his little platform

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and faced the crowd of diners, he wore a set smile, and only his band knew what that smile was saying. At the first notes of the accompaniment to some popular piece which he had arranged for violin solo, the crowd would applaud, and he would bow and smile in his charming "foreign" way; and the smile and the bow, translated into that restless English which he affected, as uneasy minds often do, meant: "You —— fools!" Then, holding the smile, he would go through the showman's motions of swaying body, bent head, and gymnastic bowing; and every phrase that his fiddle gave of "O sole mio" or "Two Bright Eyes" or "La Paloma" was an insult and every stroke of the bow was a scorn. And the insult was applauded, and the playing of a movement of some great trio, for his own heart's ease, was accepted with a languor that said that he was overreaching his office and wasting his picturesque talent.

De Florent was old and grey. The drooping lines of the alpaca coat which he wore at home suggested fatigue, and the eyes held the dark light of a man who has buried something beautiful. It made a streak in his smile as sharp as the streak of grey in black hair. He received his pupil with that smile and a nod. He stood leaning against the keyboard of the piano, flicking ash from his cigarette.

"Well, young man? Eh?"

"Morning, Mr. de Florent. Quite well, thank you. You quite well, sir?"

"Might be if I wasn't a musician. You're asking for it, you know. I can see promise in you. Got the music devil in you. But one o' these days it'll turn on you and bite you. Unless you have the luck to arrive. And my God, how it can bite! What's that darned silly song somebody used to sing — 'It's better far to be a good old has-been than a never-will-be or a never-was.' Chew that over. . . ."

"But I'd rather go in for music, sir, than anything. Even if I don't do any good at it. I hope I shall. But . . . "

"Go on hoping, then. . . . Yes, I suppose one wouldn't be happy in anything else. Even a restaurant band is . . . But what a life! The women! The damned fools of women! And the damnedest of all are those who know a bit about music and think they know it all. Send cards up — will I play That Beautiful Thing from 'Thaïs', or That Beautiful Thing from 'The Sleeping Beauty'. And then moon at you while you're playing." He waved his arms and made a long mocking noise of *Baaa-aaa-aaa!* He made a decidedly vulgar movement of spitting. Christopher stood with his violin ready, listening. Lessons were usually conducted in this fashion: thirty minutes of talk and fifteen minutes of teaching. De Florent could ease his morning spleen by thinking aloud at this boy, and could say to him things he concealed from his adult pupils.

"Why're women such damned fools about music? Eh? They buzz round musicians like — like — Ought to go about with mosquito nets round us. Eh? They buzz round *me.* God knows what it must be for fellows like Kreisler and Elman and Heifetz. But perhaps they like it. Big fellers often are fools in little things. One of the signs of it. That's how I knew I wasn't. Too much sense. Too superior to do the silly things the really big fellers do. Saw myself as well as other people. Bad sign, that. Sense of humor's no good to you. And if you're a big feller you haven't got it.

"Not quite sure about you. Something in you. You'll do something before you finish. Not sure what, though.

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You've got something that looks pretty big. But there's a bit of a twinkle in your eye. Twinkles don't go with it. . . . Still, if you're headed for music you won't get away from it. So don't listen to me. I talk rot.

"If there's anything in you you'll go on. You'll have to. Won't be happy anywhere else. You'll have hours of misery. Hours when you feel that you're no damned good. But you'll have to go on. They either won't notice your work at all or they'll sneer at it. But you've got to go on. That's the test of whether your talent's genuine. The ability to go on. Stick to your vision. Even if they say it's only a third rate vision or no vision at all. Don't let it go. You'll be sorry if you do. Look at me."

Scollard looked at him and saw a venerable figure and a master violinist. He looked at the blue carpet and the bowl of daffodils that gave body to the thin sunlight, and at the sleek piano whose sides threw the sunlight about the room, and at the open violin case and the mellow glow of the Amati, and at the etchings on the walls, and at the clean bright outline of the room. He looked at these graceful things and wondered what he was expected to say. In this room he saw illumination and achievement. The only rooms he knew were those of "The Sun in Splendour" and of his uncle's villa. The rooms in de Florent's flat stood for the perfect wedding of ease and taste. De Florent followed his eyes and grinned. "Think it's all right, eh? But I have to pay for this, boy. Every night, every night at that damned restaurant I pay for it. Every night. Understand what I'm talking about?"

"I think so. You mean you got the wrong sort of success."

"Ha!" He jerked himself from the piano and wandered about the room. "You've seen what a lot of fools can't see. Some sense in you. But don't be too sensible. Dangerous. Might find yourself where I am when you might have been in a decent quartet. Listen."

"But you said —"

"Don't interrupt." He moved about and addressed his etchings. "Music — all the arts, in fact — is given to us for one thing — to express our vision or interpret somebody else's. Ain't it? The vision of life's mystery which we call beauty." He turned about sharply with an air of attack and shouted: "*Beauty!* Not bloody Gardens of Roses. Not Treacle. Intensity. The struggle of the soul. No artist's done anything till he's expressed that. The fools call me a successful musician, but between me and the real fellows there's a gap as wide as — as wide as the gap between the — er — the winner of the St. Leger and the butcher's pony. . . . Keep beauty in front of you. The real stern beauty of these times. D'y'ear? It's out there in the streets. It's in the works of men as well as in the stars. It looks ugly sometimes. Sounds ugly. That's 'cos we're so doped with the sham stuff.

"Beauty ain't a drug. If it doesn't disturb you — make you damned uncomfortable — it ain't beauty. There's nothing soothing about the expression of human desire. . . . You got the ear for it, I know, and the eye. Now you got to follow it and serve it. Always. And not let anybody put you off with their own ideas of the Exquisite and the Refined. See? Else you'll finish up like me."

"Yes, but you —"

"Listen. Five thousand a year's awfully jolly. And that's all it is. Jolly. Nothing else. And we're such

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creatures that we want something else." He stirred the fire with his foot. "But perhaps I've found my right job. Perhaps I wasn't meant for anything better than this. Amusing a lot of damned fools. There's a lot like me. Artists who've gone down the wrong turning and don't find it out until the end's blocked up. And so we suffer a damned sight more than even genius suffers. Because whatever genius suffers it knows it's right. We haven't even got that consolation. We know we're no good, and yet we must go on."

He went to the window and talked over his shoulder. "The emptiness of everything. The emptiness of one's self. The feeling that you've got nothing to give — and never had. The feeling that you're drained and finished.

"And on top of it all the knowledge that one's given in."

"But, Mr. de Florent, you're still a violinist. You still got it all. Playing in a restaurant can't alter that."

"O wise young man! What a lot you know. But I wasn't talking to you. Restaurant orchestras, old man, including the leader, are shadows of musicians. The saddest of these . . . As you say, old man, they've still got it. And that's worse than not having it at all."

"Yes, but —"

"Look here — you've wasted enough time talking. Let's get on with the work."

They got on with the work, and de Florent's language increased in vigor and acidity. Christopher was unmoved by it. He had a reverence for de Florent. De Florent was far removed from the Islington world. Christopher saw him as a finished musician and a shining character. Anything de Florent said about music Christopher packed away in his mind. Anything that de Florent said about life was packed away. For him de Florent spoke with the rough tongues of men and the vision of angels.

Christopher was called a blatherskite. He was called a rabbit. He was called a son of a sawmill. He was called a mutt and a glug. He was asked politely whether he could read. He was asked still more politely whether he were using his fingers or boxing gloves. He was reminded that the violin was a musical instrument. He heard de Florent ask the walls of the room why the hell he wasted his time on teaching the fiddle to a penguin. He was shouted at, sworn at, and treated with suave scorn, and at last told in a tone of resignation that that would do for today. Whereby he knew that he was improving.

De Florent got up and took a cigarette from a gold box — presented by a regular supper party at the Ferrara — and went wandering. "Life", he said from the window, "life is —" and then, "Oh, damn! Here's that half baked Silvernight. Mrs. Silvernight. One o' those I spoke about. Thinks she knows music. And even now not sure whether Pagliacci wrote 'Leon Cavalleria' or 'La Tosti'. The mutt! Means well, but . . ."

All her friends said of Mrs. Silvernight that she meant well, which was the same as saying that she meant nothing. She was the sort of woman who is liked and laughed at, and if she had been told that she was laughed at she wouldn't have cared. She was so amiable, so full of the milk of human kindness, that she left everywhere the odor of a dairy. She did not walk into the room; she came in with a swimming motion which expressed her spiritual attitude. Life to her was a series of waves, for which she had a triumphant

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breast stroke. As she came in, she cleaved the air to either side of her, and met de Florent with arms out. He became professional. He made his "foreign" bow. "A-ah! Dear Margaret!" The voice assumed a southern cadence.

"Victor! So glad . . . Quite an age . . . Passing through Park Place and just thought . . ." She saw Christopher.

"Pupil of mine. One of my most promising."

"Rarely? But what a little one. I mean — how small he is. I mean — the violin looks too big for him. I mean — does he rarely play? But of course, if he's a pupil of *yours* . . . How perfectly lovely those daffodils. Aren't they quaint? I mean — they're different from other flowers, aren't they? Not like roses, you know. I mean — there's something about daffodils — eh? How's everything with you? You're looking rather weird." She talked in gasps, as though she were indeed in the water. She was tall and florid and forty, and she made barbaric music with jingling chains and card case and match case. She might have passed for a music hall queen of the old school, and at Brighton often was given that rank by those who did not know that her family held three bishoprics. She had acquired this air by her occasional kid glove coastings round what she called Bohemia. She was *awf*-ly interested in the arts, and she picked her specimens with the taste expressed by her "*awf*-ly". That and "quaint" and "weird" served all her moments of intense expression, and as she used them at different times in different senses, her friends had to make their own guesses at her meaning.

In the presence of this magnificent creature Christopher felt more sharply his recent disgust with "The Sun in Splendour". He had never before stood in the presence of such radiance and regality. He saw her as the emblem of that world which he had only spied through hotel windows: a world serene and gracious. It seemed to him that she was using up all the air in the room, and he stood on rigid legs, fumbling with his violin case, and wondering how to get away. But the great glowing fur-wrapped goddess stood between him and the door, and he could not face the journey across the room and the manœuvre of getting round her. He looked at de Florent, but de Florent was attitudinizing and playing musical genius to the creature. This was puzzling: to see de Florent, with an air of genuine engagement, talking to this woman as an equal, when five minutes before he had classed her as a damned fool. Things weren't done that way in Islington. There, if you thought a person a fool, you took no pains to disguise your opinion. At last he muttered something about "got to go". She swooped on him then.

"Oh, don't let him go. He looks so quaint. I mean — he looks *awf*-ly interesting. I mean — he doesn't look like a musician, and yet . . . I'd love to hear him play. Boy — will you play something for me?"

"Yes'm. If —" He looked at de Florent.

"Certainly, Margaret. Both of us. I know what you'd like. That favorite of yours — the 'Meditation'. Hein?"

"I'd just *love* it. Do, please."

Florent went to the piano, and Christopher unpacked his fiddle. Mrs. Silvernight jingled herself to the brocaded Chesterfield, and filled it. De Florent then accompanied him through the Massenet "Meditation", and presented another puzzle — why he should

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voluntarily offer music which he had labeled Treacle.

But there is a certain kind of damned fool whom nobody would willingly hurt. Mrs. Silvernight was of this kind. She gave abominable afternoons and evenings, and they were well attended. Her cook was no draw to her table, and her husband's taste in wine was execrable; and she always had company. She made blundering introductions, and knew nothing of the blunder. Minor artists of avowed hostility to each other would find themselves seated together, and she would present a precious essayist to a hack journalist—"You're both writers; you'll have a lot to say to each other" . . . and leave them stuck in a corner. Yet people still went to her affairs, and when asked to explain would lift eyebrows and waggle hands and say, "Oh, I don't know. . . . But old Margaret . . . somehow . . ." She bored and she swooped and she swam her way into all sorts of company, and dragged parts of each company into her own house, and compelled people to be pleased with her. She had the taste of a Gore and she talked Gorisms on art, and yet was able to prevail with artists. Her standard was achievement or possible achievement, and her first question about a man was: "What's he *done?*" She was convinced that she was a music lover and nobody had yet disillusioned her. She thought that "Ombra mai fu" was Lovely, and she thought that Tosti's songs were Lovely; and she ranked Verdi and Bach and Gluck as contemporaries and equals. But her waywardnesses were accepted. Her house with all its blemishes was a home. You could do as you pleased there. Even real musicians, when they were tired of being real musicians, went there, and for an hour played at being illustrated paper musicians. They didn't want her appreciation of their work, which always took the wrong slant, but they liked *her* and her easy chairs and her motherliness. Men who had suffered once would ask irritably and coarsely why the deuce somebody didn't tell her off. Everybody felt the same; but after many visitations it was recognized as one of those things that nobody is brutal enough to do. One could as easily be rude to a smiling baby.

When the "Meditation" had syruped to its close she got up and swam about the room. "Beautiful! Beautiful! But how quaint that he should be able to play like that. I mean — who is he? Where's he from? Isn't he a wonderful boy? I mean — you must, you simply must bring him along next time you come. Next Thursday. I'd love George to hear him. I know George would love him. When you going to bring him out? I mean — professionally? D'you think he'll make a success? Is he your own discovery? *Won*-derful!"

Christopher kept sufficient sense under his awe to smile at the gush and gibberish, but when she looked at him he forgot her phrases. There was something in the jolly eyes and honest mouth that warmed him. Idle as her chatter was, her voice held profound kindness. She would not, as the phrase goes, "do anything for anybody", but for those she liked she was tireless in doing things or getting things done. She spread her sunflower face upon him for some moments. Then said, abruptly: "I like that boy. I think he's wonderful. Isn't he?"

"He's — well, he's making progress. May be able to do something with him."

"Oh — you! I mean — you teachers never are satisfied with anything. I think you're wonderful, boy. Where d'you live?"

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"Islington, 'm."

"Islington? Rarely?"

"Yes. His father keeps a public house there. 'The Sun in Splendour'."

"'The Sun in Splendour'! What a wonderful name! Isn't that quaint? A public house too! Pubs, they call them, don't they? I'd just love to see it. I've often wondered what a public house's like inside. I mean — it makes him so much more interesting, doesn't it — a boy from a what-is-it, a public house — playing like that. I mean — you wouldn't believe it, would you? And Islington, too. How weird if he were to become one of the big ones. He looks as though he might, don't he? I mean — his face looks like that, don't you know? I mean — he's got that look in his face. I mean —" She made her breast stroke and offered the problem to the room.

De Florent spoke. "I don't see it as queer. His father plays, too. The cello. You have quartets on Sundays, don't you?"

"Quartets! Rarely! Quartets in a —"

"Yes'm. Least — quartets of a sort."

"Rarely! I'd *love* to come to one. It must be *awf*-ly interesting."

Christopher was crushed again. With the sensitiveness of youth, he saw "The Sun in Splendour" through the eyes of this gorgeous creature. It was not ugly and sordid now. It was worse: it was funny. And he, too, was funny because he came from it, and more "interesting" to her because of it. He and "The Sun in Splendour" were quaint. It wasn't his idea of Manners to discuss people's private affairs in that way in their presence, but he was aware that he knew very little of Manners. His face was hot and he felt that it was red. De Florent came to the rescue.

"Not queer, Margaret. It's in places like Islington that the real music public is. It's going on everywhere in places like that. The young people — sort that go to the Old Vic and Promenades and the little theatres. They're setting the real taste. They're hungry for it. There's a change of standards going on, I'm afraid. Mental decay in the upper classes and mental vitality below."

"Just what *I* feel, Victor. That's why I love artists. Wherever they come from. I mean — one feels they *know*." She sat back as though she had said something, and de Florent confirmed her with, "Quite."

"Isn't it wonderful to think of? To think of those people loving music and poetry and — and that. Public houses and quartets, don't you know. I mean — it's really rather wonderful. Gives one such a different idea of them. It gives one hope for the future, don't you think? . . . Yes. . . . Well, goodby. Don't forget Thursday. And you must bring him, too. It'll be such a surprise for them. Goodby, boy — oh, I didn't hear his name."

"Scollard, 'm. Christopher Scollard."

"Well, goodby, Christopher. I shall tell *every*-body about you."

She swam away.

De Florent looked at Christopher and made a coarse movement with his nose. "You're in for something now, boy. She's nobbled you. You'll be in a nice mess before long. If you're not careful."

"I don't understand."

"Never mind. You soon will. That dear good soul's already ruined half a dozen possible artists. Be careful."

"But what of?"

"Be careful. And be off. And be here two o'clock Thursday."

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The streets of London afford hourly so many casual entertainments that it was dinner time before Christopher reached Islington. A thrusting interest in the fortunes and misfortunes of others is a prominent trait of what is called the vulgar mind, and Christopher had it. He could not pass a crowd. Even the educated are not without it. Their training teaches them to mind their own business, yet while they would not look in at people's windows, or force their way into a crowd to discover the crowd's magnet, they will listen to club gossip and will follow discreetly the course of a civil action. Christopher's interest was more open and immediate. It was not the impertinent prying of the scandal-monger so much as a crowd instinct to share the amusements and distresses of London. You may prove that Cockney trait by looking fixedly down a grating or up at a fourth floor window. In two minutes you will have a company of fellow starers. You need only lose your hat on a windy day to discover half a dozen friends; people on business of their own will go out of their way to chase it and bring it to you. A cat scurrying across a main road will arrest not only the road traffic, but the pavement. Buses and taxis will bruise each other in their efforts to dodge it, and it will have the attention and good wishes of people who should be following their personal gleams.

Watching others work is as favorite a pastime with the Cockney as watching others play. Christopher stopped to stare at a company of house breakers risking their necks on a high pinnacle of brick. He stopped to stare at a sign writer limning a shop front. He stopped to stare at a tar sprayer, at an asphalt layer, at a cement mixer, at an electric drill. He spent fifteen minutes leaning over the poles that enclosed a stretch of the road, and became one of a crowd whose faces held an expression of lending encouragement to the good work. They were that regular crowd of unattached adventurers who find entertainment and satisfaction in "assisting" at the weddings and funerals of people they have never heard of; in assisting at fires by impeding the firemen; in rendering the wrong sort of first aid in injury; and in giving advice in breakdowns, dog fights, and the minor difficulties of street life. The Cockney affects an attitude of boredom but he never is bored. He has the poet's eagerness for the commonplace. Christopher could see his mother mending or darning any evening of the week; he spent ten minutes at a shop window watching girls at this work. He had seen fire engines racing to a fire a hundred times; he stopped to stare at one racing up Pentonville. He spent five minutes in St. Pancras station watching a train go off. He spent ten minutes round a taxicab whose driver was fitting a new tire. He spent five minutes seeing a fallen horse brought to its feet. He spent ten minutes watching a man dress the window of a tobacco shop, and twenty minutes in watching an ex-officer sell a palpable swindle to a group whose sheepish faces revealed their certainty of the swindle and their sporting hope that perhaps after all . . . In this way he was learning London and learning life.

(To be continued)

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LIFE THROUGH FICTION

By Charles A. Bennett

II: MAJOR BARBARA

Most plays or novels worth the name do more than tell a story, portray a character: they reflect an attitude toward life, a philosophy on the part of the author. Moreover, since they present individual situations rather than "cases", they suggest that to live well is not a matter of being guided by authoritative rules whether of church or of academic precept or of tradition, but is rather a fine art. The aim of this series of articles — of which this is the second — is to take a few literary works and discuss some of the ethical issues involved. The clinical method employed is designed to bring home to readers how drama and fiction contribute to the criticism of life, in the sense of an intelligent understanding of life's problem.

Synopsis

ANDREW UNDERSHAFT is a maker of munitions. He has been living in separation from his wife, but on the evening when the play opens she has sent for him to discuss settlements on her two daughters who are about to be married. The younger, Barbara, is a major in the Salvation Army. During the evening her father asks her if she has ever saved a maker of cannons. The result is a bargain between them. "If I go to see you tomorrow in your Salvation Army Shelter, will you come the day after to see me in my cannon works?" "Take care", says Barbara. "It may end in your giving up the cannons for the sake of the Salvation Army." "Are you sure it will not end in your giving up the Salvation Army for the sake of the cannons?"

At the Shelter, next day, Bill Walker, "a rough customer of about twenty five", strikes one of the Salvation lassies in the face. He finds himself confronted by Barbara, who, handling him without either anger or sentimentality, reduces him to such a state of moral inferiority that he later returns and tries to expiate his offense by the offer of a pound. Barbara refuses, saying, "No: the Army is not to be bought. We want your soul, Bill; and we'll take nothing less."

During Bill's absence Undershaft comes in accompanied by Cusins, the professor of Greek whom Barbara is to marry. He learns that starvation and unemployment are so prevalent this winter that the Shelter will have to close unless it can get more money. Mrs. Baines, the commissioner, enters with the news that Lord Saxmundham has offered five thousand pounds to the Army if five other donors will make it up to ten thousand. Barbara's joy is changed to horror when her father tells her that the benefactor is Sir Horace Bodger, the whisky distiller. Undershaft, who cannot deny himself the satisfaction of seeing Bodger pay up, pledges the other five thousand. Mrs. Baines gladly accepts his check. Barbara is utterly dismayed by her discovery that the Salvation Army must be run on "tainted money". She removes her badge and pins it on her father. As a joyful procession leaves the yard for the big meeting, Barbara sinks down on a form, her head buried

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in her hands, and exclaims, "Drunkenness and Murder! My God: why hast Thou forsaken me?" Bill Walker steals across to her. Then, tauntingly, "Wot prawce Selvytion nah?"

The next day Barbara and Cusins are shown over the Undershaft works. They find a model village, with schools and libraries and churches and hospitals and pension funds. As Cusins says, "It's all horribly, frightfully, immorally, unanswerably perfect." They learn from Undershaft the Faith of an Armorer: "To give arms to all men who offer an honest price for them, without respect of persons or principles." "Nothing is ever done in this world until men are prepared to kill one another if it is not done." "If you good people", he declares, "prefer preaching and shirking to buying my weapons and fighting the rascals, don't blame me." Cusins, although he loathes war and feels himself separated by a moral abyss from Undershaft, is finally won over to his realism and accepts a position in his works. Munitions represent power — power for good as well as evil. "As a teacher of Greek I gave the intellectual man weapons against the common man. I now want to give the common man weapons against the intellectual man. . . . Your father's challenge has beaten me. Dare I make war on war? I dare. I must. I will." To Barbara meanwhile has been coming a like revelation. The world is not to be saved by the good people running away in disapproval from the wicked. "Undershaft and Bodger: their hands stretch everywhere: when we feed a starving fellow creature, it is with their bread, because there is no other bread; when we tend the sick, it is in the hospitals they endow. . . . As long as that lasts there is no getting away from them. Turning our backs on Bodger and Undershaft is turning our backs on life." She will marry Cusins and live with him in the Armorer's model village and work for the salvation of those who really need it — the well fed, comfortable workers. "My father shall never throw it in my teeth again that my converts were bribed with bread." Major Barbara, chastened, illuminated, transformed, has returned to the colors.

It may seem like an unnecessary impertinence to enter upon a discussion of the ideas in this play when anyone who is interested in them can turn to the Shavian preface and see them elaborated with passionate eloquence and dogmatism. But I am not rashly proposing a debate with G.B.S. God forbid! I undertake the humbler task of pointing out some factors he has overlooked.

First, let us be clear about the dilemma in which Major Barbara finds herself. She discovers that all money is tainted, tainted because it is part of that system of competitive anarchy which is her real enemy. She has two alternatives. She may accept the money and keep the Shelter open. She will thus become the accomplice of Bodger and Undershaft. She will sell her soul. Or she can have nothing to do with the hated thing, retain the integrity of herself and the Army — and go out of business. Hers is the tragedy of every idealist. The idealist wants to improve the world. He finds that he cannot do so without using the instruments of its power. "Peace shall not prevail save with a sword in her hand." But the weapons of the world — its money, its organization, its institutions — are imperfect if not corrupt. The alternative to this hateful enforced surrender is at best ineffectual preaching, protest, and moral disap-

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proval, at worst the suppression of the idealist and his activities by the guardians of the existing order. So Major Barbara discovers that she must "either share the world's guilt or go to another planet". She must save the world's honor if she is to save her own.

In accepting these facts of collective social responsibility and collective social guilt and acting upon them, Barbara and Cusins put themselves in an intolerably false position. They are taking aid and comfort from the enemy; they are using Satan to cast out Satan; they are creating cynics, like Bill Walker, who exclaim bitterly that every man has his price. Shaw not only admits this: he insists upon it. His remedy is the remedy of the revolutionist. The social system which catches the idealist in its net must be reconstituted — and by violence. Its salvation must come through men's "most abhorrent passions, from murder, envy, greed, stubbornness, rage, and terrorism". This is the morality of militarism, but Cusins and Barbara are in a position where circumstances have made it the true morality of the moment. That is why the close of the play finds them in the works of Undershaft and Lazarus in "Perivale St. Andrews. At the sign of the Sword. Ask anybody in Europe."

What I find most debatable in Shaw's presentation of the dilemma is the motive he attributes to the man who will not compromise. He takes it for granted that he is concerned exclusively with the immaculateness of his conscience. When Cusins, reluctant to accept the offer of a position in the works, says that he "wants to avoid being a rascal", Undershaft retorts, "You lust for personal righteousness, for self approval, for what you call a good conscience, for what Barbara calls salvation, for what I call patronising people who are not so lucky as yourself." Now one can always dispose of the idealist, the martyr, the nonconformist, the conscientious objector, by referring contemptuously to his holier-than-thou attitude and by attributing to him a selfish desire for his own moral purity, as though he did not care what happened to others so long as he kept his own hands clean. But this is an estimate as false as it is cheap. For I take it that your genuine man of conscience is not thinking of himself at all, but of his cause, whether that be God or the welfare of humanity or some impersonal ideal. His honor and his integrity are at stake only because something other and infinitely more important than these is at stake; his honor and the cause to which he is devoted stand or fall together. The Shaw-Undershaft gospel of compromise owes half its force and persuasiveness to the assumption that your nonconformist runs away from the world's wickedness and disorder from a contemptible fear of personal contamination. But if we grant, as in fairness we must, that the idealist who refuses to use the weapons of the world is not thinking of himself but is just as concerned to "save the world" or to build a better society as the "practical" reformer, then the taunt that he saved himself, others he could not save, becomes simply irrelevant, for the idealist can reply, "My own salvation was something I never thought of."

Undershaft might grant this without admitting that his position had been seriously weakened, for he would still maintain that, whatever the motive of the idealist might be, his method was worthless. What is accomplished by moral disapproval and lofty protest? Does the refusal of tainted money strike any blow at the system which

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taints it? How futile is the policy of the conscientious objector to war! The Powers of Darkness are not overcome that way. Peace, says Undershaft, shall not prevail save with a sword in her hand.

The immediate reply to that doctrine is that we have learned in the last ten years that the sword has a way of corrupting those who use it and that what remains after it has done its work is hardly to be called peace. But the real issue is whether spiritual forces have their own power and their own method of operation. I believe they have, but I have space enough to point out only one of the ways in which seemingly ineffectual protest may yet justify itself to the pragmatist. Briefly it is this. The nonconformist is the man who gives a lead, who is willing to be the first to break through the evil circles of compromise. I may use an illustration that I have used before in this connection. A train robber holds up a group of persons in a car. "The first man who moves I shoot." No one moves and the hold up is successful. Why? Because each of the passengers says to himself: "If I could be sure that all the others would follow me in a concerted rush I would make a move. But I can't be sure. In fact I know I'd get a bullet for my pains. If anyone else wants to start something I'll back him up. But *I* am not going to be the first." No one gives a lead. The group is paralyzed. Now innumerable rottennesses are perpetuated in this way. We know that there are occasions that call for determined refusals, for scorn of temporizing, for resignations, for rebellions, but the logic of compromise is always there to whisper, "What can one man's protest do?" The ideal is in plain sight, but men are too timid to act upon the vision. The nonconformist is the man who has the courage to be the first to move, whatever the personal sacrifice involved, for the sake of bringing the ideal down to earth and setting it to work. His fate may be martyrdom, but he will have opened a breach through which others can follow.

There is one other matter upon which a word may be said — the doctrine of the collective guilt for the wrongs of society. We "must either share the world's guilt or go to another planet". A man may detest the capitalist system, but since he must live and since the conditions of his existence — the money he earns, the food he eats, the clothes he wears — attach him to the system, he finds himself the unwilling accomplice of the enemy. The question I raise is whether the individual thus placed can really be called guilty. Guilt implies freedom of choice; and the freedom to choose between living in the world on its own terms, and going to another planet or dying on this one of starvation, is no real freedom. The truth of the matter is that we are all born into an economic system and grow up in dependence upon it, just as we are born into our own language. Our fate is fixed for us long before we have knowledge or freedom. When knowledge comes it is too late. I cannot now choose whether English or French shall be my native tongue nor whether I shall live under a capitalist régime or some other. I am acting under duress, the duress of circumstance. It is pedantic and immoral to call me a guilty accomplice of the system.

Moreover, it seems absurd to argue from this situation to the conclusion that there are no degrees of freedom or of guilt. Surely an individual may find himself in a position where he confronts genuine alternatives, where he has a real opportunity to disown and refuse support to a system he

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loathes. Just because he is dependent on it in some respects, must he reconcile himself to total dependence? A college, for example, receives the offer of a large endowment from a man whose methods of getting money have been notoriously dishonest. Should it refuse the gift? Nonsense! says the school of Shaw and Undershaft. Turn to those pages in the college treasurer's report where the investments of the college are listed, and you will find that its income is derived from that very capitalist system which has produced the benevolent scoundrel. All its money is tainted: why discriminate against one rogue?

This is like arguing that because no air is pure I should not leave an intolerably foul smoking car. My freedom may be limited, but that is no reason why I should not try to secure as much as I can.

The college therefore would be wise to refuse, not simply for the sake of striking a moral attitude, but because if it were to accept it would only confirm the prevalent belief that every educational institution has its price and that colleges and universities are the playthings or instruments of rich men who control their policies or use them to advertise their wares and flatter their vanity. The less ground you give for that idea, the better for the cause of education in general and for the freedom of action of the particular college. If more colleges were proud enough to stand for the principle that not every door opens to a golden key, we should hear less of large endowments offered on some intolerable condition; not so many honorary degrees would be sold to semi-illiterates; there would be fewer protests from indignant benefactors at the "teaching of socialism in our colleges".

Thus the doctrine of collective guilt seems to me right when it points out that complete freedom and an absolutely clear conscience are in this world unattainable, but it is simply unintelligent when it urges us to sacrifice, for the sake of a pedantic consistency, whatever measure of freedom and of personal rectitude may lie within our reach.

FOREVER

By Robert Hillyer

WHEN I say forever I think of the Temple of Zeus,
The broken drums of the columns buried in grass.
Marble avails not, words are of little use,
It is longer than miles from Olympia to Patras.

Forever is marble, forever is white and tall;
But the road I travel ends in a tangle of weeds
Where lie the drums of the columns, the stones of the wall,
Broken letters of a word that no man reads.

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ONE WOMAN IN TEN

By James L. Ford

With Sketches by Margaret Freeman

HEN Mr. Bok came from Brooklyn to Philadelphia, there to put into practice what he had learned of the feminine heart and soul in the first named city, he unconsciously laid the foundations for the school of feminine journalism which has been followed ever since by his successors. During the years of Mr. Bok's residence in Brooklyn that city was, even more than now, the sleeping chamber of New York. The men deserted it every morning for the larger city, and until their return at dusk it was given over almost entirely to women and children. America did not offer a finer field for the contemplation of feminine idiosyncrasies than the one in which Mr. Bok obtained that knowledge of the subject which, in later fruitful years, made him a national figure of importance in woman's world.

Mr. Bok brought with him to Philadelphia the collection of autographs he had acquired during the formative years of his youth, autographs of persons more or less conspicuous in the public eye. Some of these were in the form of letters, while others were the merest signatures of celebrities scrawled on cards or bits of paper. This collection of autographs became the very genesis of the most widespread appeal to the feminine mind to be found in the annals of American journalism.

None, save the few profound students who, like myself, have watched the growth of this school, realize the important part played in it by the use of the names of celebrities of greater or less renown, or appreciate the skill with which those names have been handled, singly and in groups, and in combinations so novel and varied as to dazzle the ordinary brain. It was Bok himself who made the amazing discovery that the name of the wife, husband, daughter, or niece of a celebrity was a lure to the feminine heart almost as potent as that of the celebrity with which it claimed kinship. Indeed he has told us, with a frankness that does him credit, of how, when he had failed to obtain a signed article from Mr. Gladstone, he procured one from Mrs. Gladstone and found it served his purpose quite as well.

More than thirty years ago Mr. Bok's astounding discovery regarding the value of those previously waste products, the near relatives of celebrities, made such a deep impression on me that in a volume printed over my own name I uttered these golden words of prophecy: "It is my firm belief that, under the impetus already imparted by Mr. Bok, the hoofs of the relations of celebrities will go clattering down through the literature of centuries as yet unborn." Mark well the expansion of Mr. Bok's idea.

The name once firmly established as that of a celebrity in a special sphere can be used with effect in any other sphere; thus if an African explorer can

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be induced to sign an article on the care of infants, a subject of which he knows absolutely nothing, his name will be

just as valuable as that of the head nurse in a children's hospital. A recent number of "The Designer" features conspicuously on its cover the name of a woman famous a score of years ago as the leader of a band of muckrakers then engaged in the beneficent work of "showing up" the leading industries of the nation. It is interesting to note that, although the muckrakers have ceased to trouble and the coal barons, chewing gum kings, and clothes wringer magnates are at rest, this lady's name still retains some of its commercial value. It is signed to an essay dealing with woman's position in the Sixties, as compared to that of the present day, and it would be difficult to imagine a more commonplace treatment of this worn out topic than the one that bears her signature. But I am quite certain that it will be read with eager interest by nine women out of ten, otherwise it would not be printed in that ably edited journal.

That names can be employed with telling effect in groups, is evidenced by the number of so called symposiums that appear from time to time in these periodicals. Now the symposium is merely a scheme for obtaining a lot of worthless opinions signed by more or less famous names, and costing the publisher nothing save some paper and postage stamps. No topic, no matter how devoid of intelligent interest, but can be made to do duty as the kernel of a symposium.

Constant perusal of women's magazines long since convinced me that there existed in this country a world inhabited by women materially different in psychology from many with whom it had been my fortune to associate. Pursuing my investigations still further, I discovered that every successful periodical devoted to the sex appealed to this world and ignored the existence of any other. That another world existed, smaller perhaps than the larger one to which these wise editors appealed, I knew of my own personal knowledge; but I hunted in vain for a magazine that should show in the quality of its matter any realizing sense of that world's existence. The notion then occurred to me that there might be a field for a magazine devoted to the interests of this smaller feminine sphere, whose inhabitants did not read "The Ladies' Home Journal" or "The Delineator" or "The Woman's Home Companion" and in many cases expressed their contempt for these and similar publications.

I mentioned my views tentatively to several persons of my acquaintance, using as an argument that women and men viewed life through different spectacles, and that the higher the grade of intelligence, the greater the divergence of opinions. I said also that in my judgment the divergence between men and women was not much wider than that between the women already provided with an abundance of reading matter suited to their taste and

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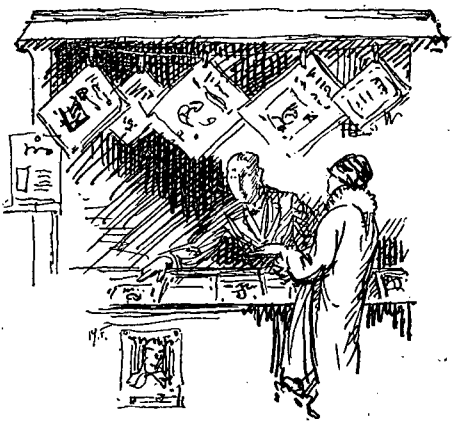
those for whom no sort of provision was made. To these sage observations I received practically the same reply: "Nine women out of ten, in this country, are perfectly satisfied with those magazines; a fact proved by the enormous circulation they have attained and the eagerness with which they are read."

Now I do not deny that nine tenths of our women are quite content with the publications devoted especially to them, nor do I doubt that the work of satisfying them is carried on with incomparable skill and intelligence. Indeed it would be *lèse majesté* to hint that the leaders of this school of journalism are not complete masters of the business of interesting, entertaining, and, not infrequently, even instructing nine tenths of the women of our nation. Nevertheless I maintain that abundant opportunity for interesting, entertaining, and instructing the tenth woman still remains, and that there is still a field for a periodical devoted exclusively to her.

The tenth woman is an individual and not merely one of a herd, for which reason she seldom figures in the various futile leagues that delight the soul of nine tenths of her sex. To my mind her appearance on the printed page loses much of its interest when bracketed with two or three others of her kind. It may be said of her that she lies somewhere between the great majority of her sex and those men who are her peers in intellect and good taste. But she is not to be confounded with those women of great wealth and fashion whose easy lives have kept them apart from the practical side of life. According to modern financial standards, the tenth woman is usually of limited means, and for this reason is able to find keener enjoyment in what her purse affords than can the stodgy woman of wealth who is not obliged to count the cost.

We may be quite sure that the tenth woman will go abroad as often as her means will allow, and will not be ashamed to make the trip in the admirable "student class" recently established. A trip of this kind affords her far more pleasure and profit than that which falls to the lot of the wife and daughter of the multi-millionaire, who travel in deck suites and know few streets in Paris save the rue de la Paix. Such as these visit foreign lands without learning anything about the peoples of those countries, associating only with wandering Americans of their own class, and members of those sharp toothed Anglo-American and Franco-American colonies of London and Paris, who regard our countrywomen as their lawful prey. The tenth woman undertakes her infrequent journeys in a very different spirit, and, by avoiding the expensive hotels and passing much time in modest country inns, makes many acquaintances among alien peoples. She is quite sure to come home better educated in things worthwhile than when she went away. There is scarcely a corner of England or the Continent that she does not penetrate,



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sometimes alone, but more often with companions like herself.

Every tenth woman has a social circle of her own composed of men and women with whom she is in sympathy, and no two of these circles are alike, though there is scarcely one of them that does not contain representatives of the artistic callings. For the hostess knows that it is impossible to understand acting, painting, music, or letters without associating with the practitioners of those arts. Such as these are mighty good company until they become too illustrious and self sufficient, when they are apt to be drafted off by the stodgy woman of wealth and chained to her chariot wheels, that they may figure in her drawing room as professional celebrities.

I have been writing of the tenth woman as she exists in the metropolis, and have tried to show that she is not a product of the auriferous veins of society. She is to be found also, slightly different in outward form and point of view, in the smaller towns and cities. I judge her to be quite numerous in the far west, where she gives the lie to the belief entertained by so many metropolitan editors, that cultivation and good taste are seldom found west of Buffalo. With fewer opportunities than are enjoyed by her New York counterpart, she makes even better use of those that lie within her reach, and cannot be overlooked in the survey of the field that awaits the coming of a journal suited to her needs.

In short, the tenth woman as I perceive her is no mere figment of the imagination but a distinct personality and the most engaging of her sex. I can see her spirit shining through clear eyes from scores of friendly, familiar faces. She views life frankly, disdains to accept others at their own valuation, and is able to see through many but not all of the fakes, shams, and pretensions of the day. Hers is the only considerable element of our population unprovided with a fitting medium for the expression of its thoughts and feelings.

The many friends to whom I have imparted my views on this subject, coupled with the query: "What periodical literature does this tenth woman read, and does it supply her with the mental food that alone can satisfy her?" have usually replied that, "being the intellectual equal of man, she is content to read what he does."

Nevertheless I maintain that there is such a wide difference between her point of view and that of man, and so many subjects in which she has a special interest, that a journal devoted exclusively to those subjects and accurately reflecting the qualities of her mind would surely find favor in her eyes.

While men are prone to consider the world as it is, women like to concern themselves with the world as it ought to be, for which reason they are quick to champion all measures of reform and have a profound faith in the commissions and committees appointed when some form of corruption becomes so notorious that the political leaders feel warranted in placing some of their henchmen under salary, on pretense of eradicating it. In general this manœuvre convinces women that God is in His heaven and all is right with the world, and there are even some of the less informed men who share their faith.

State and national politics are far more interesting to and better understood by men than by women. The only real political leaders we have in this country are of the sterner sex, and not even the granting of the suffrage has made any difference, for,

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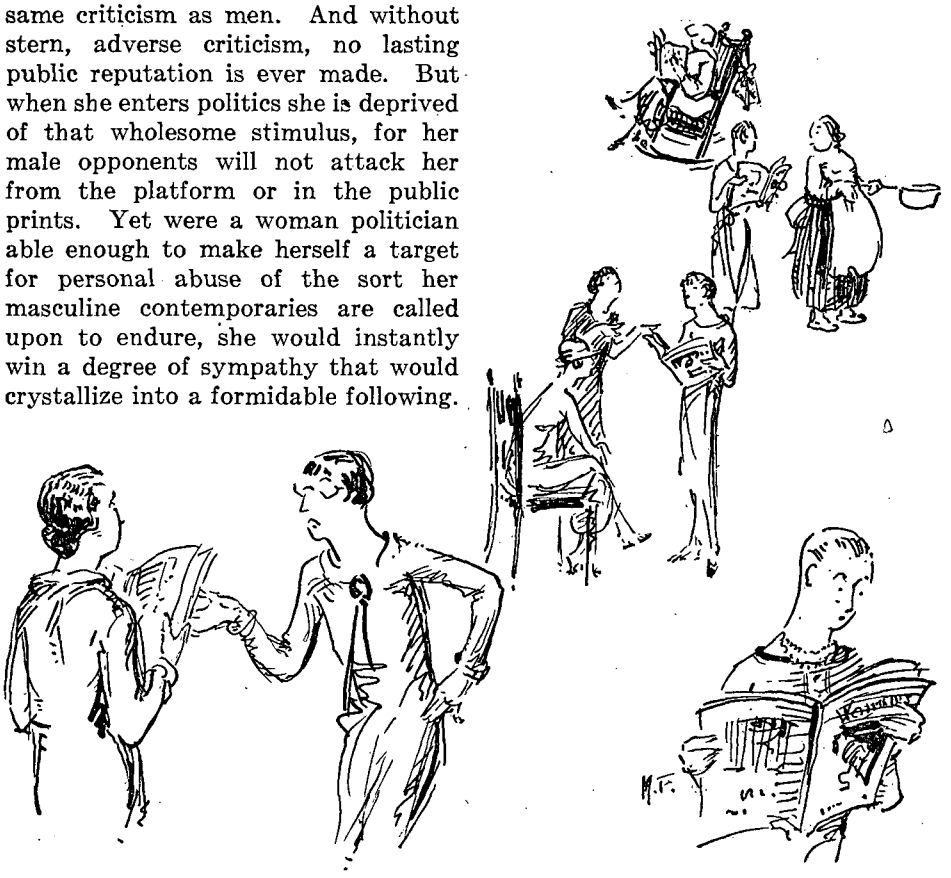
largely speaking, women will not respond to leaders of their own sex. It is true that we have many self styled leaders of that sex, but very few of them, so far as my knowledge goes, can lead voters to the polls, and that is the main duty of a politician. The radical changes in woman's position and in the public attitude toward her have made her successful in business and the learned professions, in all of which she finds herself competing on equal terms with men. She has always been successful in the theatre, in literature, and in art, partly because in those occupations she does not suffer from physical disability, but chiefly because she is subjected to the same criticism as men. And without stern, adverse criticism, no lasting public reputation is ever made. But when she enters politics she is deprived of that wholesome stimulus, for her male opponents will not attack her from the platform or in the public prints. Yet were a woman politician able enough to make herself a target for personal abuse of the sort her masculine contemporaries are called upon to endure, she would instantly win a degree of sympathy that would crystallize into a formidable following.

Although woman has not yet attained leadership in state or national politics, and insists upon voting individually and not in herds, her power is greater than that of man in local or parochial matters, for they lie nearer to her heart and knowledge. A natural born housewife, she is opposed to dirty streets, and as a mother she demands proper instruction for the young and the enforcement of hygienic laws. She frequently wins for herself a place on a local board of health or school board, and nearly always acts with credit and honor to herself and with advantage to the community in which she lives. I have always main-



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tained that if a woman of integrity and great executive ability were to be placed at the head of the New York Street Cleaning Department, she would prove herself a worthy successor of the late George Waring and we should at last have clean streets. We may safely say that we owe that admirable institution, the district nurse, to the wise efforts of women.

So lively are women's sympathies that they are easily aroused by spectacles of human suffering, both real and imaginary, which men view with indifference. Even the tenth woman is apt to find a certain lachrymose pleasure in the belief that all prisoners are abused, that young factory girls are so poorly paid that they are tempted to go astray, and that many of these are finally held in captivity by the keepers of disreputable houses. Many societies are organized by well meaning and generous women in aid of these sufferers and for the reformation of discharged convicts, but no society concerns itself with the unfortunates who have been robbed or murdered by the same prisoners. Worldly-wise men view these organizations with scant favor, and have little faith in the reformation of habitual offenders. There was a time when women were less favorable to capital punishment than men, but since the two young Chicago miscreants were saved from the gallows, and a series of almost daily murders in the western city ensued, there has been less difference of opinion between the sexes.

The tenth woman has a certain sense of humor, but it is different from that of man. The school she favors is of the innocuous variety that amuses without serving any useful purpose. Sharp wit, like that of Heine, is not to her liking, and not even the most gifted of her class has any comprehension of the power that lies in the hand of wit fashioned into a two edged sword, the greatest of all weapons in the age old warfare against evil. It is quite true that comparatively few men understand this, and that like her, they are quite capable of enjoying the humor and fine drawing in "Punch", entirely unconscious of the fact that that journal has been for three quarters of a century the greatest political and social power in Great Britain. Thirty odd years ago when "Puck" and "Life" were competing for favor, men read the first named, and women the other.

Women are the great novel readers of the nation, and there are certain modern writers that appeal more forcibly to them than to men. Mrs. Humphry Ward is one of these. Others that appeal, perhaps in a lesser degree, are Mrs. Wharton, Willa Cather, Dorothy Canfield, Mrs. Deland, all of whom have a following among the tenth woman. Thackeray was never a favorite with any but the most intellectual and clear sighted of the sex, and Rudyard Kipling is favored by men rather than by women. Agnes Repplier represents in the very highest degree the school of thought of which every tenth woman should be a disciple, though unfortunately not all of them appreciate her.

No actress of modern times has appealed to women as did the late Eleonora Duse, greater as an actress of incomparable emotional power than Bernhardt, who was, above all, an artist. Ellen Terry was second only to Duse in feminine esteem, and Ada Rehan, Modjeska, and Mrs. Gilbert were also prime favorites of their day. Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore were the objects of almost reverential worship on the part of young girls a decade or more ago, while Agnes Booth,

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a greater actress than either, was more keenly appreciated by men. May Irwin's robust humor and wholesome personality have endeared her to thousands of women, for her qualities are such that they can be fully understood. Other favorites have come upon the scene within the past few years, but I am speaking only of those to whom time has awarded an established position. I think that women delight in feminine beauty behind the footlights even more than do men, and like nothing better than the ballet, performed by youth, grace, and beauty.

The matinee idol ceased to exist when that handsome and attractive juvenile, Harry Montague, died in 1878. Men were apt to find great delight in the old fashioned variety stage, which women never liked until it deteriorated into what is called "refined vaudeville", and became standardized by businesslike managers.

The plastic arts have a strong appeal for women whose natural love of the beautiful is unquestioned, but very few of them appreciate, as do the best male connoisseurs, the beauty in ugliness shown in the work of such men as Degas, Forain, Bellows, and Luks, and this divergence of taste seems to me quite comprehensible.

I hope I have said enough about the tenth woman to indicate that she is not one to be content with the juggling of empty names no matter how skilfully accomplished, or with the many claptrap journalistic features with which the majority of her sex are completely satisfied. Nor do her taste and intelligence fully respond to that which pleases men. In short, she is an individual who deserves and will support a magazine devoted exclusively to her intellectual needs.

THE IDEALIST

By Marguerite Wilkinson

LET the wide thunder break; let the wind blow;
Under the deluge quietly bow your head;
Meet the rude weather at its worst; the red
Levin will brighten the dark way you go.
Call down the cormorants and let them know
That here another holy dream lies dead;
Oh, feast them, beak and beak, till they are fed;
Then weep, but be not subject to your woe.

For in our little world God has no lover
More like the Belovèd than the proud and strong,
The humble and fearless one who goes alone
To a grey doom that wings of shadow cover.
Oh, he is glory and everlasting song
And terrible love wearing our flesh and bone.

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THE LONDONER

The Migration of Writers — Jane Austen — C. E. Montague — Lord Beaverbrook — Forming a Library — The Pronunciation of English — Items

LONDON, *February* 1, 1926.

IT is at the present time so exceedingly cold in England that American visitors are beginning to get a wrong impression of the country's climate. I tried to tell one of these visitors the other day that such weather was quite exceptional; but he had heard that tale before — in, for example, California, during rain. However, it is so cold that we are all hastening away from the cold to districts where, I understand, it is even colder. Even I, hardened Londoner as I am, leave the town in a few days, and when I next write shall know nothing at all about what is really happening in London. I shall not know whether the packers' strike is still on — it is flourishing at the present moment, and seems likely to last forever, although it is costing the strikers and their affiliated unions at least three thousand pounds a week in wages alone (or their equivalent, strike pay), and is costing the publishers about double that amount, if not more. I shall not know which books are hot from the press, and what newspapers are saying about such books. But there is this to be said, that as most of the other writers with whom I am acquainted have already started for the warmer climates, I shall not be deterred through being out of England myself from giving information about them. I expect I shall write a "Londoner" full of the latest literary news, from a distance of perhaps a thousand miles from the London chill. I shall probably be seeing famous authors strolling along southern roads in the sunshine. I shall certainly be visiting some of them. So what would you? I shall resemble that Mr. J. D. Swinnerpole, to whom Sheila Kaye-Smith familiarly referred in the Christmas BOOKMAN, who is always to be met with at tea parties and who, if missed at one, will be found at another. I fancy, by the way, that Miss Kaye-Smith has been misinformed regarding this gentleman. Possibly Compton Mackenzie told her that J. D. Swinnerpole was a tea party lover? He likes to tease. At any rate Miss Kaye-Smith's remark is untrue, and I should not like it to be believed in America. This by the way. There may be such tea parties in the south, and if there are I shall feel it my duty to give readers of these pages the benefit of my experience of them. No doubt by the time these words are in print I shall be back again in England and frequenting tea parties with the best of them.

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We have just had another of those Jane Austen booms about which a modern novelist was recently so annoyed. It is a hundred and fifty years since Miss Austen was born. The papers have been full of little articles about her, and reviews of a selection from her letters which Mr. Brimley Johnson has made; and it appears that a really startling purchase has been made by the trustees of the British Museum. This purchase is of nothing less than two chapters of the original

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manuscript of "Persuasion". The chapters are, first, the canceled chapter, and second, the last chapter of all. They are said to represent the only pieces of manuscript of any of Miss Austen's completed novels which are in existence. A writer in the "Times" describes the manuscripts as follows:

> The chapters as originally written were the two last [of "Persuasion"]. The last but one contained a scene between Anne Elliot and Captain Wentworth in Admiral Croft's lodgings, in which the long estrangement is at last broken down. The scene has many merits, but it did not satisfy its creator, who, under a fresh afflatus, brought the Musgroves from Uppercross to Bath, filled the White Hart with them, and so worked up to the famous climax in which Captain Wentworth overhears the lady's views on the permanence of female attachment, and writes in her presence the letter which makes her once more his own. All this takes two chapters, and most of the original penultimate chapter was sacrificed. In rewriting the authoress went on beyond the point when rewriting was strictly necessary, and made a second copy of her final chapter. When, therefore, the book came to be published after her death, this original manuscript was not required for the printer, and so it was preserved. Thus the Museum possesses not only the cancelled chapter, but what is perhaps even more precious, the last chapter, in approximately its final form, of Jane Austen's most perfect book.
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> The manuscript reveals her manner of composition. She wrote rapidly — not, as would appear, from notes, but from a full mind — and made many corrections as she went, often modifying a sentence already half written, and giving it a different turn. It is understood that an edition of the two chapters is in preparation, in which everything will be recorded that can be deciphered. Some copies will contain a complete facsimile in collotype.

While I am speaking of Jane Austen, perhaps I may mention that Allan Monkhouse, in a recent issue of "The Manchester Guardian Weekly", seems to me to underrate the quality of that lady's letters. He slights the letters, as many men have done before him. Now it is some time since I read Lord Brabourne's edition of these; but the impression I formed was that they are delightful. I do not know what people look for in the letters of the great. For myself I look for entertainment, and for the expression of the natural personality. I find these things in Jane Austen's letters. It may be that I love Jane Austen this side idolatry, or it may be that other men seek in her letters something that puzzles them about her work — an explanation of the degree in which she was really omniscient, deliberately exclusive of passion, etc. Such problems have never seemed to me to be of vital importance in reading her letters. I have looked in these latter for illustrations of the cool, amused detachment which are characteristic, and I think they are to be found upon many pages. For the rest, let the anxious type of man of letters seek in vain if he chooses. There are always the novels to read again. Nor does the late correspondence in the "Times" concerning Miss Austen's grammar interest me. It will always be recalled that when Elizabeth Bennet rejected the suit of Mr. Darcy she used the phrase: "You are mistaken, Mr. Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way, than as it spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentlemanlike manner." Set down in a modern context, such words seem to us to be stilted and banal. In the book the words are not only characteristic; they are positively enchanting. The book, in fact, has imposed its own reality upon us, and as we read it the grammar of the author and of her young ladies and gentlemen does not seem to be the first consideration. Unfortunately, the habit of looking gift horses in the mouth is incorrigible, and we must accept the commentators for what they are, enthusiasts who have taken the wrong turning. The literary world is crowded with such enthusiasts.

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The instinct to fiddle is deep seated. I know two men at least who have no real understanding of literature, and no true feeling for it, but who would pass for scholars. Once, during a discussion by several people of the invariable "wrongness" of a talented and learned man when he was engaged upon the task of appraising any work of art, the discovery was made (this man was one of those who are rabid in dislike of the novels of Jane Austen) that the scholarly type of mind cares for anything but the reading matter. It concentrates upon accuracies or inaccuracies of text, dates, and so on, but has no use at all for genius except as a field for research. Shakespeare has suffered more than anybody else from such ruffians, but Jane Austen perhaps will run Shakespeare as close as any modern writer can do. The work of the scholar is niggling and pedantic whenever it is tried by the test of appreciation. Of the scholar I might indeed say, as Miss Bennet said to Darcy, "From the very beginning — from the first moment, I may almost say — of my acquaintance with you, your manners, impressing me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit, and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others, were such as to form that groundwork of disapprobation on which succeeding events have built so immovable a dislike."

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The reference just now to Allan Monkhouse, who is the literary editor of the "Manchester Guardian", recalls to my mind the fact that C. E. Montague, for many years chief leader writer on that paper, and the most notable writer that the paper has produced, has just resigned his position in order to devote himself to the composition of books. He went on to the staff at the age of twenty three, and has been working editorially for the "Manchester Guardian" for thirty five years. It is a long time, and although several others have been with the paper as long as Mr. Montague — notably the editor and proprietor, C. P. Scott — I doubt whether any man has done more to raise the "Manchester Guardian" to its present rank as the best newspaper in England than has Mr. Montague. He is a born writer. He is a Liberal and a lover of justice and truth. These qualities, rare in any community, and in any class, are exceptional in contemporary journalism. I do not mean that journalists are dishonest or that they cannot write, but only that Mr. Montague is about the best of them. Many English journalists are compelled to write at the unseen dictation of the proprietor of the newspaper by which they are employed. Mr. Montague has been fortunate in his employer, for while Mr. Scott has bogies and fanaticisms, he is a man of priceless sincerity and tremendous intelligence. He has had the power to inspire his staff with his own ideals, and Mr. Montague has held up before that same staff an integrity not less absolute coupled with a brilliancy which is rarely encountered in men of overwhelming honesty. The mere possession of brilliance is a temptation. Mr. Montague has been unaware of temptation. He is a great journalist. He is also the author of at least two books which will stand something of the test of time — "Disenchantment" and "Fiery Particles". For his first and most brilliant novel, "A Hind Let Loose", I care less than I do for the later books, because there is such a thick syrup of "style" over "A Hind Let Loose" that it palls. It is an extremely brilliant work, crammed with allusion, quotation, and fireworks. "The Morning's War", which followed, is even less satisfactory; and

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when I read this book, at the time of its publication, I mentally gave Mr. Montague up as a novelist. His later books, however, have been far superior. The style in which they are written remains brilliant, but the brilliance is of a kind that does not pall. It creates a delight in the reader which no amount of second rate fireworks can ever produce. Mr. Montague, who intends now to write nothing but books — but of what description I cannot yet tell you — has just finished a novel, which will be published in the spring. This, his third, will be interesting to all those who admire Mr. Montague, and it should reassure those of us who feared novel writing was not his forte. I am told it is very good indeed. May it prove so!

* * * *

Honesty in journalism, to which I was referring above, is a point which arises quite naturally out of the consideration of a little book which has been making a stir here, and which I have been reading. Lord Beaverbrook, the principal proprietor of the "Daily Express", the "Sunday Express", and the "Evening Standard" (all of London), has published a brochure with the illuminating title, "Politicians and the Press". I should mention that Lord Beaverbrook, who was formerly Max Aitken, is by birth a Canadian. Having made money by finance, he has settled in London with political and journalistic aspirations. He is thus fitted to speak — not the whole truth, but perhaps a portion of the truth — about the relations of politicians and the press. To say that Lord Beaverbrook is a popular man with politicians of the present moment would be untrue. To say that he is popular with his friends is to understate the fact. He is capable of inspiring feelings which are only with difficulty distinguishable from infatuation. The little book to which so much attention has been drawn is written by Lord Beaverbrook with the avowed object of explaining his view of the attitude which a newspaper should adopt. This attitude should be one of independence, and support should be given to men and measures at the dictation of the proprietor's patriotism and wisdom. When, however, these measures are wrong, or when the men are mistaken, it is the newspaper's duty to withstand them by all the means at its disposal. Lord Beaverbrook draws attention to his own rightness and public spirit; and is convinced that his paper, the "Daily Express", represents the best that is in modern journalism. He considers that it expresses the real heart of the nation, and that it has been right in matters of high policy when politicians were wrong; and he repels with indignation the suggestion that he has been influenced in any of his stunts by dislike of any man or the wish to misrepresent the truth. He makes great play with the fact that the large drapery stores advertise in the "Daily Express", and at times, in his boasts about circulation figures, etc., gives one the impression that the real purpose of his book is to interest and influence — not so much public opinion as the larger advertisers. Indeed, the book is a queer one altogether. At times it contributes to our knowledge of current history; at times it amusingly lets slip some of Lord Beaverbrook's real convictions; at times it reads uncommonly like hypocrisy; at times like a circular from the advertisement department of the "Daily Express"; and at times (as when the eating and drinking habits of Lord Beaverbrook's friends are enumerated) like a particularly mediocre gossip column in a picture daily. Says Lord Beaverbrook: "Mr. Lloyd George

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also eats very little, and never makes any special point about his food — except that he likes red meat and will not eat chicken and other white meats. His habit might be compared and contrasted with that of Arnold Bennett, who is also addicted to meat, red and bloody at that. . . . Neither the statesman nor the novelist drinks much. Mr. Lloyd George is practically a teetotaller. So is Mr. Arnold Bennett." And so on. If one were to read Lord Beaverbrook's little book without knowing anything about the "Daily Express", one would be unaware that the "Daily Express" is one of the most vulgar papers in the world. One would picture it as a "Times" with a punch in it; a "Manchester Guardian" with pep. The "Daily Express" is not at all like the "Times" or the "Manchester Guardian". It is a paper which under Lord Beaverbrook's control has been distinguished by scoops and stunts. It is extremely popular, and is evidently very widely read in the south of England. It is adroit, and it is readable. As popular journalism it is probably the most effective thing of its kind in England. But Lord Beaverbrook certainly takes it and himself too seriously as forces for right and truth. Or if he does not take the "Daily Express" and himself too seriously he appears to do so. The "Daily Express" is a popular newspaper, noisy and without taste. It specializes in sensations; and it has no authority, as a political organ, at all comparable to that of the best newspapers. Yet one would think, at times, in reading "Politicians and the Press", that the "Daily Express" and Lord Beaverbrook, between them, managed the affairs of the British Empire, and that when things are not done quite as they would wish, by "one of those staff errors which must always happen on occasion", they are mismanaged. This is a bit too steep. It suggests that the London world of intriguers is the whole of the Empire. The fact is that Lord Beaverbrook is only one of the many men who have fingers in the political pie. He has an astutely run daily, and an instinct for the run of events (hence, no doubt, his early financial success). His mind is fertile, and his love of politics is considerable. He has abilities and personality. But to claim more is to exaggerate; and this book, for all its skill and moderation, will appeal more to ingenuous advertisers than it can do to the student of affairs.

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A writer in an English provincial journal has been advising his readers of the best way to form a library. He admits that he has just made a library for himself, and that he has found it "very bad", but he is evidently not discouraged. One point that interests me is that this writer, when his library was complete, found that he "wanted to read not a single thing in it". This, I fancy, is a common experience with those who pack books to read upon a holiday. When the packing is in progress, such and such books seem to be the ideal ones for the purpose, but in the event few of these turn out to be readable. Personally, I have long abandoned the practice of taking a large selection of books on holiday. I never read them, and they weigh heavy. I think that this is what happened with our librarian. Having found his own library barren, he went out to a neighboring library from which he could *borrow* books. This ought to have helped him, you would think — but no! the result was the same. I gather that this was the experience which led the writer to start upon the choice of a library for others,

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and when you have heard some of his selections I fancy you will understand why the library already formed was a failure. He comes straight to fiction. He says:

> There is no room in this essay to go through the whole tale of subjects and suggest selections. Only hints can be given for one. Take fiction. You must start with "Don Quixote". I don't think the early English novelists require much representation: Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" ought to be enough, though it is hardly a novel. One or two, probably three, of Scott, and one or at most two of Jane Austen — according to preference; three each of Dickens and Thackeray; Emily Bronte's "Wuthering Heights"; Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways"; nothing of George Eliot at this time of day, I'm afraid, nothing of Trollope, and nothing of Lytton, or Disraeli, except for the rabid social allegorists; Stevenson's "Treasure Island"; two or three of Hardy, one or two of Galsworthy, Conrad, and Bennett (certainly his "Old Wives' Tale"); while for the very moderns, Hugh Walpole's "Dark Forest", Frank Swinnerton's "Nocturne", and others from Sheila Kaye-Smith, May Sinclair, John Buchan, Gilbert Cannan, Oliver Onions, W. B. Maxwell, H. G. Wells, W. J. Locke, W. L. George, Gilbert Frankau, and so on, as individual taste dictates. Then there is the short story. Kipling and Stevenson, O. Henry, and a few more contemporaries like Norman Davey and T. F. Powys, must be included.
>
> French literature, however, is also extremely rich in fiction, and the Russians of late have come to make a stir; so that neither can fairly be omitted, whether in translation or the original. One or two of Hugo, one or two of Flaubert, Anatole France's "Thais", at least two volumes of Guy de Maupassant's short stories, one of Daudet, two of Zola, two or three of Balzac, one or two of Dumas the elder, and a small selection from the innumerable novelists of France's to-day — these are necessary; with a couple each from Tolstoi and Dostoievsky. Outside these, which are more or less classics, each reader will have his favourites. For instance, I want in "Humphrey Clinker", Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans", Collins's "Woman in White", Forman's "Garden of Lies", Conan Doyle's "Refugees", Arnold's "Phra the Phœnician", and about a dozen more, including Masefield's recent "movie" novel, "Sard Harker".

What a gallimaufry! And "the early English novelists" — how snubbed they must feel. No Defoe! No Richardson! No Fielding! No Smollett! "'Tristram Shandy' ought to be enough, though it is hardly a novel!" Nothing of George Eliot, in spite of the fact that I see Hugh Walpole reported as having said that "Middlemarch" is the greatest novel ever written. Mr. Walpole himself is in the list, as one of "the very moderns". I don't know what Mr. Walpole will say to himself as a "very modern", because he was telling Mr. Mencken only the other day in these very pages that he was the least revolutionary of living novelists. And the others! What a strange assortment! But we pick up on the Russians who "of late have come to make a stir". I am very pleased with this phrase, which puts the matter of the Russians in a nutshell. It is true that the writer does not go beyond Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky, thereby omitting Turgenev and Tchekhov (omissions which would please Prince Mirsky, to whose book on Russian literature I recently referred here); but we must not be too exacting. In the tail end of the library thus selected we find that Smollett is after all not wholly to be omitted, while a number of oddly assorted novels and tales jostle each other in a most natural way, as they do in most minds. Only, one feels that the really "very moderns" come off poorly, since there are no examples from the works of James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Mrs. Woolf, Dorothy Richardson, etc. Henry James is not mentioned, although he was a bigger man than several of those who find a place. Stendhal is not included among the French writers; "one or two of Flaubert" is a trifle vague; and so on. But altogether the library proposed by this writer is one of the most singular that I have encountered for some time, and I hope it will have suggested various

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thoughts to those who read these articles. It would be instructive to see what books in other departments of letters would be recommended. "One or two of Shakespeare's", I suppose; or possibly three, and a choice from Holcroft, Barrie, Robertson, Cosmo Gordon Lennox, Frederick Lonsdale, and Otway; with, among very moderns, Henry Arthur Jones and Tom Taylor. A moderately amusing Christmas game could be made out of comparable lists. Such lists, of course, would not be printed by any newspaper; and libraries formed from them would not be quite impeccable. But they would provide as strange and unexpected reading as "Consequences".

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While I am speaking of strange things let me mention a very peculiar debate which has been going on in England. It should be of interest to Americans, who have their own ideas about English pronunciation, and who have been cheered by the news that the Pope finds it easier to understand English as spoken by an American than English as spoken by an Englishman. I made a few remarks recently upon this subject in a former "Londoner", and I have followed the controversy with great amusement. St. John Ervine, as everybody knows, trails a very long coat tail, on purpose for those who care for strife. And he usually does not wait to have his coat tails trodden on, but gets his blow in first. Those who know and like Mr. Ervine recognize the half humorous pugnacity of his nature, and do not fall foul of his pertinaceous candor; but to those who do not and will not know Mr. Ervine (who is among the most simple and likable of men) the firm cries which issue from his pen are infuriating. I think that perhaps Mr. Ervine is often a little wrong — possibly on purpose. He is certainly very fierce in print. Type sharpens words and makes them appear savage, when they are written (in Mr. Ervine's case) with a moderation and gentleness which only a warlike Irishman could command. And I should say, possibly, an Ulster Irishman. Mr. Ervine, then, has been making war upon what he calls the "refaned" speech of some English actors and actresses. If he had stopped at the word "refaned", everybody would have known what he meant, and there would have been no argument. We all know the type of English person who says "faw" for "four" and "faive" for "five". Nobody of any intelligence could defend the pronunciations of some of our actors and a great many of our musical comedy actresses. These pronunciations are shocking. But Mr. Ervine went further. He quoted some very highbrow young men who disport themselves on the wireless and discuss what they call "culchah", and such things. As one at least of these speakers was at Oxford, Mr. Ervine described the particular form of "refanement" at which he was girding as the "Eton and Oxford" voice. Now it happens that many of the people who go to Eton and Oxford do not speak in a "refaned" way. "Culchah" is certainly the sort of thing that one might hear said at either Oxford or Cambridge; but not "refaned". Therefore there was an avalanche of letters to Mr. Ervine, who bravely returned to the attack. He said that "refaned" speakers do not differentiate between the words "father" and "farther". This is true. I do not so differentiate myself. I cannot. Mr. Ervine, who is an Irishman, can. I believe I extend the "a" a little in the second word, but cannot be sure. Rose Macaulay wrote to the papers to say

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that *she* did not differentiate. But I refuse to accept Rose Macaulay as an authority upon English pronunciation, because Miss Macaulay belongs to the type that slithers all words together into an indistinguishable mass. I do not belong to that type, and my pronunciation may therefore be taken as a fair standard. Thus, when I say that I cannot distinguish between "father" and "farther" Mr. Ervine may take it that he is making a mistake in choosing that for his battleground. It lays him open to Miss Macaulay's charge that he regards the Ulster pronunciation as the best, and in fact the only, pronunciation of English. I think that he has made the mistake, also, of attacking several styles of affected speech at the same moment, and under the same head. What he dislikes is really the attempt to sound aristocratic of young men and women who have never seen or heard an aristocrat speak. He also dislikes the "Oxford manner", which is any elaborate disdain for common mortals, and is not confined to those who have been to school at Oxford. And his ear is possibly not quick enough (I admit that mine is not) to distinguish between the various lingual affectations which are to be heard in Chelsea and Bloomsbury, Surbiton and Ealing, and indeed among any of those who sit upon floors in studios and dance at night clubs, languidly attend first nights and performances of the Stage Society, speak upon the wireless or upon the sta-age, and make their mispronunciations and bad manners a cause of great offense to all decent and centric folk. Americans believe that all Englishmen speak in a drawl, and have patronizing manners, which is a mistake. The mere fact that Mr. Ervine has declared war upon such miserable imitations of what the speakers believe to be gentility should enlighten all as to the true proportion which this class bears to the community. That Mr. Ervine will cure anything I do not believe; that he has offended a number who suspect that their own pronunciation is not altogether approved of I am convinced. But the people he was attacking are generally unconscious of any peculiarities in their own speech, because they believe they are speaking like ladies and gentlemen; while those who speak in a strange way because they *are* in a manner of speaking ladies and gentlemen, will think Mr. Ervine a very impertinent Irishman who is showing great ill breeding in attacking the kind of speech they have picked up at home and at school.

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ITEMS. (1) A. A. Milne, who has a volume of plays appearing in the spring, has this moment completed a play which out-Shakespeares Shakespeare. His "When We Were Very Young" has now sold about a hundred thousand copies in England. (2) Just before Christmas an English publishers' manager remarked, as if to himself: "If anybody wants to put something in my stocking, let it be a dead bookseller." And (3) a servant of my own, returning from a neighboring town, said she saw that "The Green Goddess", by Michael Arliss, was being performed there.

SIMON PURE

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CONTEMPORARY SOUTHERN POETRY

II: THE POETS

By DuBose Heyward

THE field of contemporaneous art holds many and diverse pitfalls for the feet of the unwary reviewer. The subject, at any period, by its very nature is in a state of flux; and in the febrile life of today art has attained a bewildering acceleration. Especially is this the case with poetry: those who produce it come and go, important today, forgotten tomorrow, leaving the way strewn with their experimental wreckage, to be appropriated or discarded by their successors. Elaborate the difficult task into a critical estimate of *contemporaneous regional poetry*, the region itself bounded by a traditional, rather than a geographical, line; and we are indeed stepping out to measure the void with a yardstick. Unless one were possessed of a pedantry amazing in its proportions, the task must necessarily resolve itself into a survey of the field, rather than an ultimate appraisal.

In the case of contemporary southern poetry even a survey becomes possible within a reasonable compass only by the establishment of an arbitrary limit that will include those poets resident at the present time in the south who have produced work that, while it speaks from its section, is sufficiently freed from the limits of a narrow provincialism to win recognition in spite of rather than because of southern loyalties and prejudices.

Unfortunately, this limitation of residence which necessity imposes for the purposes of this discussion deprives us of the glamour of such names as John Gould Fletcher, David Morton, Conrad Aiken, Clement Wood, Maxwell Bodenheim, Virginia Moore, Nancy Byrd Turner, Muna Lee, and other poets native to the south who now live elsewhere. But these names, as indeed those of many who still write from the southern section of the United States, need no introduction to students of current American poetry.

Lacking an artistic Mecca, such as Boston has been for New England, Chicago for the west, and New York for the east and, in fact, the country at large, the activity in the south has centred around groups at Baltimore, Norfolk, Charleston, Savannah, Nashville, Dallas, New Orleans, and Santa Fe. On the whole the effect of these groups has been salutary, the danger of developing and stressing artistic creeds — which they have not altogether avoided — having been offset by a unanimity of purpose in the discouragement of the inherited sentimental sectionalism which has been a curse among lesser singers of the south for generations.

Whether much poetry of permanence is being written under the spur of present popular appreciation remains to be proved. But certainly it can be said that less inferior poetry is being produced, or, where it is, fearless and serious practitioners of the art are more courageous in condemning it.

In presenting a survey of the poetic activity in the south, let it be repeated

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emphatically that while a number of those whose names will appear have attained to something of a national recognition, it is not the intention of this article to nominate candidates for Parnassian immortality. A surprising number of poets are writing technically sound and emotionally sincere, if not immortal, verse; and it is with these that we are concerned, even at risk of appearing personally to conduct a tour through a rejuvenated and lyrical late Confederacy.

Commencing with Maryland, we enter the state that is proud to name Lizette Woodworth Reese as its claim to poetic recognition. Even before the poetry magazines and societies arrived to tell the public what it must like, it was listening with delight to the spontaneous lyric music that perhaps found its highest expression in the poignant sonnet "Tears", and that has been brought together in several all too slender volumes, culminating in the most recent collection, "Wild Cherry", published in 1923.

Virginia, while possessing no single voice comparable to Miss Reese, has attained to the impressiveness of a group armed with its own weapon of attack, the slender but excellent magazine of verse "The Lyric". Centring around this publication at Norfolk are John Moreland, Virginia McCormick, Mary Sinton Leitch, Virginia Lyne Tunstall, Josephine Johnson, Julia Johnson Davis, whose names are being encountered with increasing frequency in various magazines.

In taking the "Lyric" as their symbol, the Norfolk poets appear to have set both a goal and a limit to their art; for, whether through conviction or by chance, the poetry that they have produced, while always charming, invariably singing, lacks the depth and significance of content that would project it any great distance into the future. Already they have proved that they can write well. It is likely that they will also write with power.

Unattached to any group, in fact so unassuming that she publishes under an obvious pen name, Virginia Strait must be mentioned as one of the younger singers. Her poems, published both in America and England, are a decided credit to her native state.

Olive Tilford Dargan, born in Kentucky, adopted for a while by South Carolina, and now resident in North Carolina, where she finds the inspiration for her finest work, must be credited to the last named state. Her best work in both poetry and prose has interpreted the Carolina mountaineer with an understanding and sympathetic sureness of touch. Then too North Carolina may now claim Howard Mumford Jones, recently called from Texas to the English department of the university at Chapel Hill.

In Charleston, the home of the southern poetry society movement, the leaning among the poets has been toward an art that would interpret its own region. This tendency sprang from a traditional and almost passionate loyalty to environment, and the peculiarly haunting influence, at times almost hypnotic in its spell, of the landscape upon the temperament of the artist. The regional note is evident in the work of Beatrice Ravenel, Josephine Pinckney, Archibald Rutledge; and also in the poetry of Hervey Allen, Henry Bellamann, and Helen von Kolnitz Hyer written during their residence in South Carolina. It is less noticeable with other members of the group: John Bennett, Elizabeth Malcolm Durham, Ellen M. Carroll, and Jane Screven Heyward.

Georgia boasts a poet laureate, Frank L. Stanton, a fact which it is

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expedient for the visitor to remember, and admits the paternity of two poets who have yielded to the modern influence: Elfrida deRenne Barrow of Savannah, and Mary Brent Whiteside of Atlanta.

In Florida the "gold rush" is on, and the tourist tide has well nigh drowned the small voice of native art. Only occasionally now do we find a lyric from the pen of Frances Dickinson Pinder or Marx G. Sabel, both of Jacksonville, to remind us that the muse still breathes faintly.

Probably the most important centre of poetic activity in the south at the present time is Nashville, Tennessee; and more particularly, the English department of Vanderbilt University. There, by one of those accidents lamentably rare in academic circles, a group of creative writers have been brought together. The effect has been electric. John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, Stanley Johnson, and several others of the group commenced, a few years ago, to issue a poetry quarterly known as "The Fugitive" which has exhibited some of the most interesting poetry published in the United States in the immediate past.

We have spoken before of the forming of poetry groups in the south. A glance through a file of back numbers of "The Fugitive" will at once reveal both the strength and the weakness of this phase of an artistic movement. A morbid horror of the cliché, an equally strong rooting in traditional form, a daring and often brilliantly successful renovation of the vocabulary of poetry, all practised with unanimity by a closely related group, have produced poetry that, while it challenges our admiration by its intellectual brilliance and what we can best describe as mass originality, carries the "Fugitive" stamp upon all of its work. Add to this the fact that John Crowe Ransom is easily the dominant figure of the group, and we awake to the suspicion that much of the other "Fugitive" poetry is imitative, or at least strongly influenced by his method. But, be it repeated with emphasis: the Nashville poets have something new, definite, and significant to say. It is a matter for regret that they have recently lost Allen Tate from their midst, that somewhat Menckenesque, literary crusader having sought the more intense activity of the New York battlefield.

Kentucky adds three names to the list with Cale Young Rice and Elizabeth Madox Roberts, both of firmly and widely established reputations, and Laura Riding Gottschalk, all of Louisville. Miss Gottschalk is a recent discovery of the "Fugitives", who in awarding her their 1924 prize, comment: "With a diverse play of imagination she combines in her poetry a sound intellectuality and a keen irony which give her book a substance not often found in current American poetry."

In William Alexander Percy, Mississippi claims a poet who divides his allegiance between classical Greece and his own delta country. Probably the most widely known of the contemporary southern poets, Mr. Percy is possessed of a genuinely lyric gift, and his three volumes, "Sappho in Levkas", "In April Once", and "Enzio's Kingdom", are a distinct and recognized contribution to the poetry of the south.

"The Double Dealer", published in New Orleans, with John McClure as its editor, is an invariably interesting publication, and acts as the spokesman for art interests in its section. In spite of the inadequate public support which is unfortunately the lot of the magazine with artistic aim and uncompromising

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standards of criticism, McClure, with the help of a small determined group, has managed to keep "The Double Dealer" going; and in addition to the service rendered in an editorial capacity has given us poetry of his own. In his volume "Airs and Ballads", now unfortunately out of print, he has struck a new and highly interesting note.

Alabama thus far has added little to the current poetry of the south, but there are beginnings. Albert A. Rosenthal has for several years published in Birmingham a little poetry quarterly, "The Nomad", which has contained contributions by widely scattered poets of some prominence; and he has produced some excellent poetry on his own account. Then too, Carl Carmer, of the English department of the University of Alabama, is commencing to appear in the magazines, and has fathered an anthology of student verse written by his undergraduates which is decidedly above the average.

Down in Texas, even before that exuberant area turned with its recent enthusiasm toward contemporary literature, Karle Wilson Baker had made her place as a poet whose work had won recognition beyond regional boundaries. Her place as the outstanding poet of her state is still conceded; but the Poetry Society of Texas has introduced writers new to other sections of the south whose poetry is interesting: Grace Noll Crowell, Therese Lindsey, and Hilton R. Greer. Then there is William Russell Clark, poet and former editor of "The Buccaneer"; and the group of younger prize winners: George D. Bond, Isaac W. Wade, and Ottys W. Sanders, all of whom show more than ordinary promise.

In swinging northward to Santa Fe it must be confessed that our courage flags, for New Mexico is after all a "border state", homesteaded by the Chicago group, and pledging undying allegiance to Harriet Monroe and her gallant little magazine in Erie Street. We can only assert that Santa Fe is as complete and beautiful a vestige of an old southern culture as exists in America today; southern with the very essence of old Mexico, and behind that — Spain; and that when Alice Corbin Henderson, Witter Bynner, Glenway Wescott, and the other members of that small but important group do write they cannot help responding to their eloquent setting.

And so, having "swung the circle", and presented a quite appalling number of candidates for regional honors, we must now face the question: what tangible evidence is there that the movement has justified its existence?

That can best be answered by presenting the score for a single year from an authoritative survey of "Literature South — 1924" by Addison Hibbard in last January's "Reviewer":

> The year is distinguished here by six volumes all by the so-called "younger group". Donald Davidson ("An Outland Piper") and John Crowe Ransom ("Chills and Fever") of the Fugitive Group at Nashville color the movement with sophisticated and semi-philosophic verse sardonic in tone; DuBose Heyward of Charleston capitalizes Southern highlands and lowlands in "Skylines and Horizons" and actually performs his best in realistic portrayals of mountaineer life; Virginia McCormick in "Voices of the Wind" keeps more closely to the lyric form and draws largely upon nature for her highest work; William Alexander Percy, another lyricist, issues his third volume of verse, "Enzio's Kingdom", which is best characterized in brief by saying that it might have been written in any country where beauty is the prime concern; Cale Young Rice brings together his travel songs and impressions in his "Pilgrim's Scrip". The most distinctive phase of literature south of the Potomac today is, one must believe, to be found in the new lease on life which verse has taken.

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MY FAVORITE FICTION CHARACTER

By William McFee

Sketched by Herb Roth

THERE could never be anyone else. He was the first person in the world of whom I had a clear view, because the real people who surrounded me in childhood were too close to be seen. He explained me to myself. In a world where men were not men, but fantastic enigmas — I speak of the world of the Victorian child in England — he came out of the printed page when I was about nine years old, and he has never left me. There is no conceited vanity in the thought that he has been like a bright shadow between me and the dark void of nothingness out there beyond the glimmer thrown by my own imagination. He has always, since I first met him, been exactly my own age. It is true, as I have somewhere mentioned, that while he was born in Suffolk and went to London to school, I was put ashore in London and got my schooling in Suffolk. But what does a thing like that matter between immortal friends? So many adventures we had together in that Victorian England! I read the novels, some of them, of these present times, and I wonder if our younger generation has been so wonderfully clever after all. I wish they would take a tip from me and have a look at my shadowy friend. He is middle aged now, like me, and he is married and very wise and comprehending. But the part of him I like best is the beginning, when he was born and when he was very small and when he was a schoolboy with a widowed mother and inexplicable thoughts, such as I had when I was like that. He was the Boy Who Grew Up! That I think is the main reason why I love him so much, that there can never be anybody else quite like him for me. I recognize under the whimsical sadness of his humor, my own childhood — an agonizing struggle toward puberty and manhood. He grew up. I have never loved Peter Pan. He is the ideal child of parents who have no children, or one for a toy. Nobody ever made a toy of David, or of me. So, as I said, there could never be anyone else, raised as I was in the land that gave him birth. It is a commonplace that many characters are more real than persons who have lived in the flesh. What of him, then, who has so ensnared my heart that I find him ever beside me, coexistent through the years?

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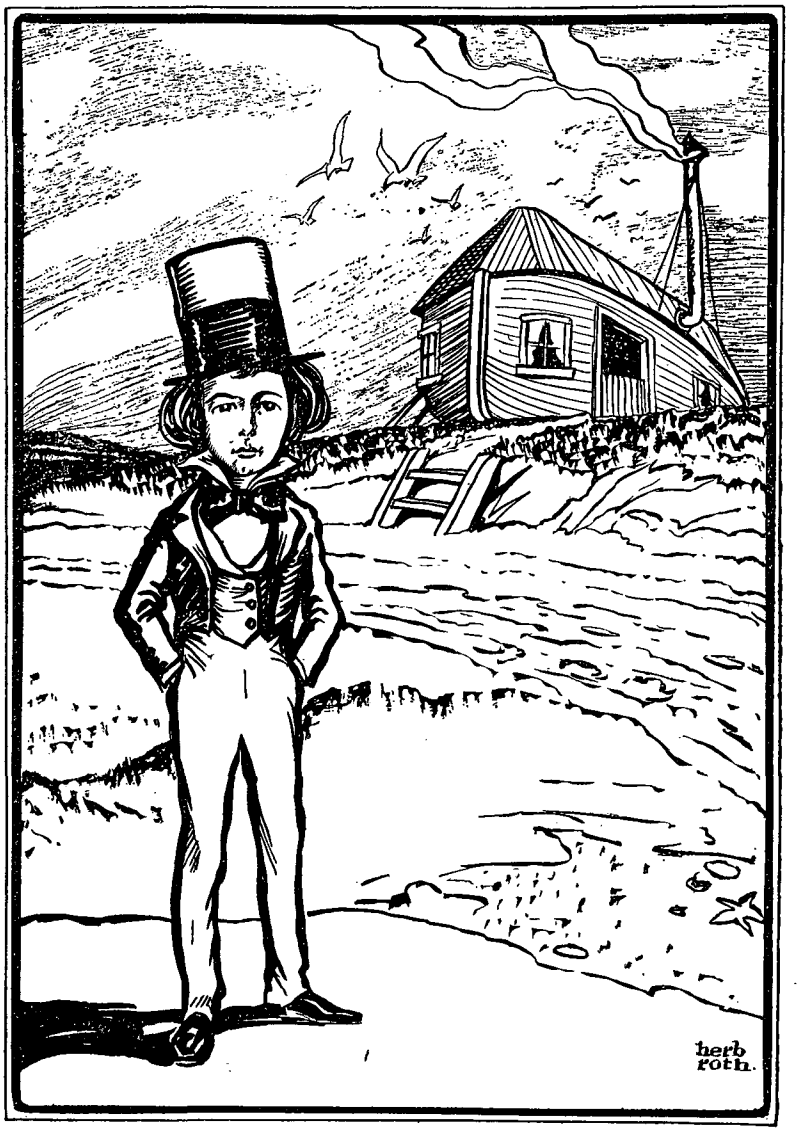

David Copperfield

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MY FAVORITE FICTION CHARACTER

By Thomas Boyd

Sketched by Herb Roth

MY favorite character in fiction! Is it that all too human Leopold Bloom, or the valiant tilter Don Quixote, the appealingly fleshly Tom Jones, the white hot idealist Martin Arrowsmith, the faithful and amusing Sam Weller, the nihilistic Bazarov, the pitifully frail Sister Carrie, or foolish, noble old King Lear? No, it is none of these. And moreover, my favorite character in fiction is plural. D'Artagnan of "The Three Musketeers" and Ann of Shaw's "Man and Superman" lie closest to whatever it is in me that governs personal likes and dislikes. The slippery Gascon I met at a tenderer age, when I was twelve, to be informative; and I can still see his bright blade flashing, his fierce mustache bristling on his boyish face, his big rakish hat and his flaring boots as he withstood the test put upon him by Porthos, Athos, and Aramis. Well can I see him flashing through that world of Dumas which had obstacles only that they might be surmounted. . . . And then Ann! I met her at seventeen, and if I didn't compose verses about her it was because I could never find two words that properly rhymed. The way she led the baffled Tanner by the ear; the way she knew and got what she wanted. And as she now comes to mind she was one English girl who didn't have big feet, who had a well shaped, treacherously demure head, a flat, straight back — well, the kind of girl who is competent to play any amount of havoc on the dumb sex. And if ever they were to meet! This girl who tossed off epigrams in the inimitably Shavian manner and said things which you had to read twice — this girl and the gallant but boneheaded Gascon who for once would find his blade of tempered steel of no avail. Why shouldn't we be constant to first loves in books — Lord knows it's easier in fiction than in fact.

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D'Artagnan and Ann Whitfield

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DIARY OF AN EASTERN JOURNEY

By Aldous Huxley

KASHMIR. It is cheaper in this country to have a wagon pulled by half a dozen men than by a pair of oxen or horses. All day, on the road below our house, the heavy laden carts go creaking slowly along behind their team of human draft animals. The coolies sing as they pull, partly out of sheer lightness of heart (for these Kashmiris are wonderfully cheerful, in spite of everything) and partly, no doubt, because they have discovered the psychological fact that to sing in chorus creates a strengthening sense of solidarity within the singing group and seems to lighten the work in hand by making the muscular effort respond almost automatically to a regular rhythmic stimulus. I noticed two main types of laborer's chantey. One of these is, melodically, quite ambitious; for it ranges over no less than three notes of the minor scale. It is sung in unison and there is no separate chorus leader. They sing it all day at their work and half the night as well, for fun, when there happens to be a wedding or some similar festival. The other chantey takes the form of a kind of dialogue between the chorus and a chorus leader, who responds to the two strong beats of the choral song by a single monosyllable, always the same, sustained for two beats and sung emphatically on a lower note. The words were incomprehensible to me; but translated into terms of gibberish, the song sounded something like this. *Chorus:* Dum dum. *Leader:* BONG. *Chorus:* Tweedie dum. *Leader:* BONG. Tum diddy. BONG. Tweedie weedie. BONG. And so on, hour after hour.

This rhythmical dialogue is the favorite music of the wagon teams. Walking abroad, one is never for long out of hearing of that monotonous Dum dum, BONG: diddy dum, BONG. The singing floats down between the poplar trees of the straight flat roads of the valley and slowly, laboriously, the wagon and its human crew come following after the swift-traveling song. Passing, I feel almost ashamed to look at the creeping wain; I avert my eyes from a spectacle so painfully accusatory. That men should be reduced to the performance of a labor which, even for beasts, is cruel and humiliating, is a dreadful thing. "Ah, but they feel things less than we do", the owners of motor cars, the eaters of five meals a day, the absorbers of whisky, hasten to assure me; "they feel them less, because they're used to this sort of life. They don't mind, because they know no better. They're really quite happy."

And these assertions are quite true. They do not know better; they are used to this life; they are incredibly resigned. All the more shame to the men and to the system that have reduced them to such an existence and kept them from knowing anything better.

It is in relation to their opposites that things have significance for us. "Opposite shows up opposite, as a Frank a Negro." So wrote Jalalu 'd-Din Muhammad Rumi. "The opposite of light shows what is light. . . God cre-

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ated grief and pain for this purpose; to wit, to manifest happiness by its opposites. Hidden things are manifested by their opposites, but as God has no opposite, he remains hidden." These Kashmiri draft coolies, who are unaware of comfort, culture, plenty, privacy, leisure, security, freedom, do not in consequence know that they are slaves, do not repine at being herded together in filthy hovels like beasts, do not suffer from their ignorance, and are resigned to being overworked and underfed. Those who profit by the Kashmiri's ignorant acquiescence in such subhuman conditions are naturally not anxious that he should be made aware of the desirable opposites which would make his present life seem odious. The spread of education, the improvement of living conditions, are causes which do not rouse great enthusiasm. And yet, in spite of everything, the spirit of humanitarianism works even through these reluctant agents. For the spirit of humanitarianism is the spirit of the age, which it is impossible for any man, born with the usual supply of social instinct and suggestibility, completely to ignore. His reason may tell him that his own personal advantage would be best served if he kept the disinherited in their places. But a stronger force than reason is forever trying to make him act against reason. To be utterly ruthless toward the disinherited would be profitable; but he can never bring himself to be utterly ruthless. In spite of himself, he feels that he ought to give them justice. And he gives it — not very often, no doubt, and not very much at a time — but still, he gives it; that is the queer, significant, and *modern* thing. Even in Kashmir a tiny pinch of this humanitarian commodity — as yet, however, all but invisible — has begun to be distributed.

The Mogul gardens are disappointingly inferior to any of the more or less contemporary gardens of Italy. Shalimar and Nishat Bagh cannot compare with the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, or the Villa Lanti, near Viterbo. The little Chashma Shahi is architecturally the most charming of the gardens near Srinagar. And the loveliest for trees and waters is Atchibal, at the upper end of the Valley; while far off Verinag, where Jahangir enclosed the blue deep source of the Jhelum in an octagonal tank surrounded by arcades, has a strange and desolate beauty all its own. But in general it may be said that the design of all these Indian gardens is rigid, monotonous, and lacking entirely in the Italian grandiosity, the Italian fertility of invention. The architecture of the pleasure houses which they contain is petty and almost rustic. The decorative details, such of them, at any rate, as remain — for the ornamentation was mostly of a rather gimcrack and temporary character — are without much originality. How greatly the Mogul architects were handicapped by the profession of a religion which forbade the introduction of the human form into their decorative schemes is manifested especially in their fountains. A fountain in one of these gardens is just a nozzle sticking out of the ground, the end of a hosepipe turned vertically upward. Miserable object, and unworthy of the name of fountain! I shut my eyes and think of those Bolognese mermaids with their spouting breasts; those boys and tortoises at Rome, all black and shining with wetness: those naiads and river gods and gesticulating allegories among the rainbows and the falling crystals of the Piazza Navona; those Tritons at the Villa Lanti with their prancing sea horses — all the fantastic world of tutelary deities that stand guard over

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Italian springs. The Moguls were good Mohammedans and content with unadorned nozzles.

If the Kashmiri gardens are beautiful, that is the work not so much of man as of nature. The formal beds are full of zinnias and scarlet cannas. The turf is fresh and green. The huge chenar trees go up into the pale bright sky; their white trunks shine between the leaves, which the autumn has turned to a rusty vermilion. Behind them are the steep bare hills, crested already with snow. Their color, where the sun strikes them, is a kind of silvery-glaucous gold and, in the shadows, a deep intense indigo. Below, on the other side, stretches the Dal Lake, with the isolated fort-crowned hill of Hari Parbat on the farther shore. The sun shines out of a flawless sky, but the air is cool against the face. "It is a nipping and an eager air"; for we are at more than five thousand feet above the sea. The Great Moguls regarded Kashmir as the earthly paradise. And a paradise to one coming fresh from the earthly hell of the Punjab in summer it must indeed have seemed. The visitor from temperate lands finds it less paradisiacal because more familiar. The lakes and mountains remind us of Switzerland and Italy, and in the level valley, with its interminable poplar avenues, its waterways and soggy fields, we find ourselves thinking of France, of Holland even. Our ecstasies of admiration are reserved for the unfamiliar tropics.

In the autumn great flocks of teal and mallard come through Kashmir, on their way from the breeding grounds to their winter home in northern India. Some breed in the recesses of Ladakh, a few hundred miles from the Kashmir valley; but the majority, it is said, go farther afield into central Asia, possibly even into Siberia, where so many migrants pass the brief but generous summer. In the autumn they fly southward, over the Himalayas, into India. Some varieties of these water fowl cross the range at the eastern end, some to the west. Thus the cotton teal, I am assured by sportsmen, is found in Assam and Bengal, but not in the Punjab; while the mallard is seen only in the west. How these birds, which normally pass their lives in the plains, contrive to cross the Himalayas without dying of mountain sickness or asphyxiation on the way, is something of a mystery. Most small animals, when taken up suddenly to a height of fifteen or twenty thousand feet — and many of the Himalayan passes touch those heights — simply die. The migrating duck, if it really does come down from central Asia, must be flying at these altitudes for miles at a stretch. Physiologically the feat seems almost as extraordinary as that of the eel, which leaves its native pond or river to breed, two or three thousand miles away, in the deep water of the ocean.

It would be interesting to know the feelings of a migrant animal, when the moment has arrived for it to perform its journey. The swallow at the end of the summer, the salmon when, having attained its maximum weight, it feels that the time has come for it to go up into the rivers, the fresh water eel at the approach of its first and final breeding season, must feel, I imagine, much as a man might feel when suddenly converted, or who finds himself compelled by an irresistible sense of duty to perform some hazardous and disagreeable action. Some power within them — an immanent god — commands them to change their comfortable way of life, to undertake new and arduous enterprises. There is no disobeying the command; the god com-

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pels. If eels could formulate their theories of ethics, they would be eloquent, I am sure, about the categorical imperative and the compulsive character of the sense of duty.

Our categorical imperatives, like those of eels and swallows, are generally backed by the forces of an instinct. Our social instinct deters us from doing what we think would be condemned, and encourages us to do what we think would be commended, by our equals, by our moral superiors, by our better selves, by "God". But there are occasions, curiously enough, when the categorical imperative to do or refrain from doing seems to have no connection with a compulsive instinct. For example, a man writes two letters, addresses two envelopes, puts the letters into the envelopes and seals them up. He is extremely careful, when inserting the letters, to see that each goes into its proper envelope. Nevertheless, a few minutes later, he is seized by an irresistible desire to reopen the envelopes so as to make sure that the letter to his mistress is not in the envelope addressed to his maiden aunt, and vice versa. He knows that each letter is where it should be. But despite his conviction, despite the derisive comments of the rational part of his mind, he does reopen the envelopes. The categorical imperative is stronger than reason. It may be so strong that, after five more minutes, he will open the envelopes a second time.

What gives the imperative its strength in cases such as this, I am at a loss to imagine. The August cuckoo takes wing for Africa at the command of a special migratory instinct. A desire, born of his social instinct, to win the approval of his fellows, of some hypostatized "better self" or "personal god", makes a man act honorably in circumstances where it would be more profitable and more convenient to act dishonorably. But when a man reopens an envelope to see if it contains the letter he *knows* it does contain, when he gets out of bed on a cold night to make sure that he has switched off the light and bolted the doors which he clearly remembers turning out and bolting ten minutes before, no primary instinct can be invoked to account for the compulsive nature of the desire to do these irrational things. In such cases the categorical imperative seems to be morally senseless and psychologically unaccountable. It is as though a god were playing practical jokes.

The Kashmiris are proverbial throughout India for the filthiness of their habits. Wherever a choice is offered them between cleanliness and dirt, they will infallibly choose the latter. They have a genius for filthiness. We had daily opportunities of observing the manifestations of this peculiar genius. Our compound was provided with water from the city supply. From a tap at the end of the garden we could draw the pure filtered water of the reservoir among the mountains. The water from this tap, which was left running for hours at a time, was collected in a small brick lined tank, on which the gardener drew for the watering of his flowers. And not the gardener only. We found that our servants had an almost irresistible desire to fetch our washing and drinking water from the same source. The fresh water ran sparkling from the tap; but their instinct was to take only the standing fluid in the uncovered tank. And to what uses the tank was put! Looking out in the morning, we would see our sweeper crouching on the brink to perform his ablutions. First, he washed his hands, then his feet, then his face; after that he thoroughly rinsed

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his mouth, gargled and spat into the tank. Then he douched his nose. And when that was finished, he scooped up some water in his hands and took a drink. A yard away was the tap. He preferred the tastier water of the tank.

The astonishing thing is that epidemics are not more frequent and severe than is actually the case. That they are not is due, I suppose, to the powerful disinfectant action of the sunlight. Perhaps also an almost daily and domestic familiarity with the germs of typhoid and cholera has bred among Kashmiri phagocytes a healthy contempt for their attacks, together with increased powers of resistance.

The Kashmiri pundit has a more than Spanish objection to manual labor. But, unlike the hidalgo, who thought himself dishonored by the exercise of any profession save that of arms, the pundit is ambitious of wielding only the pen. He may be abjectly poor (most people are abjectly poor in Kashmir) but he will do only a pundit's work. Chauffeurs may get good wages, servants are clothed and fed; but the proud pundit had rather walk the streets begging than accept employments so derogatory to his Brahmin dignity.

There are many pundits in Kashmir. They are all educated, more or less, and all equally proud. The consequence is that, in Kashmir, you can hire a clerk for about half as much as you would have to pay your cook. And not in Kashmir only. It is the same throughout the whole of India. A circus recently visited Lahore. The management advertised for gate keepers at fifteen rupees a month. Among the applicants, I was told, were upward of forty graduates. Mysore, the best governed of the Indian states, finds the same difficulty in disposing of the finished products of its higher education. After having gone to the trouble of taking their degrees, the graduates of its colleges demand, almost as a right (it is only natural), the work for which their educational attainments fit them. But the work does not exist.

That is the farcical tragedy of Indian education. The universities produce a swarm of graduates, for whom there is nothing to do. The state can employ only a limited number of them and, outside the government service, there is almost no opening for a man with the ordinary general education of the West. The industrial and commercial activities, to which most of our educated young men devote themselves, hardly exist in India. There is no available liquid capital to start such industries on a large scale, and the average educated Indian lacks the enterprise and energy to begin in a small way on his own. His ambition is to step into some safe clerical job with no responsibilities and a pension at the end of it. A "crammed" education in the humanities or in pure science hardly fits him for anything else. Unhappily, the number of safe clerkships with pensions attached is strictly limited. The Indian youth steps out of the university examination hall into a vacuum. The class of educated unemployed — the class most dangerous to an established government — steadily grows.

Educated Indians of the older generation have a great weakness for apothegms, quotations, and cracker mottoes. They punctuate their conversation with an occasional "As the Persian poet so beautifully puts it"; then follows a string of incomprehensible syllables, with their appended translation, which generally embodies some such gem of human wisdom as "Honesty is the best policy", or "The

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higher the art, the lower the morals", or "My uncle's house is on a hill, but I cannot eat this rotten cabbage." Those whose education has been of a more occidental cast have Gray's "Elegy", the works of Sir Edwin Arnold, and the more sententious parts of Shakespeare at their finger tips. Among the younger Indians the quotation habit seems to be dying out. Their wisdom is diffuse and unquotable. Their minds are stored with the nebulous débris of newspaper articles, pamphlets, and popular science booklets, not with heroic couplets.

It is the same with us in the West. Latin tags issue from the mouths only of the aged. The days when Virgil and Horace were bandied from one side of the House of Commons to the other are past. Latin with us, like Persian among the Indians, is a deader language than it was a century, even a generation, ago. Even the English classics are rarely quoted now. Young people trot out their Shakespeare less frequently than do their elders. The reason, I suppose, is this: we read so much, that we have lost the art of remembering. Indeed, most of what we read is nonsense and not meant to be remembered. The man who remembered the social paragraphs in his morning paper would deserve to be sent to an asylum. So it comes about that we forget even that which is not worthy of oblivion. Moreover, to young people brought up in this queer provisional patchwork age of ours, and saturated with its spirit, it seems absurd to collect the rags of thought bequeathed by other and, they feel, utterly different ages. What is the use of knowing, in 1926, that "when lovely woman stoops to folly", the best, the only thing she can do "is to die"? What is the good of asserting baldly that "the quality of mercy is not strained", that "God's in His Heaven — all's right with the world"? These poetical statements have no meaning for us. When lovely woman stoops to folly, we do not think of death; we think of suppressed complexes and birth control and the rights of the unmarried mother. About the quality of mercy we have our own contemporary ideas; how we regard it depends on whether we are followers of Gandhi on the one hand, or of Sorel, Lenin, and Mussolini on the other. "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven . . . it is twice blest." No doubt. But what is this to us, who have our peculiar problems about the rights and wrongs of violence to decide in our own way? And what meaning for us have those airy assertions about God? God, we psychologists know, is a sensation in the pit of the stomach, hypostatized. God, the personal God of Browning and the modern theologian, is the gratuitous intellectualist interpretation of immediate psycho-physiological experiences. The experiences are indubitably true for those who feel them; but the interpretation of them in terms of Browning's personal God is illogical and unjustifiable.

No, decidedly, the cracker mottoes of the ancients are of no use to us. We need our own tags and catchwords. The preceding paragraph is full of them: complex, birth control, violence for an idea, psychology, and the rest. Few of these words or of the ideas for which they stand have yet found their way into poetry. For example, God, the intellectually interpreted sensation in the pit of the stomach, has not yet been crystallized into couplets. His home is still the textbook, the "Hibbert Journal" article. Like most of the rest of our ideas he is unquotable. The ancients were able to build up their notions of the world at large round an elegant poetical skeleton. Less for-

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tunate, we have only a collection of scientific, or sham-scientific, words and phrases to serve as the framework of our philosophy of life. Our minds and our conversation are consequently less elegant than those of our fathers, whose ideas had crystallized round such pleasing phrases as "*Sunt lacrimæ rerum*", "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honour more", and "A sense of something far more deeply interfused." Some day, it may be, a poet will be found to reduce our catchwords to memorable artistic form. By that time, however, they will probably be as meaninglessly out of date as the cracker mottoes of the classics.

Srinagar owns a large population of sacred cows and bulls that wander vaguely through the streets, picking up such vegetable garbage, grass, and fallen leaves as they can find. They are small beasts — the half of good sized English cattle — and marvelously mild. Red rags mean nothing to these little bulls, they can be trusted in china shops —even in nurseries. Liberty, underfeeding, and unlimited access to the females of their species account, no doubt, for this surprising gentleness.

But, though harmless, these Hindu totems are passively a nuisance. They will not attack you as you walk or drive along the streets, but neither will they get out of your way. They stand there, meditatively ruminating, in the middle of the road and no shouting, no ringing of bells or hooting of horns, will send them away. Not until you are right on top of them will they move. The fact is, of course, that they know their own sacredness. They have learned by long experience that they can stand in the road as much as they like and that, however furiously the klaxon sounds, nothing will ever happen to them. Nothing: for Kashmir, though its inhabitants are mostly Mohammedans, is ruled by a pious Hindu dynasty. Up till a few years ago a man who killed a cow was sentenced to death. Under a milder dispensation he now gets only a matter of seven years' penal servitude. A salutary fear of cows is rooted in the breast of every Kashmiri chauffeur. And the totems know it. With a majestic impertinence they stroll along the middle of the roads. When one is a god, one does not disturb oneself for the convenience of mere men, however importunate.

To the eye of pure reason there is something singularly illogical about the way in which the Hindus shrink from killing cows or eating their flesh when dead, but have no scruples about making the life of the sacred beasts, by their ill treatment, a hell on earth. So strict is the orthodoxy of Kashmir, that Bovril is confiscated at the frontier and sportsmen are forbidden to shoot the wild *nilgai*, which is not bovine at all, but happens to be miscalled the "blue cow". The very name is sacred. And yet nothing is done to protect these godlike animals from any cruelty that does not actually result in death. They are underfed and, when used as draft animals, mercilessly overdriven. When the goad fails to make them move, their driver will seize them by the tail and, going through the motions of one who tries to start up a Ford car, violently twist. In winter, when fodder runs short, the Kashmiris pack their beasts together in a confined space until they begin to sweat, then turn them out into the snow, in the hope that they will catch pneumonia and die. To the eye of reason it certainly seems strange. But then the majority of human actions are not meant to be looked at with the eye of reason.

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SCIENCE FOR ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN

By Edwin E. Slosson

BOOKS about the sciences which used to come singly appear this season in flocks. The foremost book of the bunch, considered as a contribution to current thought, is "Science and the Modern World", and this for two reasons: first, because Professor Whitehead is one of the most original thinkers of our time, with a cosmical theory of his own that commands consideration; and, second, because he brings it forward at a critical moment in the history of the world, when constructive thinking is most imperatively needed. For the fundamental conceptions of science, religion, and common sense are being thrown into chaos, and there is great danger of the adoption in all these three fields of hasty hypotheses, which will later cause confusion and strife, as such shallow attempts at a *modus vivendi* have so often done in the past. This is how the author views the present crisis:

> When we consider what religion is for mankind, and what science is, it is no exaggeration to say that the future course of history depends upon the decision of this generation as to the relations between them. We have here the two strongest general forces (apart from the mere impulse of the various senses) which influence men, and they seem to be set one against the other — the force of our religious intuitions, and the force of our impulse to accurate observation and logical deduction.

Professor Whitehead summarizes in successive chapters the prevailing type of thought of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries as revealed in their science, philosophy, poetry, and religion, and shows how narrowness and intolerance interfered with future progress. Then he turns to the twentieth, in which Einstein's relativity theory and Planck's quantum theory have made the materialism of the past untenable and have provided a new and higher point of view from which the old controversies are seen as futile conflicts of one eyed combatants. For instance:

> Galileo said that the earth moves and that the sun is fixed; the Inquisition said that the earth is fixed and the sun moves; and Newtonian astronomers, adopting an absolute theory of space, said that both the sun and the earth move. But now we say that any one of these three statements is equally true, provided that you have fixed your sense of "rest" and "motion" in the way required by the statement adopted. . . .
>
> Yet this question of the motions of the earth and the sun expresses a real fact in the universe; and all sides had got hold of important truths concerning it. But with the knowledge of those times, the truths appeared to be inconsistent.

In Professor Whitehead's opinion religion must adopt the method of science if it is to save itself from its present serious situation:

> For over two centuries religion has been on the defensive, and on a weak defensive. The period has been one of unprecedented intellectual progress. In this way a series of novel situations have been produced for thought. Each such occasion has found the religious thinkers unprepared. Something, which has been proclaimed to be vital, has finally, after struggle, distress, and anathema, been modified and otherwise interpreted. The next generation of religious apologists then congratulates the religious world on the deeper insight which has been gained. The result of the continued repetition of this undignified retreat, during many generations, has at last almost entirely de-

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stroyed the intellectual authority of religious thinkers. Consider this contrast: when Darwin or Einstein proclaim theories which modify our ideas, it is a triumph for science. We do not go about saying that there is another defeat for science, because its old ideas have been abandoned. We know that another step of scientific insight has been gained.

Religion will not regain its old power until it can face change in the same spirit as does science. Its principles may be eternal, but the expression of those principles requires continual development.

For the benefit of tender minded readers, it is the duty of the reviewer to say that this book is not what could be called popular or easy reading. The layman will strike many words of which he does not know the meaning and some that he cannot find in the dictionary. Even the familiar words will bother him, for they have been endowed with new and unsuspected significations. Einstein, Bohr and Planck, Kant, Descartes and Leibnitz are not simple in themselves, and Whitehead's synthesis of them has difficulties of its own to those of limited brain capacity like the reviewer.

The new series of popular science books to be published by the Van Nostrand Company under the title of "Library of Modern Sciences" is launched with a group of five volumes that show at once the scope and character of the enterprise. In this initial group astronomy, chemistry, zoology, physics, and agriculture are treated in stately dark blue volumes by recognized authorities who not only know what they write about but have also the ability to write about what they know.

"The Earth and the Stars" is by Dr. Charles G. Abbot, director of the Astro-Physical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution, who is the chief authority in the world on solar radiation and whose earlier volume on "The Sun" is a standard work. During the last decade more has been learned about the constitution and movements of the stars than in any previous century, and this volume is well adapted for those who feel the need of catching up with this new knowledge.

"Chemistry in Modern Life", by Svante Arrhenius, director of the Nobel Institute, is translated by one of his students, C. S. Leonard. The book has met with public favor in the original Swedish and in the German translation, and will no doubt also be welcomed by the general reader in America.

"Animals of Land and Sea", by Dr. Austin Clark, also of the Smithsonian Institution, is an original and fascinating work. I know of no book of its size that contains so large a collection of interesting information about every form of animal life from the protozoa to the whale, and all so well digested (I mean the information, not the animals) that it flows freely without a trace of pedantry or bookishness. Dr. Clark is an outdoor naturalist who enlivens his descriptions with tales of personal adventures in collecting. He has prepared an immense number of drawings from which the reader can see the curious creatures about whom he is talking.

In "Foundations of the Universe" Dr. M. Luckiesh, lighting expert of the General Electric Company, explains all those new and revolutionary conceptions of matter which are so hard for us elders to get through the ossified sutures of our craniums: Einstein's relativity, Planck's quantum, Bohr's atom, Thomson's electron, and Rydberg's constant.

In "Soil and Civilization" Dr. Milton Whitney, chief of the Bureau of Soils of the United States Department of Agriculture, expounds his theory of soil control as a clew to the rise and fall of nations. He has ransacked the

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records of all countries and seven centuries for crop reports and has come to the conclusion that a soil that is treated decently, not as inert material or as a mere storehouse of "plant food" but as a living thing with complicated functional activities, will never fail its tillers, but will grow better as the centuries pass. A unique feature of the volume is the extensive quotations from classical works on agriculture; another is the classification of the soils of the United States.

If this new "Library of Modern Sciences" can keep up the standard set by these first volumes, it will prove a valuable addition to the facilities of any library.

In "Prometheus", Professor Jennings touches high water mark for "The To-day and To-morrow Series" of powerful little books and, what is more, pitches the most explosive bombshell that has recently fallen on the field of popular discussion of human biology and sociology.

Current books on eugenics, and especially on questions of race conflicts and immigration, are based for the most part on the Mendelism of fifteen or twenty years ago, with a set of orthodox "genes" riding on chromosomes, both genes and chromosomes being absolutely fixed and unalterable in their natures. This makes the racially elect certainly saved and the unelect inevitably damned. And poor old Mendel has had to bear the responsibility of it all.

Jennings comes to the rescue. He denies categorically that the genes are unalterable. The genes exist all right, but in the first place they are mosaics of many smaller pieces, not solid bricks, and in the second place it is not inconceivable that by appropriate means they may be reached in their secret seats on the chromosomes, and changed chemically or physically, thus bringing forth something new under the sun, and breaking the ban of biological determinism.

All this is not new. It has been talked about in professional biological circles for some years, but has so far remained an esoteric doctrine. Now Professor Jennings lets the cat out of the bag, and if this little book gets the audience it merits, it may well start reverberations that will be felt all the way from culture clubs in Gopher Prairie to pubs in Cape Town.

The "Home University Library" has long been one of the most successful of the series that have undertaken to present the results of science and scholarship "in language understood even of the very vulgar" as the preface to the King James version put it. Its 113 volumes form a current encyclopædia of modern thought, some of them brilliantly written, all of them competent and compact. The latest addition to the list, "Bacteriology" by Professor Browning of Glasgow, is not one of the brilliant and entertaining ones, but it gives a useful survey of the field; in short, just what everybody needs to know about these microscopic and ultra-microscopic enemies and allies of mankind.

Another valuable addition to the same Library is the volume on "Biology". The usual type of biology book for the general reader is a wonder book; it pushes one amazing fact after another at you, proves evolution all over again, and leaves you gasping gently and saying, "Oh, my!" But the next minute your breath comes back, and, slightly resentful at having been thus bowled over, you demand, "Well, what of it? And why do these bug hunters do it?" And herein is the great service of Geddes and Thomson. They lend you a steadying shoulder, brush you off, and answer why and

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how. The book, that is, does not so much retail the standard facts plus the newest discoveries up to the time of going to press, as give a good, solid, general explanation of the philosophy of biology and an exposition of the methods of research and the rules of logic observed by biologists, the whole illustrated with plenty of concrete examples and illuminated with occasional diagrams. The book can be read to great advantage not only by the layman who wants to know what the biologist is about, but by many biologists themselves who are in need of clarification as to what they are about.

A book that should captivate all those readers who want to know the why of things, especially of themselves, is Dr. George A. Dorsey's "Why We Behave Like Human Beings". Almost five hundred pages are packed with facts presented so clearly and so romantically that the reader soon finds himself on familiar terms with principles of inheritance and evolution, calories, germs, endocrine glands, emotions, conditioned reflexes, and laws of habit formation. One such typical presentation is accomplished as follows:

> A flea bites an elephant's tail. The flea-bite is a stimulus. The stimulus excites — what? The tail? No; the elephant. The elephant is annoyed and decides to lash its tail to shake the flea off. The fact that the stimulus led to action implies more than mere irritability. The stimulus was transmitted across many feet of elephant body. That implies a conduction system.

The author's style will irritate some and his personal prejudices will offend others, but he has gone a long way toward achieving his impossible aim, which was to collect the results of recent research in physiology and psychology, to put them in order, and to make them tell "a complete and up-to-date story that can be held in one hand and read without a dictionary".

Whether or not the recent work of Professor Dayton C. Miller on the ether drift will overthrow the theory of relativity, or even considerably modify it, the theory itself is one of the greatest conceptions of the human mind, and it has stimulated many researches in both physics and astronomy and produced many discoveries. In Bertrand Russell's book, "The A B C of Relativity", this brilliant writer and original thinker puts the theory in a form comprehensible to any intelligent lay reader. Since the main thesis of the book is approached gradually, from common experiences of everyday life, the reader is not told of the apparent paradoxes of the theory until he is able to understand their import. In the final chapters, the philosophical consequences of the theory, and its effect on our older sciences, are lucidly described. This is one of the best of the thousands of Einstein books published since 1915.

In his "Talks about Radio", Sir Oliver Lodge appears in a new rôle, but one for which his long and varied experience in physical research eminently fits him. To the ordinary owner of a radio receiving set who wants to know what goes on inside the cabinet when he turns his dials, what lights the tube, and how the mysterious waves that his aerial intercepts are converted into the sound waves that fill his sitting room with music, this book is to be heartily recommended. Sir Oliver does not confine himself to the theoretical aspects of matter, but gives many practical hints for the amateur who likes to construct his own sets. In his final chapter he tells of the "Romance of Wireless", and we cannot but hope that his words will be justified when he says, "The ether welds the worlds together into a cosmic system of law and order. Let it weld all humanity together, so that they can face their

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common difficulties in a spirit of co-operation and trust."

Fifty years ago, Richard Proctor was one of the greatest popularizers of the study of the heavens, as well as a distinguished astronomer, and even today his books are read with interest; so one is inclined to expect a great deal of his daughter, Mary Proctor, when she essays a similar type of work. This expectation is justified as one reads "Evenings with the Stars". Imagining the reader to be taken out of doors on twelve evenings in different parts of the year, she points out a few prominent constellations and tells of the points of interest in each. Thus, in the course of the year, all the prominent star groups visible from northern latitudes are covered. The illustrations are well selected, though few; but who wants to look at pictures of the stars, when they themselves are on display for those who care to see?

John Langdon-Davies, from Zululand via Oxford, is alarmed lest the blind faith of the people in the false gods of former ages should be transferred as blindly to the priests of science in this "New Age of Faith". He writes with the fluency of a professional journalist and enlivens his caustic criticism with vitriolic personalities. Like many of the Laborites he scents danger to democracy in any scheme of eugenics, and he directs his attacks largely against "race fiends" like Stoddard and Grant, and "heredity fiends" like Wiggam. There is much truth in his epigram:

> In this New Age of Faith it is the false prophets of pseudo-science who make possible by their manifest error the errors of anti-science.

But none of the "fiends" that arouse his wrath have made a more rash and exaggerated assertion than his:

> We know that the naked baby is the same whether its social milieu is to be Athens or Chicago: we can state emphatically that, though the small differences between man and man may be due to heredity, the great differences, the important differences are due to what the social milieu does with the little differences.

In "Evolution and the World Today" Mr. Davis has undertaken an almost impossible task: virtually the boiling down of a universal outline of everything, which busied H. G. Wells through two thick volumes, into a single thin book of fifty eight pages, printed in large type at that, and interspersed with summarizing diagrams. Yet somehow he does succeed in getting the planetesimal hypothesis, organic evolution, Hammurabi, Columbus, and a peep into the future all into this narrow compass; and he manages also to make the whole fairly symmetrical. Naturally he does not have much space to make carefully qualified statements, yet on the whole there is surprisingly little brash assertion.

In his book "Evolution for John Doe", Henshaw Ward writes about evolution, professedly as a layman for laymen. But Mr. Ward had better look to his amateur standing, for he betrays a really considerable knowledge of biology, enough to set him up very nicely as a pedagogue if he choose. He has at times an engaging air of exasperated patience, as when he is discussing the common claim that "scientists are abandoning evolution", or the opposite exaggeration, "evolution is the only cause of progress". He wisely avoids an overlengthy discussion of the religious aspects of his subject, contenting himself with solid citations from recognized Protestant and Catholic churchmen.

Lucretia Perry Osborn is the wife of the well known paleontologist, Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History, and has collaborated with him in the

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production of many of his books. It is natural, therefore, that her book on evolution, "The Chain of Life", should have the characteristic Osborn virtues: terseness and clarity of statement, good arrangement of content, and due attention to the important details of mechanical production, especially in the matter of illustrations. It has also what many will regard as a characteristic Osborn failing: the cropping up, here and there, of rather sweeping and pontifical statements on disputed questions.

Dr. Keen's little book "I Believe in God and in Evolution" well deserves its sale of eleven thousand, since it is devout, liberal, and authoritative. This new fourth edition contains the photograph of a tailed Filipino.

Dr. E. Boyd Barrett, in "Man: His Making and Unmaking", undertakes the very difficult (some will say impossible) task of coordinating the scholastic psychology of the Catholic universities with the "new" psychology. He goes part of the way, but not all of it, with Freud, and makes astonishing concessions in the direction of telepathy and allied phenomena. He prophesies that the Church will weather the storm of her contact with the new ideas, "though not without losing cargo washed overboard". An unduly large part of his book consists of psychopathic cases. It should be noted, simply as a part of the record and without prejudice, that Dr. Barrett's connection with Georgetown University has ceased, and that he is no longer a member of the Society of Jesus.

"Man and His Ancestors" by Charles Hill-Tout of Vancouver is a book that is difficult to place: it is too complete and detailed for the average impatient layman, who wants only the outlines of the arguments and is satisfied to take a lot of the filling in on faith, and it does not contain enough new stuff to appeal to the professional scientist. But one feature is exceptional: the author has got together, presumably at the cost of some trouble, good photographs of the skulls of the Taungs, Broken Hill, and other recent finds. It was a bad mistake mechanically to print the book in double columns of six point type.

The merit of "The Organization of Life" is that in it masses of the data of biology are treated by one whose training and outlook appear to be not biological but logical, philosophical, and metaphysical. The main contention of the author, Seba Eldridge, is that many of the facts of living nature presented by professional students in this field cannot be fully accounted for without recognizing non-physical, non-material factors. In other words, we have here the resources of formal logic and speculative philosophy marshaled in behalf of the vitalistic school of biologists.

In "The Future" Professor A. M. Low (where is he professor?) looks at the future along the progress line of the past and sees many curious things. There are no noises in the coming world, because the milkman puts a rubber pad between the empty milk cans in the morning, and the streets are made of rubber. Radio brings us not only motion picture news of events, but also artificial light and power. People grow in intellectual strength, but women faster than men because of the long period during which they have been marking time. But the author lacks both the imagination and the literary style of a Wells, Verne, Bellamy, or Bulwer, so his speculations for the most part are neither plausible nor interesting.

Scudder Klyce has a persecution complex. As he says in the introduction to his "Sins of Science":

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At present, scientists usually in effect hold that I am a damned philosopher; philosophers, that I am a damned scientist, and what most theologians consider me to be is apparently unspeakable.

This book will confirm all three classes in their present opinion of him.

Science and the Modern World. By Alfred North Whitehead. The Macmillan Company.

The Earth and the Stars. By C. G. Abbot. Library of Modern Sciences Series, D. Van Nostrand Company.

Chemistry in Modern Life. By Svante Arrhenius. Translated by Clifford S. Leonard. Library of Modern Sciences Series, D. Van Nostrand Company.

Animals of Land and Sea. By Austin H. Clark. Library of Modern Sciences Series, D. Van Nostrand Company.

Foundations of the Universe. By M. Luckiesh. Library of Modern Sciences Series, D. Van Nostrand Company.

Soil and Civilization. By Milton Whitney. Library of Modern Sciences Series, D. Van Nostrand Company.

Prometheus, or Biology and the Advancement of Man. By H. S. Jennings. To-day and To-morrow Series, E. P. Dutton and Company.

Bacteriology. By Carl H. Browning. Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, Henry Holt and Company.

Biology. By Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson. Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, Henry Holt and Company.

Why We Behave Like Human Beings. By George A. Dorsey. Modern Science Series, Harper and Brothers.

The A B C of Relativity. By Bertrand Russell. Modern Science Series, Harper and Brothers.

Talks about Radio. By Sir Oliver Lodge. George H. Doran Company.

Evenings with the Stars. By Mary Proctor. Harper and Brothers.

The New Age of Faith. By John Langdon-Davies. The Viking Press.

Evolution and the World Today. By Vest Davis. St. Louis: Buschart Brothers.

Evolution for John Doe. By Henshaw Ward. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Chain of Life. By Lucretia Perry Osborn. Charles Scribner's Sons.

I Believe in God and in Evolution. By William W. Keen, M.D. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Man: His Making and Unmaking. By E. Boyd Barrett. Thomas Seltzer.

Man and His Ancestors in the Light of Organic Evolution. By Charles Hill-Tout. Vancouver: Cowan Brookhouse, Ltd.

The Organization of Life. By Seba Eldridge. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The Future. By A. M. Low. International Publishers.

Sins of Science. By Scudder Klyce. Marshall Jones Company.

HURT

By Reginald Lansing Cook

A SUBTLE ache that raises itself on
hands and feet, and takes itself off,
leaving an empty place, a little hole
where once there used to be something
but that now can't be filled.
The ache, not dying, not reduced,
the hole vacant, and calling for balm.
One cries deep down and grows sick,
turns to bow the head to let new blood
flush into the hole . . . for it is there
in the head. Perhaps new blood will do it.
Still the pain wrenches as though it were
an eyeball jerked out of its socket.

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OLD NEW ORLEANS

By Grace King

NEW ORLEANS is called a city of mystery. It is a city of charm; and charm is a mystery beyond the power of words to define. That charm draws visitors to the city year after year; inspires artists to paint it, authors to write about it, and photographers to delve patiently into its old places. At any hour of a fair day during the winter, a little crowd of strangers may be seen following or clustering around a cicerone, who professes to relate the stories — or romances as they are called — of the period out of which the old quarter arose. Romances are demanded, and romances are given by the cicerone, who has laid in a stock of them. He seems to take them out of his cedar press of memory every year and air them and dust them, to make them look fresh for his auditors. Telling them does not, apparently, wear them out.

As the strangers pass the open courtyards, they with excited imagination peep in, sometimes pushing indiscreetly through closed gates to see the old yards with their worn and weary looking flowers, oleanders and orange trees in tubs, their three storied galleries and maze of rickety stairways, and the high jealous brick walls covered with vines that protect them on the rear.

Separated only by a street from the old or French quarter of the city, lies the new quarter, the quarter of the Americans, as it used to be called. There it is different. All clean, bright, and fresh as new blown flowers — no age, or signs of it, there! The quarter is zoned against it. The houses are all new, beautiful, and built with regard to the accepted standard of Americans; the standard of *richesse oblige*.

The great gardens, unfenced and open to the street, have been missionized away from the uncouth barbarism of nature. The streets could not be wider, straighter, or better paved and lighted. Automobiles throng them; indeed, these streets are the habitat of the automobile; the old quarter hates them with their offensive garages and filling stations. No ignoble dwellings of ignoble poverty sully these favored precincts. Through the length and breadth of these fine streets are seen no artists sitting on stools before little easels; no tourists cumber their sidewalks (they are called "banquettes" in the old quarter); no writers muse their way through them in search of inspiration; no unhappy poets gaze despairingly up to their skies! No weary mother finds there a step on which to rest and brood over her sleeping baby; no photographers haunt them seeking a coign of vantage for their instruments — nothing for them to penetrate there.

As for stories and romances, if this region needs them, it has to invent them. Heaven help it! Or it may be like the Frenchman who did not need to make love because he "could buy it *tout fait*".

Why is it that the charm did not cross the street from the old quarter to the new? Why did not the new quarter, with all its wealth and enterprise in

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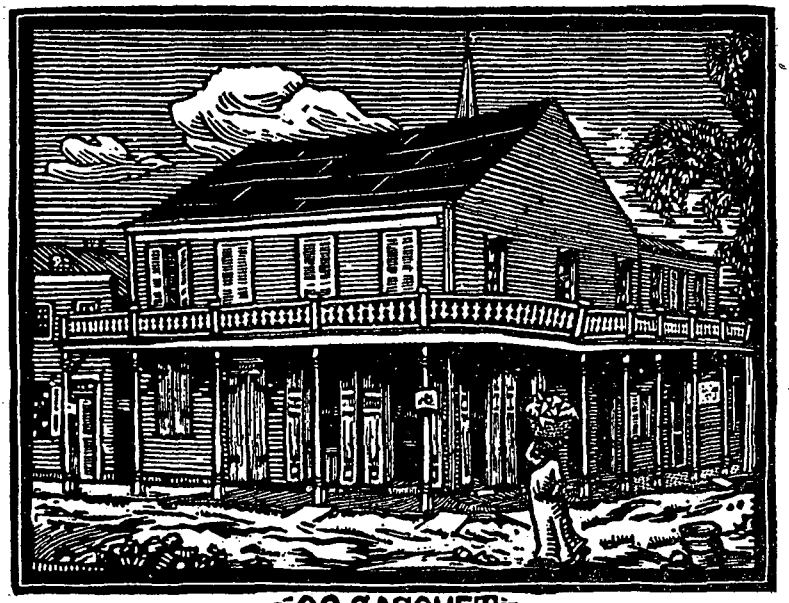

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search of assets, seek to transplant it? Alas! to paraphrase the well known lines,

We cannot kindle when we will,
The *charm* which in the soul resides!

History does not assist us with an answer. It does not give more than the date of birth of the old quarter; there is no record of midwifery of architect or artist, nor of fairies hanging over its cradle.

After the streets were aligned by royal engineers sent from France, bringing the royal names of the streets with them, the rough ground on each side was parceled into allotments and given in concession to the soldiers of good repute who wanted to retire from service and get married; and each man produced his house as he did his children, after his kind, with no other inspiration than came from memory of homes in France. They cut down the trees and cleared the soil and raised upon it square cabins of good cypress with rooms large enough only for their actual needs, which were few.

The government officials, according to their rank, built larger square cabins which, however, with a decent regard to their official dignity, they provided with the added stateliness of bricks between the posts (*briquetés entre poteaux*, they were designated). This ornamentation was beyond the ambition of the soldiers, as it was beyond their needs. As the retired soldier became a trader and made money, he enlarged his cabin; added a gallery and, across the back yard, cabins for slaves; and as a precaution against fires replaced the shingles on the roof with tiles. The government officials who remained in the country did the same. It was for these cabins that the first importations into the

The sketches of New Orleans are reprinted from "Lafcadio Hearn's American Days" by Edward Larocque Tinker (Dodd, Mead).

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colony of handsome furniture, silver, and cut glass, even pictures — all that is known today as Louisiana antiques — were made.

In the country, on the plantations, the cabins were raised on classical pillars made of wood or good brick plastered over; but in the city two storied houses were ventured upon cautiously. It was thought the soil was not strong enough to bear them; nevertheless, in the course of a century, "hotels" as they were called were built by the old families, and the slave quarters were raised to a height of three stories.

The Spaniards boasted that they found New Orleans a city of wooden cabins and left it a city of brick palaces. In the main, the boast of the Spaniards is true; but the improvement was necessitated by a conflagration caused by one of their own officials. They built their hotels, as the first French settlers did their cabins, according to their human needs. And since their scale of living differed from that of their French predecessors, it expressed itself in a different standard of architecture, a standard of pompous dignity and superb pride, not of *richesse oblige*.

They erected the Cathedral, the nobly proportioned Cabildo, and the great arched "old" market. They did it more easily then than they could do now. Their own slaves made the bricks needed, did the building, and fashioned the grill work of doors and balconies. (Tradition has it that it was Lafitte's blacksmith shop in Dumaine Street that furnished most of the iron work. But this contention is unverified.) It was the elegance of later French taste that added the interlaced monograms to the grill work of the balconies, as it was French sentiment that transformed life in the Vieux Carré even more than the Spanish transformed the houses of the pioneers.

The French inaugurated the pleasant New Orleans custom of enjoying life. Into the long corridors with their fortress-like portals drove the carriages in the old time, carrying belles that went, so it is said, every night to a ball. The carriages would stop midway before the great iron grilled doors that opened to the stairway, and the satin shod little feet would trip up to the salons above, the superb salons that typify for us today better than aught else the great life of their time, the life of hospitality and generous living and splendid luxury!

It is the washerwoman hanging out her clothes in the courtyard that camps in the salon today, lying on the floor with all her brood of children on the floor around her.

In Chartres Street, from the balconies, the ladies of the quarter watched Claiborne with his American soldiers march to take possession of the city. In that same old square in front of the Cathedral, throngs watched the lowering of the French flag and the raising of the American. From the balconies in Royal Street, the young ladies of the city gazed upon the American troops, the Kentucky hunters in their hunting shirts and coonskin caps and long bore rifles, hurrying at a quick step to join Jackson in the field of Chalmette, below the city. Whence comes the anecdote that a Creole belle, reproached by an Englishman, an officer, with her admiration of these barbarians, replied: "My Lord, I would rather be the wife of one of those men that came to our rescue, than bear the proudest title in your army!"

It was on these galleries, in the gay Mardi Gras days of yore, that the belles foregathered to watch the pranks of the maskers. And will it ever be forgotten how the great beaux of the city,

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dressed as belles in silk and velvet ball dresses, décolleté, faces rouged, hair dressed by a famous coiffeuse, lolled gracefully in their carriages and threw flowers and kisses from their gloved hands to the belles hanging over the grilled railings above them!

The faithful old Cathedral is the heart of the city and, too, its soul! Its archives are the book of the city's life; the very beggars in the street who crowd its steps know that. The babies of the old quarter are still brought to its font to be christened, as in the time when the first builders of the first houses had babies; and the dead creep in their hearses to its altars for benediction before they are taken on their way to the cemetery — the old cemetery of the quarter that always finds room for them, overcrowded as it is.

The families who lived in the fine houses provided fine tombs for their dead. After the old quarter, the old St. Louis Cemetery is the spot most interesting to artists. But the tombs have not maintained themselves as the houses have done. Most of them are leaning and tottering, their bricks and stucco giving way, and the aristocratic marbles bearing the good old historical names are falling to the ground. If it were not for the archives of the Cathedral, the names would fall into nothingness as well as into eternity. The kindly zeal of a few pious women is devoted to the rehabilitation of these old tombs, and the rescue of the tablets from ignoble annihilation.

The poorer classes have their lodgings in death, as in life, not far from their old patrons and protectors. They lie in tiers built inside the walls (in local parlance "ovens"), where they doubtless sleep just as well while awaiting the proudly avowed resurrection that follows their names on their homely tablets. The vines love these ovens and creep over them tenderly, wild flowers flourish on top of them as well as along the base, as a result of the carelessness or, it may be, sentiment of the old sextons — those aged and dilapidated relics of humanity sadly in

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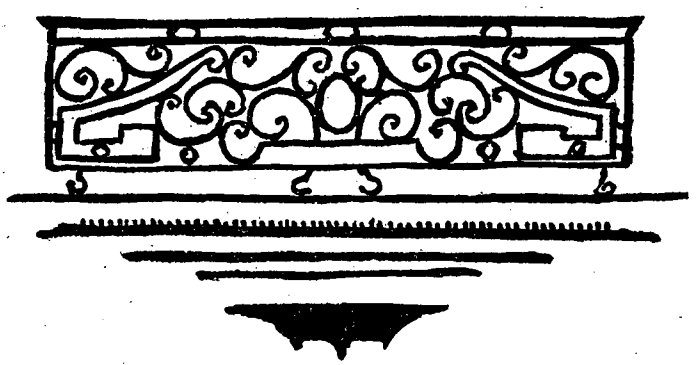
need of ovens themselves! The tablets fall sooner here and are not rescued by any pious zeal from being trodden into the ground. It is presumed, of course, that they bear no names worth preserving. Nevertheless, in the mysterious ways of Providence, there have been picked up from the soft damp sod names that might and should have figured in the romances of the street cicerones: the name, for instance, of the Old World princess who lived and died unknown in the old quarter. She could not have lived unknown in the new one!

But there is a name that might better have been rescued; a name that sank with its tomb out of sight, as the lowest row of ovens has sunk into the soil. "Cydalise Cœur de Roi" — the prettiest name in this or any other cemetery — once heard casually from the trembling lips of an "old mortality" who himself had picked it up out of some fragments of stone under foot and pieced the letters together. "Cydalise Cœur de Roi" — no date, nothing more! Ah, what romances might be attached to such a name, what photographs made of its bearer! Who was she? What was she! We shall never be able to find out; the oldest memories of the old quarter do not hold her. Even the Cathedral archives carry no record of her. "Cydalise Cœur de Roi!" A name, that is all!



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THE NEW YORKER

Glittering Revues — Nudes Descending Golden Staircases now a Commonplace — Insidious Russia — The Monkey Talks in English — What the Little Theatres are Doing — "The Dybbuk" Wins High Praise — A Gala Night at the Triangle

THE end of the holidays saw the darkening of many theatres. For a number of productions which had clung on bravely in the hope of larger attendance finally gave up the ghost and permitted the asbestos curtain to be lowered on their aspirations. They are gone and forgotten — but for this season only, we are convinced. Next year some of them will appear again with new names and new gags to make a fresh try. Such is the confidence of playwrights and occasionally of producers, or such the paucity of dramatic material. Of those which have survived we can recommend "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney", "Young Woodley", and "Craig's Wife". Each is good theatre, and all have something to offer besides the personality of a star. The fact that they are in for runs is an encouraging sign of the taste of the average theatregoer, who after all is the final judge in the old game of thumbs up or down.

In place of the departed plays, the annual broadside of revues has burst on the town. We had imagined a year or so ago that the ultimate had been done in revues, but it hadn't. We cannot remember in any season more gorgeous costuming and more lovely lighting for pretty forms and faces. If the fun is not always laughable or the humor entertaining, it is assuredly not the fault of the producers. They are paying fabulous prices for funny men now. The fault lies with the average human being, who is so constituted that after three hours even the funniest of comedians becomes flat. And so it is that the end of a revue never seems to be quite as good as the beginning. Of those that we have seen lately we liked "A Night in Paris" best. This is presented in the Casino de Paris atop the Century Roof. Needless to say, there is nothing French about the show with the exception of Yvonne George who is the quintessence of Paris. Her songs are delightful and her black costume an interesting contrast to the peacock ladies who come before and after. We wished that there could have been more of her. Barnett Parker, a comedian new to us, seemed at least as funny as any man now in the business; and for the rest, the evening was one dazzle of lights flashing on scenes each more beautiful than the last. None of the music is memorable but you hum it until you have reached the street, which is enough.

"The Greenwich Village Follies" pleased us, although under the management of Hassard Short we missed some of the opulence which used to be associated with the John Murray Anderson productions. Or perhaps it is the absence of James Reynolds and his designs that has made the difference.

A formidable cast of comedians support the new "Earl Carroll Vanities" — Joe Cook, Frank Tinney, and Julius

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Tannen vying together to get laughs. The "Vanities" has not greatly changed since its last edition. The intimate note prevails. You are told that this is a night club, and ginger ale is served to prove it. There is the same dancing by reluctant couples on the forestage during intermissions, and various celebrities in the audience are introduced by the eagle eyed Julius Tannen. We wonder what would happen if the "Vanities" should run out of celebrities some evening; but perhaps a stock of them is kept in reserve with the other theatrical properties. Some of those who stood and took a bow seemed to us a little less than celebrated, but at any rate the names were familiar. We thought the settings and costumes of the "Vanities" a shade below perfect, but we allow the show the most beautiful chorus that we have ever seen anywhere, and at that we were practically sitting on the stage. The average chorus needs perspective — a good deal of it.

Under the new dispensation revues are allowed to disrobe their damsels until now one of the most vital reasons for visiting Paris has been removed. It gives the visiting brethren the opportunity to see what a really beautiful body looks like, and doubtless the Turkish baths and gymnasiums are profiting largely. That can all be chalked up to credit, but if the girls of next year who pose as powder puffs and pullets are anything less than completely lovely they will have to be hurried back into silks again. A lady of our acquaintance announced the other day that she never knew at a revue whether she was in a bathtub or a theatre. If the difference is really so slight it should make bathing much more popular.

The bills presented by the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio during a limited engagement were interesting and in no sense experimental — that is, for Moscow. Here they were experimental from the point of how the audiences would take to them. It must be recorded that New York accepted them calmly without a tremor. In the Moscow Art Studio theatre and opera meet. In the melodious clash that follows, theatre comes off best every time except in the choral singing, which is magnificent. Those who have rôles sacrifice the voice without exception for the dramatic effect, and the result is justified. After all, the voices are not great enough to be exploited as voices alone but the acting is splendid. The entire cast work together with a smoothness and a high degree of excellence that is common enough in Europe and all too rare here, where we are likely to depend on the personality of a star and let the rest muddle through anyhow. In the Musical Studio one feels that as much thought is expended on the soldier who walks across the stage once as on the principal character. This effect was not peculiar to one piece alone, but was marked in all the repertory, which included "La Périchole", "The Daughter of Madame Angot", "Carmencita and the Soldier", and others. Next year the rival producers who sat with ears cocked and pencils ready will be incorporating details in their own productions. The hand of insidious Russia is already showing.

Arthur Hammerstein followed the lead of Morris Gest with his romantic opera "Song of the Flame". The New York stage is annually the battleground for rival nationalities striving to give the tone to the season. Swedish, Spanish, and German movements rise periodically; and the French, principally in scandalous comedies, is always with us. For a time this winter

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we feared the Austrian and Hungarian would triumph by reason of the many soggy plays with settings in Vienna and Budapest, but Russia seems for the moment supreme and we are grateful, at least for the music. In "Song of the Flame" the American chorus is helped out by the Russian Art Choir, which shook the house to thunderous applause. This is one of those productions that you dream about but seldom see. Money has been lavished on sets and costumes until the result is dazzling. We must admit that the piece is rather dull; the lines aren't funny; but we insist that for once this is unimportant. It is the visual spectacle that counts; the mind can take a rest. When you see it, be on time. The first tableau is as striking as any we have ever seen. We never imagined that hands could be so dramatic. Tessa Kosta, who can't act but who can sing, pleased a first night audience which was about as overwhelming as the production itself. Struggling in the aisle during intermissions, we were pressed down by the weight of ermine and sable around us and blinded by the glare of diamonds.

"The Monkey Talks" was imported from Paris in competition, we suppose, to "Androcles and the Lion". An entertaining play which we felt might have been really fine, but somehow just missed out. Jacques Lerner, who has done the monkey in two continents, is as convincing a simian as we have ever seen. Now that we think of it we do not recall ever having seen another impersonation, but at any rate his is excellent.

Some time ago we visited "Adam Solitaire" at the Provincetown Theatre and left completely baffled by the play. It was a relief to find that nearly everybody else found it incomprehensible, and we noticed that those few who professed to understand it were chary of explanations; but the sets were a new note and so we determined on a tour of other small theatres. One ought to give thanks if at least one really important play is produced in a season — a play, that is, which means something more than an evening's entertainment. Sometimes two or three seasons go by without it, but this year we have been favored, and by a little theatre. The play is "The Dybbuk"

THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Comic and the Realistic in English Drama" by John B. Moore (University of Chicago). Scholarly discussions rather remote from theatrical concerns.

"Craig's Wife" by George Kelly (Little, Brown). This fine native dramatist's most serious play.

"The Falstaff Plays of William Shakespeare" edited by Thomas Donovan (Sydney: Angus and Robertson). An interesting grouping of these three great plays.

"A Man's Man" by Patrick Kearney (Brentano). One of the few good serious plays of the season.

"In Aunt Mahaly's Cabin" by Paul Green (French). Strenuous melodrama of Negro life, in one act.

"The Jazz Singer" by Samson Raphaelson (Brentano). A play of great humanity and remarkably fine handling of situations verging on the sentimental.

"Plays of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio" translated by George S. and Gilbert Seldes (Brentano). Fitting handbook for this amazing performance of Morris Gest's.

"For Love of the King" by Oscar Wilde (Putnam). A slight fragment published here for the first time.

"Hay Fever" by Noel Coward (Harper). More of Mr. Coward's brilliant dialogue.

"The Glen is Mine and The Lifting" by John Brandane (Houghton Mifflin). A Scottish dramatist of dignity and importance arises.

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by Ansky, produced at the Neighborhood Playhouse. Productions have been given before by these Grand Street players which have or should have taught the uptown managers that they did not know all about the business, but with "The Dybbuk" we think that they have surpassed themselves. It is difficult to restrain our enthusiasm. For those who at this late date do not know it, "the Dybbuk" means "the Spirit" and the play is laid in a Russian Ghetto. Ansky was a Russian Jew. His drama is such a delicate blending of material and spiritual that the two worlds weave together without the slightest break. There is not space to tell the story, but it is a revelation of Jewish life and thought. We in common with a heterogeneous audience sat spellbound through some of the most subtle and sympathetic acting that it has ever been our privilege to see, forgetful that we were in New York or even in a theatre. Owing to the prepared program of the Neighborhood players, "The Dybbuk" will have only a limited run. If it is not produced later in a bigger theatre it will be a pity.

The American Laboratory Theatre is giving as one of the pieces in its repertoire "The Scarlet Letter", adapted from Hawthorne's novel. The result, judged by any standards, is interesting. Here on the smallest stage that we have ever seen are grouped at least twenty five people at one time, and this situation perhaps more than the sense of directing results in the elimination of practically all movement. The actors pose appropriately and read their lines thus. When it is absolutely necessary to move an actor, he walks as carefully as if following a chalk line. Some of the tableaux thus presented are as charming as anything we have seen at the "Follies", if somewhat more clothed, and if the evening grows a little dull it is assuredly not the fault of the players. The trouble lies with Hawthorne himself. His wordy speeches and contrived emotional reactions do not lend themselves to suspense. If somebody had introduced a good brawl in the midst of the posturing the result would have been electric.

On one of our forays we went to the Triangle Theatre on the borders of Greenwich Village. The production was "The Green Cockatoo" by Arthur Schnitzler and the hour of producing was nine o'clock. Actually it was long after that, and so we had an opportunity to admire the theatre, which is in a cellar, its walls hung with posters, benches for seats, and dim light to give it atmosphere. "Here", we thought, "is a little group of earnest players who need encouragement." And so we waited to give it. "The Green Cockatoo" is laid in a den in Revolutionary Paris, where tales of murder, rape, and arson are told by the actors for the amusement of patrons from a greater world. Tales which are sometimes true and sometimes false, blended in a combination of imagination and realism to chill the nerves of the spectator with doubt. All this sounded promising. In reviewing the play we take into consideration that the actors donate their services, and that this particular piece was rehearsed only ten days. The pity of it is that it was ever produced at all. In the interests of truth and with no intention of making a Roman holiday we can only say that the result was awful. Not one of the cast knew the lines. The whispers of prompting resounded across the footlights; the pauses between speeches were agonizing. Each actor delivered at least ten lines of his entrance speech before any more of him than his legs

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coming down a flight of stairs was visible to the audience. There was a prologue in which the howling of the mob back stage drowned out the players, but as the prologue was not part of Schnitzler's plan we imagine that this is unimportant. Songs and dances were interpolated, possibly to give the cast further time in which to study their parts. Here our sympathy was roused to a high pitch for Michette and Vincente who performed a solemn contradance which bore no resemblance to anything ever seen in any underworld. The music for this effort was furnished by a young woman with flowing hair who thumped the piano sturdily. Time and again the lady dancer who was guiding her unskilled partner through the simple mazes sank to the ground in a final curtsy, but the music kept right on. Obviously exhausted but still valiant, Michette would bound to her feet and stagger through the figures again. The pianist may have been deaf and blind; at any rate she ignored all signals to stop. Finally a group burst in with whoops and shouts — the only time throughout the play when they took their entrance cue properly — and saved the dancers from what must have been certain death. In a cast of twenty odd we could admire only Leona Maricle, who as Severine read her lines in a sprightly manner and had some conception of what she was portraying — a grande dame of the French Court. As for the translation, we recommend it to H. L. Mencken, John V. A. Weaver, and other authorities on the American language. They will appreciate it.

At the bottom of the column we wish to call attention to the work of a young man named Rex Cherryman who appeared in a not too good drama called "Down Stream". We are not in the business of prognostication, but we venture the opinion that here is the material of which stars are made. Another actor goes hurtling up into space by reason of sheer ability.

LARRY BARRETTO

TO A GIRL AT THE LIBRARY

By Edward Davison

WHEN with crouched shoulders and attentive head
You droop, lovely, above a sullen page,
So ill your eyes expend their wealth of power
Beauty might mourn her wasted heritage:
Yet all the careful wisdom you have read
Lies like the dust upon a thirsty flower.

For I have heard you in clear reveries
Laughing across the Downs, and we have swung
Down Pen-y-pas together and lain still
On Cleadon when the lark below us sung,
And sunlight rippled to your eager eyes,
And winds went tumbling down the sleepy hill.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

* DARK LAUGHTER — Sherwood Anderson — *Boni, Liveright.* Languorous style and languid emotions in a novel that yet reaches heights of passion.

GLORIOUS APOLLO — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Lady Byron becomes a figure over whom the ladies may sob and sigh.

BLACK THUNDER — B. M. Bower — *Little, Brown.* Indians and horse raising, 1874, in a Bower novel with more Indians and less cattle than usual.

* DRUMS — James Boyd — *Scribner.* The universal story of boyhood and young manhood done to the tune of the Revolution.

* THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE — Willa Cather — *Knopf.* A gentle mind faced with new problems unfolds and is strangely troubled.

MUSTY CORN — Denny Culbert — *Dorrance.* An incredibly inept tale designed to prove that a sow's ear remains a sow's ear to the end of its days.

THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* Mr. Curwood is again successful in melodramatic exercises among the mountains and pines.

A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY — Ethel M. Dell — *Putnam.* The treacle of Miss Dell's accustomed manner is here somewhat alleviated by the introduction of a very respectable mystery theme.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Impudent, gracious writing — sequel to Homer in wise prose.

* CARAVAN — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* These great short stories conveniently collected.

* SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* As modern a love story as has been written from the man's angle.

THE VANISHING AMERICAN — Zane Grey — *Harper.* Zane Grey tells a good tale and teaches us much concerning the soul of the Indian.

THE SURRY FAMILY — Helen R. Hull — *Macmillan.* The drab horrors of being respectably poor are relentlessly pictured.

* APPASSIONATA—Fannie Hurst—*Knopf.* Miss Hurst learns from James Joyce. (*See page 88.*)

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE — A. S. M. Hutchinson — *Little, Brown.* Some good characters illuminate a mixture of philosophy and religion.

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY — Fred Jacob — *Macmillan* (Canada). A story of the snobberies and pruderies of a small Ontario town in the Eighties, told with attractive sincerity and half humorous detachment.

THE HIGH FORFEIT — Basil King — *Harper.* Love versus inherited millions stage a conflict that is described with mastery.

THE PLUMED SERPENT — D. H. Lawrence — *Knopf.* A more or less successful attempt to externalize the soul of Mexico through the adventures of an Irishwoman. (*See page 99.*)

* QUEER JUDSON — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* A quixotic character of the Cape proves genuinely lovable.

THE JUJU-MAN — Armstrong Livingston and Thomas H. Griffiths — *Siebel.* Black magic in Africa conjures up ghostly leopards in a lively tale.

THE CANNING WONDER — Arthur Machen — *Knopf.* A true narrative taken from the police court records of London one hundred and twenty five years ago. (*See page 100.*)

* MOTE HOUSE MYSTERY — Archibald Marshall and Horace Annesley Vachell —

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Dodd, Mead. Combined character study and mystery adventure of rare charm. (*See page 89.*)

FERNANDE — W. B. Maxwell — *Dodd, Mead.* A Magdalen redeemed through the grace of unselfish love. (*See page 100.*)

THE OLDEST GOD — Stephen McKenna — *Little, Brown.* Pan plays havoc in an English country house party. (*See page 100.*)

* THUNDER ON THE LEFT — Christopher Morley — *Doubleday, Page.* A fantasy that catches the poignancy and the beauty of living.

* WE MUST MARCH — Honoré Willsie Morrow — *Stokes.* This gifted story teller's best novel.

LITTLE SHIPS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Finely wrought study of a complex home and its branching lives.

* WILD GEESE — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* A grim but powerful story of farm life.

THE BLACK JOKER — Isabel Ostrander — *McBride.* International thieves trying to steal a secret treaty offer a fine chance for a thriller; here it is.

* THE POWER AND THE GLORY — Gilbert Parker — *Harper.* The American historical romance at its Canadian best.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* Delicately conceived and finely tempered story of troublesome man.

FIREFLY — Diana Patrick — *Dutton.* Mighty thin ice at times, this tale of youth's first stirrings.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES — Gene Stratton-Porter — *Doubleday, Page.* Nature again tames and refreshes the troubled heart of man.

* THE RED LAMP — Mary Roberts Rinehart — *Doran.* Contains several of Mrs. Rinehart's best characters in a thrilling tale.

* THE ELDER SISTER — Frank Swinnerton — *Doran.* Love, passion, and jealousy molded in a fine and moving story.

* WOMEN — Booth Tarkington — *Doubleday, Page.* Mr. Tarkington knows his ladies — and their children.

* PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* Zestful romance with a touch of allegory.

* BLACK VALLEY — Raymond Weaver — *Viking.* A violent and bitter novel of missionary life in Japan and a mixed love affair. (*See page 88.*)

* CHRISTINA ALBERTA'S FATHER — H. G. Wells — *Macmillan.* Daughter manages father — or nearly so.

VERDI — Franz Werfel — *Simon, Schuster.* A strange tale, whose theme is the spiritual kinship and conflict between Verdi and Wagner, richly embellished with discussions on metaphysics, music, history, sociology, and with minor love motifs.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* This adventure story has justly achieved fame.

A SON OF HIS FATHER — Harold Bell Wright — *Appleton.* A gay Irish lady retrieves a he-man from slipping dangers.

THE DARK TOWER — Francis Brett Young — *Knopf.* Melodramatic though well written story of a man who loves his brother's wife. (*See page 100.*)

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "The History of Tom Jones" by Henry Fielding. Each time this great book makes its reappearance one is tempted to list it here. The newest edition (Brentano) has illustrations in color by Rowland Wheelwright.

2. "The Life of Charles Dickens" by John Forster. A luxurious memorial edition, well worth time and price (Lippincott). Edited by the late B. W. Matz.

3. "The Voyage Out" by Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace offer a new edition of the remarkable first novel by this increasingly popular novelist.

4. "Master Skylark" by John Bennett. Perennially gay and memorable is this great juvenile by the sage of Charleston.

5. "Wives" by Gamaliel Bradford. One of the year's most interesting books of biographical sketches.

Carl Sandburg's Masterpiece

IT is a matter of which we may well be proud that within so short a time two Americans — poets both — have produced two great biographies: Amy Lowell and Carl Sandburg. Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln — The Prairie Years" (Harcourt, Brace) is a glowingly beautiful piece of prose. It shifts from paragraphs drenched in soft beauty to stirring recounting of political and legal forays. Mr. Sandburg's prose is like molten steel flowing into a vessel. It fits his subject. It sparkles. It dreams. It pulls. It strikes the eye with a hot blast. Carlyle and Macaulay immediately come to mind. Yet how different is this midwest American, with his slower rhythms, and his courage in the choice of homely words. Those of you who have read "Rootabaga Stories" already know that he is a master of the American language, not in the Mencken sense or the John V. A. Weaver sense but a master of strong, moving prose as it is written and spoken on these shores. Sandburg has lived and dreamed Lincoln these many years. He has also lived and dreamed America, and the middle west. He has listened to the voice of the prairies and to the speech of men. He knows them at their worst and at their best. This great book is not only a picture of the mind and the soul of Abraham Lincoln; it presents that engrossing character against a sweep of background that takes in the whole world of the period. After reading the book I am convinced that Carl Sandburg could be the supreme American novelist of his period. He has the depth and the power of a Dreiser, combined with a stronger grasp of broad aspects of human character and a limpid, graphic style. In the early pages of the first volume, where the wistful figure of Nancy Hanks moves with quiet grace, where paragraphs like those following are melody to the ear, one says: This is the biography of a poet, but perhaps no more —

> He rested between spells of work, in the springtime when the upward push of the coming out of the new grass can be heard, and in autumn weeks when the rustle of a single falling leaf lets go a whisper that a listening ear can catch.
>
> He found his life thrown in ways where there was a certain chance for a certain growth. And so he grew. Silence found him; he met silence. In the making of him as he was, the element of silence was immense.

Then the man Lincoln grows, meets the world, and finds in it a game and a vision. Here is the Lincoln who is as

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shrewd as Jackson but is animated by a great vision and hope of life. Excitement crowds the pages. Paragraphs of clipped prose filled with quick characterization result — and swift clear narration, too:

> It seemed only yesterday that Simeon Francis caught Douglas by the hair and jammed him against a hayrack on the public square. And James Shields, whom he had met on a sand-bar in the Mississippi River and was ready to cleave in two with a cavalry broadsword, was Douglas's colleague from Illinois in the Senate. The mayor of Springfield was John Calhoun, his old friend who had started him as a surveyor. They were all Democrats. Among Whigs luck was the other way; his old law partners were practicing law; Stuart had been in Congress and never got back; Stephen T. Logan, the little thin-lipped, sharp-voiced, bushy-haired man who had tried hard to be elected, had not reached Congress but had stayed at home and become known as one of the ablest lawyers in Illinois.

Perhaps it is because they are so alike that Mr. Sandburg has made a complete success of his book. Sandburg and Lincoln — same deep eyes, same lanky frame, same poet's instincts and shrewdness of approach in dealing with mankind for whom they have a general trust and a particularized distrust. They are too honest to be blind to the tricks of the human will. They are too great to discount the pettiness of their fellows. Scene after scene stands out unforgetably: Lincoln talking to Villard in a box car — Lincoln pouring forth his voice over a great audience — Lincoln saying farewell to Springfield. One of the most striking things in these two whole volumes is the handling of the stories of Mrs. Lincoln. There is a quiet and a simple understanding of the character of woman in Sandburg as there was in Lincoln — a tenderness, with a little smile of gentle superiority. In a sense their attitude is summed up in this paragraph:

> There was another story, quite different. A lawyer was talking business to Lincoln once at the home. Suddenly the door opened and Mrs. Lincoln put her head in and snapped out the question whether he had done an errand she told him to do. He looked up quietly, said he had been busy, but would attend to it as soon as he could. Words came wailing rapidly from Mrs. Lincoln that she was a neglected, abused, insulted woman. The door slammed; she was gone. The visiting lawyer looked at Lincoln open-eyed, and muttered his surprise. Lincoln laughed it off. "Why, if you knew how much good that little eruption did, what a relief it was to her, how she really enjoyed it, and if you knew her as well as I do, you would be glad she had had an opportunity to explode, to give vent to her feelings." This was not so good a story, not so quizzical an incident, and did not spread so far.

The legal aspects of the biography are equally fascinating. Sandburg recounts case after case in which Lincoln's balancing of human values is exhibited. They are never dull, always vivid. Yet politics, after all, plays the major part:

> Outside of the right and wrong of any issues of justice and humanity in politics, Lincoln enjoyed it as a game. It had some of the skill of billiards, the science of arithmetic, and the hazards of horse racing in it. The foremost national sport was politics and he was at home in the smoke, noise, and hullabaloo of it. The big angles of the game were all the more fascinating to him because he had mastered the little essential details, such, for instance, as electioneering.

And from this tremendous and vivid detail there emerges a new Lincoln, enriched and ennobled, firm and unconquerable. Will Mr. Sandburg finish the Life of Lincoln? I have asked neither his publishers nor him. I think the answer is, "How can he help it?" If I am not mistaken, the world will demand it of him.

Particularly Tomorrow

"THE To-Day and To-Morrow Series" (Dutton) has offered some remarkable and stimulating essays to the public — J. B. S. Haldane's "Dæd-

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alus", Bertrand Russell's "Icarus", Vernon Lee's "Proteus". Perhaps the most stimulating of all, in a sense, is "Thrasymachus, or The Future of Morals" by C. E. M. Joad. It is a straightforward speculation as to the outcome of the present clash between Puritanism and freedom in morality — sex morality in particular. It represents, of course, one man's opinion; but it opens many trains of thought. I cannot but wish that every writer and reader in the country would take an hour off to read it, then some time to study it — and I should like to know what the layman thinks of this speculation. Certainly, somewhere on the edges of this book, lies the fate of mankind. It is immeasurably important, and in the philosophies here expressed lies much of the material with which to criticize modern literature and life. "Pygmalion, or The Doctor of the Future" by R. M. Wilson seems neither so original nor so striking, but nevertheless there is much to be learned from it by those who must consider the problems of physical and mental well being. I heartily recommend this whole splendid series to men and women who would keep abreast with modern thought, and who want to widen their horizon of scientific as well as ethical outlook.

Lures and Nerves and Novels

THE novel of race struggle in the East has been handled with gloves and perfumes by Louise Jordan Miln and others. Raymond Weaver in "Black Valley" (Viking) goes beyond the delicate cherry blossom surface and produces a story which has pathos, a fine sense of tragedy, and one or two moments of sweeping drama and beauty. Mr. Weaver's first novel shows the fact that he has had a long apprenticeship at the art of writing. It has few of the faults that an essayist, biographer, and professor might display. Its dialogue only very occasionally is a trifle forced; and even in such cases, I suspect that the stiff sentences are in character. It is one of the best American first novels of this or any season. As a teacher in a Japanese school Mr. Weaver learned his East. He treats it with searing realistic touches. His missionary group is not a pleasant one. The members of it are often pitiful, but more often disturbingly blind, foolish almost to the point of burlesque. The climactic scene of the novel is one of the most dramatic I have read in some time. Handled in any but the most expert fashion, it would prove screamingly funny. The triumph of this novel is that it presents a complicated sex theme, and a satirical revealment of character, without once slipping over into the ridiculous. The story is one which can scarcely be recommended for Sunday Schools; but, as Percy Hammond would say, it is excellent entertainment for the adult intelligence.

Fannie Hurst's new book, curiously enough, deals also with religious mania. "Appassionata" (Knopf) is by far the best piece of writing Miss Hurst has done. I cannot say that you will care for it. Written in the terms of the new psychology, yet with no mention of that psychology, borrowing in method from the father of impressionistic fiction, James Joyce, it will strike many as strange, inchoate, even annoying. Yet I think Miss Hurst has accomplished what she set out to do with great cleverness and power. She has taken the soul of her Laura, "a born nun", and through the mirror of that soul drawn as real a set of characters as you will

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encounter in many a day. From first to last it is a book of the senses. It is the lush book of "languid adolescence". Its periods are luxurious. Its words are often flung along the page, like loose and richly strewn orchid petals. To me, this procedure was occasionally beautiful, occasionally annoying, and, I am afraid, occasionally a trifle funny. I set down these hesitancies and doubts first, before going on to say that I suspect this book to be one of the most striking pieces of psychological probing we have had from a woman in America. You may not like the workings of this sex mad, neurotic girl, who is temperamentally a virgin and in love with the image of her God; but the story cannot fail to grip you, toss you about and move you. It is bolder than Sherwood Anderson, and Miss Hurst never once loses faith with her conception of the character of her heroine. Many books and plays have been written of the beautiful young nun; but surely nothing so modern as is this. Its background of Catholicism is a matter for other discussion than mine. I cannot vouch for its accuracy; but the main thing from the standpoint of the reviewer is, does it seem convincing? It does — and strikingly so!

After reading these two preeminently "strong" books I demanded of the shelves something light, and was rewarded by those who are supposed to know with a new Archibald Marshall tale, "Mote House Mystery" (Dodd, Mead). Expecting to wander for several hours in rural England with this gentle and genial author, I was surprised and, yes, delighted to find myself engrossed in a mystery romance as original, as humorful, as thrilling as could be wished. Mr. Marshall has combined his understanding of countryside character with a real gift of suspense, and in a dual love story of a forty eight year old bachelor and his charming nephew there is . . . *bang!* Having read from galley proofs, I had credited it all to Mr. Marshall. Not so, I find in the catalogue. This is a collaborative volume. It is written by Archibald Marshall *and* Horace Annesley Vachell, and it has, to be sure, the best qualities of both. In the delightful periods and ramblings of Mr. Pollen, is the mind and pen of the gentle writer concerning English countrysides; in the character and ghoulishness of the mysterious "Mr. Allen" is the talent of the swifter story teller. This is a story for a good evening's entertainment, although, if it were not for the compelling humor and charm of Mr. Marshall, its excitement would occasionally be overwhelmingly macabre.

Swinburne De Luxe

NO lovelier set of books has been issued in years than the Gabriel Wells autographed edition of the works of Anatole France. Now Mr. Wells follows it with an equally beautiful Swinburne, the Bonchurch Edition. Limited to 750 sets, of which 375 are for sale in this country, it is placed before you as a beautiful piece of bookmaking and printing. The four volumes of poetical works are now ready. Through what mazes of soft words and roseate hues one may wander of an evening. Languid lines and lovely images assault the mind and draw out the imagination. I can remember a time when Swinburne was the idol of the undergraduate; then there came a time when it seemed sweet, too sweet; but the other evening, as I turned these leaves, the old love returned. In all, there will be twenty volumes in this amazing set.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

A SHORT STORY BARRAGE

By Frances Newman

EXHIBITIONS, so they say, are the salvation of painters and the death of painting — and, indeed, the shrillness of some twentieth century paintings can hardly be put down to anything except their creators' desire to shout above the canvases that may hang on each side of them. But there is almost a greater difference between painters and writers than there is between painting and writing, and anthologies do not seem to have had any such effect on short stories. Twelve years have passed since Edward O'Brien chose what he calls his task, and seven years have passed since the Academy of Arts and Sciences gave its first prize in the name of O. Henry; nevertheless, the stories those two celebrated authorities have chosen this year, from all the American stories published in all the American magazines, are just as much alike as the stories Mr. O'Brien chose in the year 1915.

Mr. O'Brien laid down his principle of selection on the third page of his preface when he said that he had set himself "the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction, which, when chronicled, may fairly be called a criticism of life". And he went on to say that what interests him, "to the exclusion of all other things, is the fresh living current which flows through the best American work". Apparently Mr. O'Brien shares the contemporary American conviction that realism and squalor are synonymous, and that fried fish and coffee beside a kitchen stove are somehow more real than tea and muffins beside a library fire. Only two of his stories are concerned with people who can possibly be supposed to know any of the finer emotions of life, or who can ever have had what is called an idea — the clever, delicate story Elinor Wylie called "Gideon's Revenge", and the excellent judicial story Walter Gilkyson called "Coward's Castle".

The Academy of Arts and Sciences seems to share Mr. O'Brien's conviction that a story written by a well bred person about a well bred person is very unlikely to be a good story; but, naturally enough, Dr. Blanche Williams and her O. Henry committee have chosen stories which conform more or less to the rules laid down for a short story which wishes to be called a Short-story. Mr. O'Brien and the Academy's committee are agreed only on a story of Sherwood Anderson's called "The Return"; and, although it is not one of his best stories, Mr. Anderson is undoubtedly too important to be overlooked. No one, I should think, who hopes to see more American stories as admirable as Mr. Anderson's, can be glad to see the Academy's first prize go to such a slick story as Julian Street's "Mr. Bisbee's Princess", which has not one fresh idea or one fresh phrase. Nor can such a person be glad to see their second prize go to a story like Wythe Williams's "Splendid with Swords", which differs from Mr. Street's story in choosing a Parisian fencing master as its hero instead of a merchant in a little middle western town, but which is no fresher of thought or of phrase. The third prize goes to Mary Austin for a story called "Papago

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Wedding", which is as good in its way as Du Bose Heyward's story called "Crown's Bess" — a story of South Carolina Negroes so admirable that Julia Peterkin's "Maum Lou" suffers seriously from following it in this volume.

Mr. O'Brien's opinion and the Academy's opinion no doubt give a leg up to the commencing authors they include, and they are doubtless excellent guides to what the public wants. But no volume of short stories ever published can be so useful as "'The World's' Best Short Stories of 1925" — so useful, that is to say, to the young author who proposes to make a business of writing short stories. These sixteen stories were chosen by the editors of all except two or three of our more lucrative magazines, and young writers and old writers are provided therefore with a guide to the precise taste of Ray Long and Arthur Vance and Karl Harriman and Gertrude Lane. All of these sixteen ladies and gentlemen, of course, may be wrong, but that is no more important to a business-like writer than the rightness or wrongness of a jury which acquits him of murder or convicts him of arson, and no ambitious youth will lose the chance of discovering just why Mr. Vance likes Elsie Singmaster's "November the Nineteenth", just why Carl Van Doren likes Zona Gale's "Biography of Blade" and just why Mr. Burton thinks that Inez Haynes Irwin wrote a good story when she wrote "The Spring Flight".

The practical value of Richard Eaton's "Best French Stories" and of his "Best Continental Stories" is not apparent — particularly unapparent is the precise reason for publishing the addresses of French magazines, and the other Continental magazines, in a land whose authors are very unlikely to undertake the job of selling a story to the "Nouvelle Revue Française" or the "Mercure de France". Paul Morand's story, "I Burn Moscow", is the only story in the French volume which has managed to survive very crude translating, and the Continental volume is almost evidence for those patriotic Americans who think that America is the land of the supreme short story.

But the volume called "Twenty Nine Love Stories", which Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott have collected, would seem to be evidence that, since the decline of Russia, England competes with France for that honor. Their first story is "The Singing Lesson", one of Katherine Mansfield's cool, clear little tales. And their second story is the story I remember after I have read nine volumes of short stories that cover half the ages between King David and Michael Arlen. Sheila Kaye-Smith wrote it, and it is called "A Day in a Woman's Life".

Mr. Rhys and Mrs. Dawson-Scott have a better volume than Mr. O'Brien and the other annualists because, for one reason, they have had all the ages to choose from. And so have Barrett Clark and Maxim Lieber in their "Great Short Stories of the World". They have made an entirely conservative collection, no doubt deliberately, and like practically all collections of short stories and practically all treatises on short stories, the book was never intended for the sophisticated or the well informed. But it will be useful to schools and it will be useful to libraries all the year round — as useful as Mr. French's "Tales of Terror" will be for a week before Hallowe'en. Precisely who will be either diverted or instructed by "The Best College Stories of 1924–1925" I do not know. Like most stories written by the very young, they are very mournful, and

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one of them, of course, is a story about François Villon. They range farther geographically than they do mentally, and the most interesting result of reading them is an impression that the young of Richmond, of Harvard, of Utah, and of Colorado must be very much alike — that is, they must have read very much the same books.

The Best Short Stories of 1925. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard and Company.

O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1925. Doubleday, Page and Company.

"The World's" Best Short Stories of 1925. George H. Doran Company.

The Best French Stories of 1925. Edited by Richard Eaton. Small, Maynard and Company.

The Best Continental Stories of 1925. Edited by Richard Eaton. Small, Maynard and Company.

29 Love Stories Old and New. By Twenty and Nine Authors. Edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott. D. Appleton and Company.

Great Short Stories of the World. Selected by Barrett H. Clark and Maxim Lieber. Robert M. McBride and Company.

Tales of Terror. Edited by Joseph L. French. Small, Maynard and Company.

The Best College Stories of 1924–1925. Edited by Henry C. Schnittkind and Horace C. Baker. The Stratford Company.

HAVE WE PROGRESSED?

By Woodbridge Riley

THE effect of these two books is like a seidlitz powder, the pessimistic blue and the optimistic white resulting in an interesting effervescence. Spengler's "The Decline of the West" has made a great hit in Germany as the most ponderous of those books on "Why we lost the war". It is an enormous and fantastic rationalization of an inferiority complex. The theme is practically this: "We are down and out. How explain it?" Of course the Fatherland was not to blame for the war, but that exhausting conflict was only one sympton of the general anæmia of European civilization. The real reason was in no way the ambitions of the Kaiser and his crew, but the fact that the West was "metaphysically exhausted", for there is a morphology of world history, and the West-European-American civilization follows the general biological archetype of birth, maturity, and old age. This, then, gives depth and significance to "the first venture in all time" in predetermining history. "Hitherto", says the author, "the possibility of solving a problem so far-reaching has evidently never been envisaged, and even if it had been so, the means of dealing with it were altogether unsuspected or, at best, inadequately used."

Spengler's book is fascinating in its hypothesis, but disregards facts in the history of thought. By suppressing those opinions which do not agree with his theory Spengler obtains the results he looks for. Thus he claims that the Greeks had little notion of time and were not interested in the past; they lived only for the present and had no conception of the lapse of the ages. The contrary is the truth. One of the Pre-Socratics, Xenophanes, observed fossil fish and from that drew correct inferences as to the rise and fall of the land in ages past. Next Parmenides was greatly concerned with the vast processes of "Becoming". Pythagoras was enamored of the circle as perfect because it never ends, while Plato's chief problem was to prove the existence of the celestial archetypes, of patterns eternal in the heavens. The greater Greek philosophers assuredly possessed the sense of time, and Zeno raised questions as to its infinite divisibility which still puzzle many.

However, Spengler is right in saying that classical antiquity as a whole had

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little conception of the vast stretches of history. To them the span of terrestrial life was comparatively brief, and, by the time of Lucretius, in the first century before our era, the drama of old earth seemed drawing to its close after a brief maturity and a golden age of youth, of which tradition still preserved memories.

The very documents of antiquity flatly contradict the statements of Spengler that classical culture possessed no memory, no organ of history, in this special sense, and that "the pure present, whose greatest symbol is the Doric column, in itself predicates the negation of time". Alongside this curious analogy Spengler puts another of contrary meaning: namely, that the Egyptians embalmed even their own history as shown in the mummy, symbol of an enormous past and of the will to endure into the future. This contention seems to contradict a further statement that ancient man formed no image of the world in progress and that men of the Western culture alone possessed a knowledge in which "world history" is so potent a form of waking consciousness. At this point Spengler adds a statement characteristic of Teutonic *Kultur*. He says that among the Western peoples it was the Germans who discovered the mechanical clock, the great symbol of the flow of time. But the history of science declares it was Galileo who invented the mechanical clock and that the first diagrams of the working of the pendulum were those of the great Italian.

Spengler seems as untrustworthy in his statements regarding concrete facts as in his statements regarding abstract theories such as the lack of time sense among the Greeks. Thus he later declares that Napoleon gained his imperialistic ideas from Cromwell, whereas the French historians say that even before he was first consul Bonaparte was infatuated with the career of Julius Cæsar. Why should Spengler have made such a curious comparison between the Corsican adventurer and the Puritan Protector? It is perhaps a case of *strafing* the English. The argument seems to be this: Napoleon's empire once included Germany. Napoleon got his ideas from England. Therefore England was to blame for the conquest of the German state.

An even more curious case is Spengler's statement that Darwin's book on "Rainworms" (it should properly be "earthworms") was an attempt to bolster up the English democracy. Evidently Spengler has a low idea of the proletariat. Emerson once suggested that the worm might aspire to be man, but it was only the Puritans who referred to man as a worm.

Spengler's symbolism would form a fascinating study for the psychoanalyst. As an example take this passage, evidently literally translated:

> Endless Becoming is comprehended in the idea of *Motherhood*, Woman as Mother *is* Time and *is* Destiny. Just as the mysterious act of depth-experience fashions, out of sensation, extension and world, so through Motherhood the bodily man is made an individual member of this world, in which thereupon he *has* a Destiny. All symbols of Time and Distance are also symbols of maternity. Care is the root-feeling of future, and all care is motherly. It expresses itself in the formation and the idea of Family and State and in the principle of Inheritance which underlies both. Care may be either affirmed or denied — one can live care-filled or care-free. Similarly, Time may be looked at in the light of the instant, and the drama of begetting and bearing or the drama of the nursing mother with her child may be chosen as the symbol of Life to be made apprehensible by all the means of art. India and the Classical took the first alternative, Egypt and the West the second. There is something of pure unrelated present in the Phallus and the Lingam, and in the phenomenon of the Doric column and the Attic statue as well. But the nursing mother points into the future, and she is just the figure that is entirely missing in the Classical art.

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It is a relief to turn from this fantastic and somewhat decadent volume to Joseph McCabe's "1825–1925: A Century of Stupendous Progress". The title is perhaps exaggerated but the text is not. In a series of statistical chapters the author contends that "in plain and indisputable arithmetic it can be shown that in the creation and distribution of wealth, the improvement of the lot of the mass of the people, the multiplication of comforts and luxuries and entertainments, the education of the race, the reduction of crime, the elimination of pain and disease, and the production and diversification of food, we have made more progress in one hundred years than had previously been made in the whole era of civilization." This contention is upheld by a quoted question from Professor Millikan: "Do you realize that within the life-time of men now living, within a hundred years, or a hundred and thirty years at the most, all the material conditions under which man lives his life on this earth have been more completely revolutionized than during all the ages of recorded history which preceded? My great-grandfather lived essentially the same kind of life, so far as external conditions were concerned, as did his Assyrian prototype 6,000 years ago."

McCabe contends that despite the world war we can answer this question in the affirmative, and that in the face of pessimists like Bertrand Russell in his "Icarus", Professor Schiller in his "Tantalus", Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton in their desire to return to the "wonderful" thirteenth century, and Bernard Shaw in his "Back to Methuselah".

The task is no light one. This generation has seen much of battle, murder, and sudden death, but as a matter of fact it appears as if the "good old times" of a century ago with their filth, poverty, vice, cruelty to children, and general callousness were much worse than now. The newspapers of today make painful reading, but that is nothing to the journals and gazettes of 1825 and thereabouts. It is on materials like these and upon available statistics that McCabe makes a really strong case, if not for optimism, yet at least for what George Eliot was wont to call meliorism.

The Decline of the West. By Oswald Spengler. Alfred A. Knopf.
1825–1925: A Century of Stupendous Progress. By Joseph McCabe. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

DIVERS RUMINATIONS

By John Drinkwater

IF "Discursions" is not wholly a good book, it is a book rich in good things. Our complaint is, and we will make it and have done with it, that Mr. Sitwell for want of a little care has cheated us of the complete satisfaction that we feel ought to have been ours. A man who can write as well as he usually does should never let his readers down by writing badly. All good writing is style, but we feel of some good writers more than others that style is their especial gift, and Mr. Sitwell is one of these. His eager, witty, courageous mind is not intent on philosophical discovery, but it is happily employed in formulating impressions of men, places, and art in the terms of a vivid and engaging personality. And this personality is engaging and vivid precisely because it has this rare quality of style. For good or for bad, and we think it is decidedly for good, Mr. Sitwell is a writer with an air, and when he forgets his artificial grace he is apt to become confused or flat.

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He tells us of a certain convent in Italy that "it was supposed to have been ruined by the French in that curious campaign when Masséna commanded the French, before Murat became King of Naples — during the same decade when Nelson suddenly took to the land, much to the surprise of the French — as the whale is supposed to have done before him — and proved himself a true amphibian — quite as much at home on land as on sea". Although we know that he does not mean that the whale is supposed to have been the King of Naples, we are a little embarrassed by the misdemeanors of so fine a literary manner. Again, in such a paragraph as, "Even before the 'great' war had come to make it an article of faith, German art — apart from German music — was suspect to us", it is probable that Mr. Sitwell means that the war made suspicion of German art an article of faith with us, but he does not say it. After an admirable passage describing the poster advertisements of a German circus, he drops into the flatness of, "How much more exciting would this be than the fiercest quarrel with vicar or servants, or the opening of even the most thrilling of bazaars!" And sometimes we are reminded of the lower levels of the guidebooks, as in the following: "The latter, though small in scale, are usually very fine in planning and detail, having the inner court and staircase, the masks and Spanish balconies that are so delightful a feature of houses throughout the province." Three times in two pages we are told that the sea is hard blue in color, and elsewhere that somebody strolled rather slowly. These repetitions, ambiguities, and occasional insipidities are not in the least natural to Mr. Sitwell, and there are just enough of them in the book to mar a performance that might easily have been uniformly first rate of its kind. "Discursions" is a volume that readers many years hence may very well take up with delight, and for the sake of his own reputation we hope that before he prints a new edition Mr. Sitwell will think a little revision worth his while. With which our complaint is ended.

Mr. Sitwell's book consists, as the title implies, of discursive essays about his travels, chiefly in Italy and Germany, and he very attractively weaves history, architecture, and contemporary life into one theme. His passion for rococo and baroque architecture leads him sometimes, perhaps, into an enthusiasm which we cannot quite share on the printed page. He describes buildings very graphically, but he describes a great many of them, and after a time one begins to seem very much like another as we read. Mr. Sitwell may well attribute this to our stupidity, but the fact is that descriptions of buildings nearly always leave one reader at any rate with somewhat vague impressions. It would be more accurate to say this of architectural detail than of buildings in general. When the historical significance and the personal association of the building come into the picture the result may be admirably vivid, as Mr. Sitwell himself shows in a brilliant passage on the Brighton Pavilion. And it must be added that there are few of his descriptive passages that are not enlivened by some memorable phrase. In particular, whenever he finds pictures on the walls of his buildings, especially if they are frescoes, Mr. Sitwell at once quickens our minds to lucid visualization. As an art critic he makes most of the professors of that craft seem very dull fellows. His descriptions of the Tiepolo paintings at Würzburg, for example, really convey to us the spirit

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of those masterpieces, and this without a touch of highflown pedantry; and his treatment of Rousseau's "Europe renders homage to France" is just as good.

It is, however, when he is writing about the personalities that move across his scenes, either in substance or from the pages of history, that Mr. Sitwell is at his best. His account of King Bomba (Ferdinand the Second of Italy) is perfect in its wit, its historical perspective, and its sense of character, while the whole chapter on Fiume and D'Annunzio is a note of permanent value on one of the political romances of our time, and is remarkable as much for its courage as for its insight. We may not always agree with Mr. Sitwell's conclusions, but it is when he is stirred in this way by living reality, whether it belongs to our own time or emerges from a distant past, that he achieves so rare an excellence as to make us impatient of slackness at other moments. One of the advantages of his discursive method is that it enables him to decorate his sustained arguments with such casual felicities as his descriptions of the lemonade stall at a theatre and the pictures on cigar boxes, his enlightening notes on the English language, and his vivid little account of the professional recluse who used to be kept at a great house in England, where the records "disclose a half-yearly payment of £300 to a hermit, who had, for this commensurate salary, to remain bearded and in a state of picturesque dirtiness for six months in the year, in an artificial cave at a suitable distance from the house, just far enough (but not too far) for the fashionable house-party, with its court of subservient poets and painters, to visit, walking there in the afternoons, peering into the semi-darkness with a little thrill of wonder and excitement. . . . During the winter months, however, the anchorite was permitted to retire to a warmer, more congenial dwelling in the country town nearby, where, no doubt, he could live in some comfort upon his hardly-earned income." It should be added that when he is writing well Mr. Sitwell knows exactly how to make the most telling use of his material in a few lines. His account of the discovery of the illuminated missal at Padua is an admirably constructed dramatic miniature in half a page.

We have said that we do not always agree with Mr. Sitwell's conclusions. These pleasant differences are an entirely different matter from the critical objections that we have mildly advanced. His occasional lapses are not to be excused, and we believe that so scrupulous a writer as he can be will be the last to wish to excuse them. But its provocation in other respects is one of the most agreeable qualities of Mr. Sitwell's book. If we want to argue with him we feel that it would be a privilege to argue with so frank and accomplished a mind. Our general impression is that Mr. Sitwell is on the whole a good deal more convincing about the things that he likes than about his aversions. Now and again, indeed, he allows himself to be surprised by these latter into an unwontedly heavy touch. His dislike for Peasant Art Shops and certain modern poets, for example, is always apt to become a little crude in expression, and there is nothing now but a stale irony in such phrases as "the late Alfred Lord Tennyson". Where Mr. Sitwell most successfully would provoke us, however, would be in some of his professed dislikes that are, we suspect, no more than humorous reactions from his preferences. We doubt whether he would feel all the detrimental things he does about Greek temples, for ex-

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ample, if he were not so actively devoted to the baroque and rococo art of Italy. His delight in the Italian scene leads him to similar excesses, deliberate and charming excesses though they are. "And after an English landscape, what a relief to be in one that could be stylised so simply and easily. Any good artist could find a convention for it, whereas the English landscape is almost impossible to stylise, and can only be rendered æsthetically in the terribly realistic manner of Constable, that great painter and most detestable artist." What, we should say to Mr. Sitwell, about Cotman and the early David Cox and Varley and Girtin and De Windt at their best?

This humor takes its most engaging flight under a text of which I must be forgiven for speaking in somewhat personal terms. In a chapter which he calls "Oranges in Mamble", Mr. Sitwell asks why orange trees "are at present in such disfavour in the best circles". By means of a quite lovely description of a landscape adorned with orange and lemon groves, he demonstrates how unreasonable such disfavor is and he contrasts our own muddy dikes, our heather, one patch of which "outvies in depression all the frozen waves that rattle and scratch at the iron coast of Labrador", the "English hedgerows and the warblers that frequent them", and our native landscape in general, not a little to its disadvantage, with the "mysterious groves . . . carefully hung with their various red-gold and green-gold lamps", "the clusters of golden globes that illumine the most radiant day", and "the ivory flowers which seem tied in little knots upon the branches". He also, to stress our own crudity in the comparison, quotes Marvell's lines:

> He hangs in shades the orange bright,
> Like golden lamps in a green night . . .

which happens to come from one of the chief glories of seventeenth century verse, and has no difficulty in showing that an early rhyme of my own about Mamble and alehouse wits is a very clumsy and barbarian performance beside it. All of which is done by Mr. Sitwell with his prettiest grace, and it would seem with the barest touch of ungenerosity; though one of these days, when Mr. Sitwell has time to refresh his memory of English guidebooks, he may learn the real name of the Worcestershire river which he twice calls the Theme. He might even learn it by referring to the text of those verses of mine that he quotes so effectively. But after all, is this disfavor for orange trees about which he discourses symbolically more than a dialectical invention of his own? Orange trees, like everything else, can sometimes be piped into a convention that may become a little tiresome; but while I cannot answer for "the best circles" of which Mr. Sitwell speaks, I do not find people enraged by Italian landscape in the way Mr. Sitwell suggests, nor is it to be supposed that anyone could derive anything but delight from such exquisite distillations of it as Mr. Sitwell himself often contrives in prose. The truth is that Mr. Sitwell had a fit theme for celebration, and felt that it would add point to his argument if he could find an excuse for defending it as well. And so he found it. But he need not have the least fear; nobody wants to take his oranges away from him.

A word should be said, in conclusion, of Mr. Sitwell's perfectly chosen illustrations. They are beautiful in themselves and have the unusual advantage of illustrating the text.

Discursions on Travel, Art and Life. By Osbert Sitwell. George H. Doran Company.

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THE NEGRO'S GIFTS

By Mary White Ovington

THIS is one of the most beautiful books that we are likely to have the pleasure of handling and fondling this year. Opening easily, with large, clear type, distinguished illustrations, a captivating cover, it invites us from the start. The contributors are fortunate who come to us in such attractive dress.

"The New Negro" is a compilation, a series of gifts that the colored man brings to America today. Fiction, poetry, drama, art, history, music, these succeed one another to end with Du Bois's summing up of the Negro problem throughout the world. While based on the Harlem number of "The Survey Graphic", the book is not a magazine. It is as if some one writer with a well ordered mind had the skill to present the facts and arguments and illustrations wholly through quotations from his sources — a difficult and very clever thing to do.

After an interesting historical sketch of the Negro in literature by Braithwaite, the New Negro speaks. We have two hundred pages of vivid stories and poems led off by Rudolph Fisher's "City of Refuge", first published in "The Atlantic". The prose as one goes on varies in style from the somewhat ponderous heaping of phrase on phrase of John Matheus to the modern staccato of Jean Toomer. Countee Cullen and Langston Hughes are here at their best, and here is James Weldon Johnson's "Creation", the artist putting in modern form the magnificent imagery of the illiterate Negro preacher. The drama is represented by a short play dealing with the relations between Negro and poor white. We have a page or two of music and articles on the spirituals and jazz. The illustrations, with the exception of eight futurist drawings by Aaron Douglas, are by whites. Winold Reiss contributes the bulk of them, striking portraits of Negro men and women.

When we have gone through these five hundred pages we are sure of at least one thing — the New Negro bears little likeness to the colored man who is portrayed today on the stage and in the white man's fiction, the verbose, goodnatured, Cohen-Cobb variety. Nor does he bear any likeness to the black man who dominated fiction some twenty years ago, the Dixon-Page type. That Negro with a veneer of education was always trying to get into the world of white society and either attempted to marry or, defeated in this, to rape, a white woman. Neither the conventional black clown nor the black villain appears in this book.

What, then, is the New Negro? Read and see. You will find him, perhaps to your disappointment, very like his white neighbor. He has education, sometimes wealth. He has developed a distinct middle class, business men whose "lives are as free from the Negro's native love of leisure and enjoyment of life as Franklin's life". His professional men, of whom he has many, are trained in American colleges in American ways. He is a good sport — there should have been a chapter on the Negro athlete — and in his societies he follows the white man. The book abounds in African illustrations but back of the writing is English culture. "Of African culture" Melville Herskovits, one of the few white contributors, says, "there is not a trace. Even the spirituals are an expression of the Negro playing through the typical religious patterns of the white man." Countee Cullen may describe his creeping delight in the

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African jungle but the savage is in all of us. The New Negro is centuries removed from the cultural life from which he was torn, and, moreover, he is of mixed race. He returns to Africa as any foreigner would return to it. At least there is nothing in this book to make us think otherwise. But while he "plays through our patterns" his touch is just different enough to give us deep pleasure.

"The problem of the twentieth century is the problem of the color line." But why a problem, at least in America, one thinks on closing this book. A race that in such a short space of time takes a dignified, sometimes a commanding, place in the civilization into which it has comparatively recently been thrust, is really no problem whatever. Only the indolent or the jealous make it so.

The New Negro. Edited by Alain Locke. Albert and Charles Boni.

MANY MYSTERIES

By Isabel Paterson

IN primitive religion and magic, the medicine men believed in something they called "the power of the word". Civilized religions all contain some remnant of the notion, but it is "sublimated", as the Freudians say, not stressed. The literal theory was that if one knew just the right word, the right combination of syllables, the mere utterance of them would effect whatever the speaker might desire. Ancient legend credited Solomon with knowledge of "the word of power". Needless to say, the legend could not specify the word itself. The secret was lost. Today the phrase would have only a psychological verity, an associational power of reviving some echo of feeling from a past experience. D. H. Lawrence clings to the earlier reading. He has chosen his own words, and harps upon them, strongly and insistently, sometimes with power and sometimes to the verge of tedium. The precision of logic, the complexity of intellectual exercise, annoys him. In argument, he becomes vituperative and incoherent. Left alone to thrum his verbal guitar, he does very well. That is, he gets results. His words are "the centre of being", "maleness", "womanhood", "phallic", "sex", and kindred vocables, employed in a general rather than a specific sense. For example, Don Cipriano, the hero of "The Plumed Serpent", is described as "like a pristine being, remote in consciousness, and with a far, remote sex". The scene is Mexico, the Plumed Serpent being the ancient emblem of that country. The heroine, Kate Leslie, is an Irishwoman, once divorced and once widowed, traveling in Mexico to soothe her grief for her last husband, an Irish political leader who died for his cause. At once repelled and attracted by the mingled decadence and barbarism of Mexico, Kate lingered after her friends had gone back. By degrees she was initiated into a strange revival of the old religion of Quetzalcoatl. By marrying Cipriano she became a goddess of the cult, since he represented one of the gods; and finally Kate cast in her lot unreservedly with her new husband and his new cause. As usual, Mr. Lawrence is repulsively realistic at times in details, but simple and vague in his characterization. All the actors in the drama speak the Lawrence idiom. It is a secular Passion Play, acted by puppets, and a trifle too long drawn out, but undeniably picturesque and vivid.

But Stephen McKenna's attempt to

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evoke Pan, in "The Oldest God", results only in an unhumorous, disjointed farce. He sets the stage at an English house party, though the hostess is a shallow and vulgar American parvenu. At the end of an idle discussion of the benefits of civilization, the guests gave a majority vote for paganism, "a return to wild nature". Enter the Mysterious Stranger, as a friend of a belated guest. Forthwith the cultured assemblage began to obey that impulse. A young girl allowed herself to be seduced because she was curious. Two theretofore virtuous married ladies straightway gave themselves to lovers. The hostess reverted to form as an unsophisticated, mildly pious small town American. The device of Pan in a dress suit has been employed before, and more divertingly. It is singular that Mr. McKenna's skill as a fictioneer seems to grow less with each successive novel.

Nor is "Fernande" an example of W. B. Maxwell's best work, though it has the interest of a genuine human problem discussed with sincerity and sympathy. Fernande is one of those unlucky women whose unusual gifts of beauty, tact, and brains only serve to involve them with weak and worthless men. Perhaps it was her innate bad judgment; perhaps a bad start. To escape from the house of her dissolute mother, she eloped; but the kind of men she had a chance to meet do not make good husbands. Hers was a sot. She had to leave him, and live by her wits — her charm. Young Eric Bowen met her while she was passing as the wife of a clever, irresponsible journalist. Eric admired, loved, and pitied her in turn. He would have married her, but she knew it would ruin him. She gave him back to the nice girl who was a better mate and a much better match for him, being a millionaire's daughter. It is easy to imagine Fernande's declining years, but pleasanter not to. "She loved much, therefore much shall be forgiven her."

An atmosphere of mediæval mysticism hangs about "The Dark Tower", but alas, in rags and tatters. It is something like Arthur Machen's cardboard castles and empty enchantments. At Felindre, on the wild border of Wales, the Grosmonts lived on a tradition of past grandeur. Nothing material remained to them but the ruins of an old fortress, Trecastel; and a few hundred acres of poor farm land. Two brothers were the last of the race. Charles inherited as the eldest, married a poacher's pretty daughter, and went to the dogs through drink and idleness. Judith, his wife, was a good girl in spite of her antecedents. When Alaric Grosmont came home, defeated by the great world, she turned to him for companionship. Alaric was a gentle, ineffectual dreamer. They grew to love each other, but never confessed it until accident wrung the words from them while Charles was on his deathbed. For this Alaric held himself guilty of murder, and forever debarred from Judith. So the story leaves them, with a hint that in time Alaric may acquire a little sense. As "pure, story", which is all it professes to be, this is fair to middling.

"The Canning Wonder", Arthur Machen's latest, is not a novel, but a true police court episode of the eighteenth century, of a kind which frequently repeats itself in present day annals, though without coming so near to fatal tragedy. In January, 1753, a servant girl named Elizabeth Canning disappeared somewhere on the road between Hounsditch and Moorfields. A month later she returned unexpectedly to her mother's house, sick and apparently half starved, and wearing

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nothing but a chemise and a ragged dressing gown. She said she had been kidnapped by two men and imprisoned by an old woman who tried to compel her to an evil life; and that she had escaped by jumping out of a window. She identified as her jailer an old gipsy woman named Mary Squires. The gipsy was condemned to the gallows, on a charge of having stolen Elizabeth's stays. Apparently the abduction and detention were less serious matters. However, the old woman was pardoned when a dozen reputable witnesses swore she had been a hundred miles from the house where Elizabeth declared she had been held, at the time of Elizabeth's disappearance. Elizabeth Canning's story was shown to be false in almost every detail, and in consequence, she was tried for perjury and transported to America. But to this day no one knows where she really was during her strange absence, for she never confessed. The tale is well told, but hardly worth a book by itself.

The Plumed Serpent. By D. H. Lawrence. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Oldest God. By Stephen McKenna. Little, Brown and Company.
Fernande. By W. B. Maxwell. Dodd, Mead and Company.
The Dark Tower. By Francis Brett Young. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Canning Wonder. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf.

SATYR

By Martha Keller

I PRAYED to Pan, half god, half goat.
He played his pipes. He struck the note.
And mad as any grinning faun
I danced with love upon the lawn.

The wood was thick. The reed was thin.
I cried to love to come within.
But love was shy and full of fears
And whispered in my pointed ears.

Like cloven hooves, with such a sound,
The black limbs leaned against the ground.
Like Pan, like Pan, the branches beat
The grass with bold goatfooted feet.

I draw her in. The winds were shrill
And loud within the Venus Hill.
White brows enwound with leaves of vine —
My breast was on her bosom, mine!

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

THE death of Woodrow Wilson made available for publication the correspondence between Walter Hines Page and the war President. It is of that correspondence that Volume III of "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page" (Doubleday, Page) consists. Wilson boasted a single track mind and it is evident that many who wrote to him had to be content with a one way correspondence. Wilson seldom answered or even acknowledged Page's letters; so seldom, indeed, that the Ambassador finally wrote to ask if his communications were desired. As a matter of fact, according to Burton J. Hendrick who is responsible for the book, Wilson often left these letters unread or passed them on to Colonel House to read and digest for him — a sorry action, for the letters are eager, vivid, and interesting. Time has shown that Page's ideas were sometimes very wide of the mark and sometimes very accurate; the views expressed were frequently and obviously second hand and a comparative reading shows that they were often contradictory, for they were much colored by the last man with whom he had spoken. But in this he was consistent — he believed that the United States should engage in the Great War on the side of the Allies. That belief guided his opinions and shaped his actions. The memorial tablet to him in Westminster Abbey truly reads: "A Friend of Britain in her Sorest Need."

The legendary Catherine has been the subject of countless fascinating volumes; but Katherine Anthony shows, in her "Catherine the Great" (Knopf), that the real Catherine is no less fascinating. Even the most external incidents are for Miss Anthony reactions of a human personality to circumstances and other personalities which in turn affect it; and her interest lies in the personality of Catherine and its development. She has gone to original sources, chiefly Catherine's voluminous writings; and the result of her treatment of the subject is another portrait reduced to human dimensions.

Judge Ben Lindsey has been vigorously denounced from the pulpit and rostrum as a "libeler of American Youth". In his recent book, "The Revolt of Modern Youth" (Boni, Liveright), written with the collaboration of Wainwright Evans, he makes a pertinent answer to this charge. From the depths and inclusiveness of his twenty six years' experience as a judge in the Juvenile Court of Denver he states facts, and makes deductions. Many of his statements will startle those parents, teachers, and guardians who are trying to mold or change the mental attitudes of young people by use of the "big stick" and "regulations". They need to be startled. "Youth's Adventure" by Allan A. Hunter (Appleton) presents the widespread intellectual revolt of young men and women. While it lacks the vitality and readableness of Judge Lindsey's work, still it voices honestly the challenge of the students of the world, for it is written by a member of the Youth Movement. It reflects what Harry Emerson Fosdick calls, in the preface of the book, "their irreverence before traditional bogies, and at the same

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time, their seriousness, their candor, their ardent faith in a more decent world, their search for a vital religion".

There is nothing new to be said about "Penguin Island" except that to the lovers of Anatole France, the appearance of this book in the beautiful Library Edition put out by Dodd, Mead is a true joy. The excellent translation is made by A. W. Evans, who manages very well to retain the spirit as well as the letter of the original. Not an altogether easy task when one considers the elusively ironic quality of his subject. The illustrations by Frank C. Papé possess imagination and humor as well as a most satisfactory decorative quality.

"The World Court" by Antonio Sanchez de Bustamante (Macmillan) defines with the most enlightening exactitude the formation, history, jurisdiction, and functioning procedures of the Permanent Court of International Justice. The author writes with the authority of an elected Judge of the Court, and the knowledge which his book contains covers exhaustively every phase of its weighty and involved subject.

"The Best Poems of 1925", edited by L. A. G. Strong (Small, Maynard), is somewhat better than the 1924 volume, yet presents such dazzling contrasts as to leave the reader utterly mystified. It is hard to understand why, in a brief collection containing beautiful work by David Morton, George Sterling, Edmund Blunden, and other poets of equal ability, eleven pages should be devoted to the unintelligible drivel of Marianne Moore or a single page to the rhythmic rantings of Alfred Kreymborg; and it is equally difficult to perceive why the compiler must devote page after page to "poems" abounding in stanzas such as the following:

Runs
Trips
Rises
Runs on
Bumps into a tree
Which is not a cocoanut

Of course, Mr. Strong must be given credit for discovering some excellent poems by relatively unknown writers, such as "October Sunset" by Alberta Vickridge; and, of course, the limitations of the field and the difficulties of copyright must be taken into consideration. But, even so, Mr. Strong has been guilty of including poems which by no test could be considered as among the thousand best of the year.

W. Pett Ridge's "I Like to Remember" (Doran) is a book which we prophesy will remain long on the bedside table before becoming immersed in the shelves. This priceless collection of stories and anecdotes is as good at the third reading as at the first, and the book puts the reader in one of those mellow moods he would recapture on the morrow. The author has an uncanny faculty for reminiscing, and sets down much that the more conscious raconteur would pass over as inconsequential. The result is a highly conversational, informal volume in which we make the acquaintance of some new friend on almost every page. Many of them we have never heard of before; others have long been familiar by reputation. Literary personages, such as Max Beerbohm, Marie Corelli, Hall Caine, Oscar Wilde, Herbert Spencer, and Grant Allen include us in their numbers at the author's invitation; the stage welcomes us through Charles Hawtrey, the Irvings, Lillie Langtry, Mrs. Pat Campbell, Pinero, and Beerbohm Tree; and even politics and soci-

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ety seem less remote when we discover T. P. O'Connor, Queen Victoria, Lord Alverstone, Countess Burdett-Coutts, and Lady Randolph Churchill in unguarded moments.

In his collection of representative addresses delivered during his term as Secretary of State (1920–1924), "The Pathway of Peace" (Harper), Charles Evans Hughes writes with that urbane and scholarly wisdom which has won him high rank among the conservative statesmen of his time. The contents of his book are divided into four parts under the headings: "Foreign Policy", "Pan-American Policy", "Addresses Chiefly Legal", and "Various Subjects". Parts I and II, because of the timeliness and importance of their topics, combined with the searching interpretations given to them by the author, have a value not to be expected in the lesser themes which make up the concluding half of the book.

Although Edward H. Cotton, author of "Theodore Roosevelt — the American" (Beacon), is prone to overeulogize the mighty deeds and merits of his dynamic subject, he has still succeeded in writing a moderately just short biography of the late President as a man apart from his achievements. To do this, of course, the volume had to include an accompanying outline of Roosevelt's public career, in the main facts of which there is apparent no departure from the narratives of the principal Roosevelt histories. But it seems as if Mr. Cotton's work might have been improved in dignity and value by a reduction of his incessant cheers.

"We are beginning to discover, in America, that art and the stage are very closely related to each other." This informative statement gives the style of the text in an interesting looking small quarto volume, "John Wenger" (Lawren), by Carlo de Fornaro, containing a frontispiece portrait and forty eight plates. Single handed, Mr. Wenger put "art" into the theatre; he fixed up music considerably, too, for this purpose. Further, or rather before that, in his own life he exemplified the careers of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Cellini, Gauguin, and Van Gogh. And he's going ahead now to write a book which is calculated to blow into smitherines the theatre as it has been evolved from classic times. So, at least, one might learn from this text. As a matter of fact, a few others have been involved in this reformation, too; but Mr. Wenger has undoubtedly been a very potent artist in a happy modern idea.

In "The Aristocratic West" (Harper) Katharine Fullerton Gerould advances, and argues brilliantly, the thesis that the far west is aristocratic in temper, because it is "the last authentic haunt of the original American ideal, the distinctively American social philosophy — that any man may be an aristocrat if he has it in him". The men made of "watch-springs, whalebone, and dynamite", the pioneers who left the fringe of civilization and pushed beyond the Great Divide, she says, are survived today by the truest heirs of the first, and in some respects noblest, American tradition. The book is a valuable addition to the increasing number of travel commentaries made by distinguished American artists upon their country.

In the ten critical essays comprising his volume, "I Meet My Contemporaries" (Holt), Maximilian Harden, eminent German editor and publicist,

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writes brilliantly and impartially of the parts taken in recent world history by Wilson, Lloyd George, Lenin, Clemenceau, and von Hindenburg. The studies are virtually tabloid biographies, with the most searching insight brought to bear upon their subjects' careers during the periods when they had attained the height of power. There are, also in the same vein, reviews of Sarah Bernhardt, Hugo Stinnes, King Peter of Serbia, while the book is concluded, with suggestive appropriateness, by a monograph on "Bonaparte in Adversity".

In "The Pre-School Age" (Little, Brown) Minnie Watson Kamm sets forth a forceful occupational program for mothers to follow. The inevitable references to Froebel and Montessori are present, but Mrs. Kamm has advanced beyond these methods, and contributes much that is helpful and practical. She gives for each year graded programs which aim at mental as well as physical development. The book is the result of experience, upon which the author has brought to bear intelligence and imagination.

Professor Goodspeed's "Things Seen and Heard" (University of Chicago Press) is a collection of personal essays on a variety of subjects. Some of them are rather "dated" from the time of the war, and all show similar characteristics — a literary background, an academic style trying valiantly to be colloquial, a true sense of humor, a leaning toward digression, a goodnatured interest in many sides of life. If they are not distinguished essays, all of them are pleasant and readable.

There is not much doubt that beauty, the quest of which stirred his soul and guided his life, whatever we may think of it, was best served by Oscar Wilde in his "A House of Pomegranates". For these fairy tales of clear loveliness will be remembered when the details of his life have ceased to interest, except legitimately. Dodd, Mead have got out a new and beautiful edition to which H. L. Mencken prefaces a conciliatory and, naturally, final word. But even Mr. Mencken cannot do much more than point with pride to a high achievement. Ben Kutcher adds illustrations and decorations of beauty and originality.

Milton Waldman's "Americana" (Holt) is a brief description and account of the original source books of American history, beginning with the letters of Columbus and ending approximately with the nineteenth century. The last chapter briefly notes the more eagerly sought items of general American literature. Auction prices and the locations of copies of the rarer books are mentioned. In many respects "Americana" is pioneer work. It is written with regard for clarity and accuracy and should be equally valuable to the historian and the collector. The comments concerning various authors, the events and circumstances which attended their writings, make pleasant as well as highly informative reading.

The subtitle of Albert Léon Guérard's volume of essays, "Beyond Hatred" (Scribner), reads: "The Democratic Ideal in France and America", a subject that could scarcely have found a more eloquent and scholarly spokesman than the brilliant Franco-American. His conceptions of democratic realities, as they exist in the two great republics, are presented philosophically and with liberal erudition. They do not aim to establish any line of racial,

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cultural, social, or governmental supremacy of one country over the other. Professor Guérard's work is in four parts, the heading of each conveying a definite suggestion of his interpretative method: "Political Democracy", "Democracy and Race", "Democracy and Language", "Democracy and History".

In "Experience and Nature" (Open Court) Professor John Dewey at last constructs a metaphysics for the ethical and educational writings with which he has until now been concerned. As might be expected, it is an empirical doctrine, but empirical in a special sense which Professor Dewey takes great pains to define. The experience it deals with is not a selected, refined experience, not *e.g.* "the remoter and refinished products of science" which professed scientific philosophers have been wont to employ, but "the obvious and immediate facts of gross experience". This includes "dreams, insanity, illness, death, labor, war, confusion, ambiguity, lies and errors; it includes transcendental systems as well as empirical ones; magic and superstition as well as science".

Between Russia and the rest of Europe stretches a line of small countries — Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, and Roumanian Bessarabia. It is to these that the best part of "The Dividing Line of Europe" by Stephen Graham (Appleton) refers. These lands, with their newly revived nationality, their peculiar political status as a "sanitary cordon around the plague area of Bolshevism", are worth knowing. Graham knew and loved the Russia of which they formed a part and his attitude toward them is one of amused tolerance. The tour of exploration he took is interesting enough in the telling. Unfortunately, the account runs to some 160 pages only and the rest of the book is padded with miscellaneous matter about Russia — some of it written in bad temper, some of it dull.

"American Economic Life" (Harcourt, Brace), by Rexford Guy Tugwell, Thomas Munro, and Roy E. Stryker is an outgrowth of a famous experiment in collegiate education, the course in Columbia College known there as "C. C." and actually entitled an Introduction to Contemporary Civilization. This course, in which was merged the work of the freshmen year in history, government, economics, and philosophy, was instituted six years ago to "survey the field of modern social problems and supply an adequate background for its understanding". The first edition of the present text, printed last spring, profited by several previous syllabi. Book I is an introduction which considers present levels of living; the rest of the volume deals with the raising of these levels by efficient production, by just apportionment of income, by rational use of income, and by comprehensive schemes for reorganizing society.

Quite fashionable nowadays is the lure of ships, ships in the sense in which the word is caressed by Conrad and William McFee. One volume which should ride in on this wave of maritime popularity is "Samuel Kelly: An Eighteenth Century Seaman" (Stokes), the text of a biographical manuscript hidden in an old bureau in Cornwall for over a hundred years, discovered by the late W. H. Hudson's "great Penzance bookseller", and now edited, with an introduction, by Crosbie Garstin, and enhanced by twenty four reproductions from old prints. The

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chronicler saw rough times. In his winter passage from Liverpool to New York he reached port after a hundred and nineteen days out. In "this wilderness" he witnessed the British evacuation of New York; Benjamin Franklin walking the streets of Philadelphia, a gold chain around his neck; Washington, in black velvet, addressing the Senate.

In any book whose contents are drawn from diverse sources and many authors, it is to be expected that there should be a certain unevenness of quality. But when the writers range from apparent maturity to extreme immaturity, as in "The Poets of the Future" for 1924–1925, edited by Henry T. Schnittkind (Stratford), it would be little short of miraculous if the volume reached and maintained any particular level of merit. It is not surprising to find that this college anthology contains not a little verse which must be discarded at a glance as amateurish and worthless; but at the same time it is gratifying to note that there are perhaps a score of poems whose thought and finished technique would entitle them to recognition even in a more general compilation. All in all, the editor seems to have succeeded fairly well considering the necessarily limited material at his disposal.

The Victorian Age is receding sufficiently into the past to be enjoyed in truer perspective. "Disraeli and Gladstone" by D. C. Somervell (Doran) may be commended, in particular, to all who like Strachey. It is a brilliant twin biography of the two inimical leaders of Victorian political action (with whose passing rather than that of Queen Victoria, who survived her own epoch, the Victorian era comes to an end), each in the dual rôle of villain and hero, as seen through Tory or Liberal glasses. Mr. Somervell's "auto-biography", as he calls his study of two rather closely interconnected careers, really is a new form of its kind. It is justified by his choice of heroes and his dramatic and always interesting manner of treatment.

"No one would suggest that Mr. G. K. Chesterton was musical, but he has the spirit of song in him, and in a chorus he is splendid. He emits an enormous and affable rumble that suggests an elephant doing a cake-walk, or large lumps of thunder bumping about irrelevantly in the basement of the harmony." Such is the delightful strain of humor which makes "Many Furrows" (Dutton), by the author of "Alpha of the Plough", a companionable collection of essays. The author is no respecter of persons. He tweaks Arnold Bennett's omniscience, and cruelly reflects on Dean Inge's ignorance of music. The decorative illustrations by Clive Gardiner deserve a special encomium.

Joseph I. C. Clarke, in the posthumous record of his experience, "My Life and Memories" (Dodd, Mead), has written with the simple enthusiasm of reminiscence of a long lifetime rich in personal contacts, thick with impressions. In the habit of his newspaper profession he devotes but a meagre space to the impressions, a great space to facts. But the impressions, notwithstanding, are there embedded in the facts. His Fenian, Sinn Fein, and Republican campaign experience in America was intensive. But it is the intimate comment such as he makes of New York City in the days when Houston Street was its fashionable boulevard — of the personalities of James Gordon Bennett the younger,

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of Sarah Bernhardt, of Richard Mansfield, and others who crossed his path — which affords especial delight.

The charm of hooked rugs has endured through many generations of American households. Their present vogue may be attributed to the reviving interest in early American furnishings as well as to the increasing popularity of all native handicrafts. Such a book as "Hooked Rugs and How to Make Them" (Macmillan) by Anna M. Laise Phillips should do much to dignify rugmaking and bring it out of the isolated country districts where it has flourished unknown during two centuries. The author's style, however, is so sloppy and verbose that an intelligent reader will learn to make hooked rugs in spite of rather than because of it. Along with rug collecting runs the vogue for collecting old glass. Though it deals chiefly with English and Continental glass, J. S. Lewis's "Old Glass and How to Collect It" (Dodd, Mead) will prove helpful to amateur collectors who aspire to be connoisseurs. Well written, methodically planned, fully and beautifully illustrated, this volume will serve as a reliable and interesting reference book both for the beginner and the expert.

J. Middleton Murry has none of the scruples of a self conscious writer about letting loose his imagination, even at the risk of tainting his criticism with sentimentality. Imagination, for instance, can lead Mr. Murry, in "Pencillings" (Seltzer), on from a flight of swallows to Dr. Johnson. A walrus, we might have thought, would have done better for Dr. Johnson. But however illogically they have risen above the horizon the swallows are charming, and we are diverted by the vagrant quality of the author's perception. In his comments upon life and literature he makes a few such serviceable distinctions as the difference between conventional and æsthetic morality, between tragedy and seriousness, between unpleasant characters in fiction and those who leave us with the impression of aimiable reprobates.

Friends of "A Circuit Rider's Wife" will be pleased to know that Corra Harris has given further impressions and opinions in "As a Woman Thinks" (Houghton Mifflin). To some of us, however, it will seem to contain much of the material that has been used in previous books, without adding a particularly fresh viewpoint. The purpose is to give thought rather than action, to show the influences and incidents that eventually formed the mental and spiritual fibre of the author. This aim impresses one as being extremely fine, but the relating is neither so stimulating nor so satisfactory as one could wish, in spite of the wit, anecdote, and the descriptive words with which the whole is colored.

When royalty spoke, in days long gone, the world gave ear, thought, and effort. Today a small crowd in the world gives a few paltry bank notes to hear the latest court scandals, then casts the words of royalty aside. Realizing this, H. R. H. the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, writing of "Courts and Countries after the War" (Dodd, Mead), righteously denies that she is scandalmongering. On the contrary, she designs to set false though popular impressions of today's nobility in the light of truth. Spain she defends with a cornered she-bear's ferocity. England, so "safe", she loves and ridicules. Italy she praises. "The Three Graces", Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, she delights in. The Balkan

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countries she fears and fears for. America astonishes her. Germany she warns and warns against. Though convincing, her impressions may be doubted.

The memories of Katy Leary, for thirty years a domestic in the service of the Clemens family, as written by Mary Lawton in "A Lifetime with Mark Twain" (Harcourt, Brace), picture with adoring naïveté and affection the great humorist at home and abroad, with his wife and daughters, his friends, his work, his hobbies and bereavements, during the last three decades of his life. The book contains a quaintness and intimacy of viewpoint not hitherto paralleled in the mass of Mark Twain reminiscence. Katy retells most of the immortal jokes in her own Irish-American speech, but these occupy but slight space in the treasure store of recollections she here shares of her glorious and beloved master.

Always an accomplished technician and occasionally a singer of rare excellence, Hermann Hagedorn has earned the gratitude of poetry lovers not only for his much quoted sonnet, "Doors", but for a dozen pieces of equal quality. His latest volume, "Ladders Through the Blue" (Doubleday, Page), will be welcomed the more because it appears after a gap of some years in his poetic activities. In it the reader will find a number of poems of striking merit, notably "The Ghost", "The Eyes of God", and "Warriors of the Dream"; and he will also observe that, while in places the author lapses into mediocrity, he reaches and maintains on the whole a level notably higher than the average of his contemporaries.

"George Washington: In Love and Otherwise" by Eugene E. Prussing (Covici) is composed of four interesting and enlightening studies aimed to present the Father of His Country as "Engineer" and "Captain of Industry", "In Love" and "Personally". The essays are founded upon voluminous researches among correspondence, records, and documents which bear on phases of Washington's life hitherto inadequately observed by his biographers. Although Mr. Prussing's book is extremely brief (it is the preliminary to a far more extensive work of his on the same subject) it succeeds in adding liberally to one's conception of the real Washington as distinguished from the figure of legend.

To prepare his book, "An Introduction to Spanish Literature" (University of Chicago), Professor George T. Northup has apparently not only read almost all of Spanish literature, and also the critics of Spanish culture from Tichnor to Havelock Ellis, but he has completely assimilated his material. He emphasizes those points which are of most interest to American students. His book is a model of compassion, dealing perforce with many obscure figures, yet he has managed to make the story of Spanish literature dramatic and interesting.

The title piece of "New York, and Other Poems", by Mary Dixon Thayer (Dorrance), is an unfortunate selection, for it distracts the reader's attention from the limpid and appealing lyrics to a banal and prosy bit of rhetoric. Miss Thayer at her best has a fine and simple singing strain. At times, it is true, she is none too careful of her technique, and at other times she strikes an obviously false note; as when she speaks of "fragrance gushing wavelessly"; but in pieces such as "Forest Sketch", "A Reply", and "In a Railway Station" she bursts into a clear cut and spontaneous lyricism.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

If all the books about Florida which are currently reported by librarians as in demand by their readers could be grouped under a single heading in this score, the result would place the subject near the top instead of at the bottom of the general list. The indications are that Florida as a subject will hold the place occupied last year by etiquette, with numerous individual books competing for readers. Modesty forbids further comment on the particular title which appears in this month's score other than that it happened to be the first of the new Florida books to come from the press. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Perennial Bachelor	*Anne Parrish*	HARPER
2.	One Increasing Purpose	*A. S. M. Hutchinson*	LITTLE
3.	The Professor's House	*Willa Cather*	KNOPF
4.	The Keeper of the Bees	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	Wild Geese	*Martha Ostenso*	DODD
6.	Soundings	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
7.	Glorious Apollo	*E. Barrington*	DODD
8.	Thunder on the Left*	*Christopher Morley*	DOUBLEDAY
9.	Queer Judson	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
10.	Little Ships	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
11.	Portrait of a Man with Red Hair*	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
12.	The Red Lamp	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN

GENERAL

1.	Twenty-five Years	*Viscount Grey of Fallodon*	STOKES
2.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
3.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
5.	John Keats	*Amy Lowell*	HOUGHTON
6.	Brigham Young	*M. R. Werner*	HARCOURT
7.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
8.	The Life of William Osler	*Harvey Cushing*	OXFORD
9.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
10.	Anatole France Himself	*Jean-Jacques Brousson*	LIPPINCOTT
11.	Twice Thirty	*Edward W. Bok*	SCRIBNER
12.	Florida in the Making*	*Stockbridge and Perry*	DEBOWER

* This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

A Life of Marcel Proust — "The Art of Being Poor" — The Work of Jean de Bosschère — A Norwegian Novel — A Devil's Cookbook — Expressionism in Germany — Gerhart Hauptmann's Plans — German Books in Russia

ALTHOUGH Marcel Proust died in 1922 there has been no book about him until now. "Marcel Proust; Sa Vie, son Œvre" (Simon Kra) is the work of M. Léon Pierre-Quint. It is both biographical and critical.

Artistic recognition is not readily given by the serious French public. The reputation of Anatole France, for instance, was slow to mature. Marcel Proust was nearly fifty when he was awarded the Goncourt Prize. His fame has grown slowly, and it is curious that he should be hailed as a considerable literary force with as much — if not more — enthusiasm by English speaking readers as by his own countrymen. In Paris his fame is secure but it is still growing.

Not everyone can appreciate — or even understand — his huge work, "Remembrance of Things Past", of which two volumes were recently translated and published in English under the title of "The Guermantes Way". Proust's elaborate analysis of every sound and smell, his particularization of scene, his laborious dissection of emotions, and his minute descriptions soon cease to be a novelty in presentation. Proust's manner of writing alone, one would imagine, would stimulate curiosity in the personality of the man himself, and the surroundings which influenced him. In particular, M. Pierre-Quint is at pains to acquit Proust of the frequent accusation made against him of snobbishness. Proust enjoyed his social triumphs, as an explorer delights in penetrating unfamiliar country, but it would be unfair to say that Proust "fell for" the aristocratic salons of the Faubourg St. Germain. He did not admire, but he observed. His realization of the futility of social brilliance no doubt expedited his retirement, and his last years were spent as a recluse in a room with walls cork lined to keep out the disturbing noise of the outer world.

Marcel Proust is fortunate in having so sympathetic a biographer and critic as M. Pierre-Quint. Other books about Proust will soon be published. At the time of writing I hear of two; one by Robert Dreyfus and the other by Georges Gabory. The first of two posthumous volumes by Proust which complete his life's work was published in Paris a few weeks ago.

* * * *

The Marquis de Castellane, who belongs to one of the oldest families in France, has had an extraordinary career. He married Anna Gould, the heiress, spent money lavishly for several years, attempted to earn a living in journalism, and finally became a dealer in antiques. His struggles for existence are entertainingly described in his latest book "The Art of Being Poor" (L'Art d'être Pauvre) by Boni de Castellane (Crès, Paris). The book contains many interesting anecdotes

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and some pen pictures of well known people. He describes President Roosevelt as "a force of nature rather than an intellectual". This is his vignette of Gabriele D'Annunzio:

> Small, pale, with but few red hairs left upon his head, green eyes and an appearance of bad health. Supple as a glove, he can be in turn and at will profound, severe, frivolous, or amusing. He is, after myself, the most extravagant man in the world.

* * * *

There is an increasing vogue among book collectors for the work of Jean de Bosschère. This remarkable artist, who has already illustrated an edition of "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius and a volume of stories by May Sinclair, has done the illustrations to a very fine edition of "The Love Books of Ovid", just published in England by John Lane in a limited edition of three thousand numbered copies. "To attempt to translate Ovid", says J. Lewis May, the translator, in his introduction, "is, of course, to attempt the impossible. The best one can hope for in such an undertaking, is to fail with honour." Mr. May has succeeded, with distinction. These pages capture the elegant spirit of the Latin original; while Jean de Bosschère's twenty four illustrations not only blend happily with the delicious text but give the volume considerable artistic significance.

J. Lewis May, I see, is responsible for the translation of Raymond Escholier's novel, "Comes the Blind Fury". M. Escholier is one of the most eminent of present day French novelists. His new novel "Quand on Conspire" has just been published in Paris by Bernard Grasset.

"Men in Women's Guise", which John Lane is publishing in England, is a translation of a French book by O. P. Gilbert which describes the careers and personalities of some men who for various motives posed as women, among them the Chevalier d'Eon and Philip of Orleans. The same house is issuing "Marie Antoinette, Ferson and Bernave, their Correspondence", a translation from the French of O. G. de Heidenstam. I hear it comprises a very interesting collection of letters which throw a good deal of new light on Marie Antoinette.

* * * *

Sigrid Undset has evidently repeated the success of her earlier historical romance "Kristin Lavransdatter" in her new two volume novel, "Olaf Andüsson". The domestic atmosphere of a thirteenth century Norwegian house is perfectly reproduced. The story itself is dramatic. Olaf has been betrothed in infancy to Ingunn. His love for her is frustrated by the antagonism of her kinsfolk. Moreover, he kills a man in a quarrel and has to go into exile. In his absence Ingunn yields to a worthless Icelander and, on Olaf's return, is about to become a mother. Olaf lures the seducer to a lonely spot, murders him, and conceals the body. His reconciliation with Ingunn brings the first volume to an end.

The second volume deals with the married life of Olaf and Ingunn. Ingunn's child is brought up as Olaf's own. Eventually, after revealing her true character — she becomes sickly, futile, and quarrelsome — Ingunn dies, leaving the boy in the care of a supposed father who is really the murderer of his own father. This final situation obviously holds promise of a sequel, which, it is to be hoped, the talented pen of Mrs. Undset will produce in the near future.

* * * *

The revolutionary theory that the next war, instead of being the most

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terrible, should prove the most humane war on record, is advanced by Professor Julius Meyer in "Gas Warfare and Chemical Gases" (S. Hirzel, Leipzig). Professor Meyer is professor of chemistry at the University of Breslau. During the war he organized the Germans' gas attacks. He may therefore be regarded as an authority on the subject.

It is specially interesting to note that Professor Meyer is very skeptical of the effectiveness of future gas bombardments from the air. The progress of anti-aircraft measures will, he considers, invalidate any such campaign at the front; while behind the lines, he is firmly of opinion that the intensity of gas required could never be obtained at long range.

War fought on a chemical basis, Professor Meyer declares, is the safest (!) form of warfare. Discoveries of new weapons are followed invariably, and almost immediately, by the discovery of effective counter action. The possibility of fully equipping men to resist gas attacks in any form is so great that the only damage to both sides would be temporary disablement. The death rate would be negligible, asserts the optimistic Professor Meyer.

His book, which contains formulæ for compounding poison gases — a kind of devil's cookbook, in fact — serves at all events some useful purpose. During the last few years many rumors have arisen of new and more deadly poison gases, but Professor Meyer dismisses them contemptuously. The "dew of death", he declares, bears a strong resemblance to the well known German "green cross" gases.

Finally, Professor Meyer suggests that his recipes be used in the war mankind is ceaselessly waging against insect pests — a sensible and practical notion which let us hope will deprive the book of any sinister significance which may be imputed to it by reason of its alarming title.

* * * *

To those who are interested in the expressionist movement to which the war gave such a vast impetus, I recommend Albert Soergel's new book, which has been published by Voigtlander in Leipzig under the title "Im Banne des Expressionismus". It is more than a history of the development of expressionism from its origins to the year 1925. It is a veritable encyclopædia and portrait gallery. There are over 300 pictures, including portraits of writers, reproductions of illustrations and expressionist works, and pages from expressionist and dadaist periodicals, while the numerous extracts from poems, dramas, and critical works present the essential theoretical and practical aspects of these movements. The German poets are still searching for a new leader, for a new "hold on life", and in that restlessness and even chaotic uncertainty, which has been so marked a feature of German literature since the war, they are groping for a new artistic medium to replace expressionism, which has failed to do more than indicate the rather muddy turbulence of their emotions. Expressionism appears to be dead or rapidly dying in Germany, and the watchword is now "The New Reality". It is in this struggle for a new art form that the interest of German literature today mainly lies.

* * * *

Gerhart Hauptmann has more than one book on the stocks. In addition to his work on "Till Eulenspiegel" he is said to be occupied with a prose work, "The Book of Passions" (Das Buch der Leidenschaften), which is

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to contain personal confessions. It is interesting to hear that he is also about to return to the realistic type of drama which first made him famous about thirty five years ago. The scene of the drama at which he is working is laid in Europe and America.

* * * *

The eightieth edition of Shaw's "Saint Joan" was recently announced in Germany. "Saint Joan", translated into French by Augustin and Henriette Hamon, was the opening play of the winter season at the Théâtre des Arts in Paris.

* * * *

The Soviet government had offered a literary prize in celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution of 1905. The Revolution itself was the subject of the competition. Nearly two hundred works were submitted but not one was considered worthy of the prize!

* * * *

The Germans are making great efforts to establish and increase their book market in Russia. The company called Kniga with offices in Berlin is the chief agent for the export and import of books from and into Russia. The Russians are supplied through this company with catalogues of German publishers, and exhibitions of German books are arranged for in Russia. Among its other activities, it has published a catalogue of all the books and periodicals published in Germany between 1914 and 1921. Between September, 1924, and September, 1925, Kniga has supplied Russia with German books to the value of $400,000. It also publishes a periodical called "Graphik" which gives information about the Russian book and publishing world.

* * * *

Under the title of "Weather, Clouds, Wind" Herr Henry Hoek has written a capital book on the variations of climate and their influence on national character. For a German work it is refreshingly light in treatment. Many excellent illustrations are a feature of the volume, which is published at Leipzig by F. A. Brockhaus.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

MIDNIGHT

By Gertrude Ryder Bennett

A STRANGE black beast with muffled paws
Across the hearth the old dog creeps;
Gaunt shadows stretch their crooked claws,
While drugged with moon the village sleeps.

The old clock, stern yet patient, folds
Its hands to heaven like a nun
Who prays before the beads she holds —
And counts the hours, one by one.

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

DEAR MR. FARRAR:

I remember in a talk I once had with Miss Ida M. Tarbell, sometime after her famous exposés of the lives of men in high callings international and commercial, how, as we touched on the subject lightly in passing, her face changed, and a look of sadness crept into her eyes that I see there to this day whenever her face comes up before me in meditation. Though she admitted to me frankly that "there had been much pain connected with the fulfilling of that commission", yet that look in her eyes told me, more poignantly than words, that the work had not been an unqualified pleasure to her, the pain of the part having visibly left its aftermath of regret.

"Life's a blunder and a shame", wrote Henley the poet, no doubt under the smart of the fiasco he created in calling attention to Stevenson's plagiarism and the rest. For Henley told some of the truth about Stevenson, long before Mr. George S. Hellman came along with knowledges now laid bare in his book, "The True Stevenson". Henley, the poet, with a trenchant pen, it will be remembered, called down fire and brimstone upon his inoffensive head for mentioning in connection with Stevenson's "Bottle Imp" that it had been done before, thus reiterating a question as old as the pyramids. Where is originality to be found, since even Dante and Shakespeare plagiarized? But who regards ancient wisdom when the pulling down of a popular idol is concerned? Isn't it better business and better policy to keep up the farce as long as it pays? With this more important issue at stake, the Henleys go down, damaged in reputation and ostracized by some of their contemporaries for any passion for truth that runs counter to the royalties of the idol and the exchequers of their publishers.

Mr. Hellman, with his Henleyesque love of justice and truth, but with a kindlier pen and a more impartial attitude brought to bear upon his subject, will be welcomed by thousands of readers of Stevenson both here and abroad, for his is a work whose intrinsic quality ensures for it a wide and appreciative reading. Sympathy and understanding are excellent mediums through which to approach and treat any subject, whether in personal matters or in the domain of arts and letters: these carry their point as effectively as censure, and need leave no disagreeable reactions in their wake.

In a letter to me the late Lord Charles J. Guthrie, who was a lifelong friend of R.L.S.'s, has phrased this long drawn out state of suppressions and inhibitions surrounding the life of Stevenson admirably. He says: "The Scots Juridical Review is going to publish in Autumn an address on R.L.S. which I recently delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute. I shall have pleasure in asking your acceptance of a copy. The deaths of Mrs. R.L.S. and of Conway, set me free from some restraint, but Mrs. Henley is still alive, and there are some true things I cannot say because I will on no account offend her."

Here is the language of a gentle and courteous spirit who, in consciously handling those larger issues that are bound to become public possessions, rather than inflict pain upon a few conceals his knowledge; but why should this have been exacted of so rare a character as Guthrie's? This indeed is a pity, if pity 'tis for recorders of truth to want to set things humanly straight. Like a good many brave men before him, and after, Stevenson did not marry to suit his friends, nor with the chief idea in mind of conforming to the conventions. He certainly forgot his Scotch Presbyterian conscience when he braved public opinion and went against the standards of respectability held by his family and friends in Edinburgh—when he married Mrs. Osbourne. According to the interpretation of many of us today, R.L.S. was a man capable of looking after his own affairs in the larger decisions of life and was answerable for his private acts only to his Maker.

I fail to see, then, why Mr. Low* should carry a chip on his shoulder concerning Stevenson's private life and morals. No one knew better than R.L.S. that "there is a good deal of bad in the best of us, and a good deal of good in the worst of us". And he might just as well make up his mind to the fact that the time for plain speaking has come, and come to stay; nor need he concern himself further as to the upkeep of Stevenson's moral reputation. As for his own long friendship with Stevenson, this (though in itself a rare distinction) gives him no particular advantage in the light of the research today. And as to his being the "last, lone remaining friend of Stevenson", here, unconsciously or not, is somewhat of exaggeration of conditions still existing.

My husband, the late Wyatt Eaton, knew R.L.S. for years, in their student days in Paris and London. We knew the

*See THE BOOKMAN for November, pages 340 ff.

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inside truth about the Stevensons, but maintained an attitude like that of Lord Guthrie, out of respect for a few, as well as from the old fashioned sense of loyalty that glosses over the irregularities among friends.

My own memory of Stevenson is etched as freshly on my brain as a clear cut cameo. He was at the height of his success that day that he visited us at Manasquan, thirty six years old, handsome, well dressed and buoyant, splendidly vital, ready in repartee. In no sense did he appear to be a man who stood in need of someone to explain him and apologize for his existence. What nonsense! Could anyone that day have imagined that he was overcharged with Puritanical pruderies while he joked and laughed at the expense of some of his youthful follies?

Mr. Low's sense of "loneless" from the Stevenson angle might be overcome if he were reminded that there are two people living over in Brooklyn today who not only remember Stevenson, but have entertained him in their home on more than one occasion.

Mr. Hellman, whose discovery of over a hundred unpublished Stevenson manuscripts, and whose essay entitled "The Stevenson Myth", published in "The Century Magazine", paved the way for the present volume, has now cleared away the untruths and the half truths that have so long interfered with public knowledge of the life and work of Stevenson. He shows, as no other biographer has shown before, the extent to which Mrs. Stevenson interfered with the work of her husband, who was barred by her from touching upon sex themes. He tells us of the great novel that R.L.S. wrote but which Mrs. R.L.S. forced him to destroy. He expounds the inner meaning of many revelatory poems and autobiographical stories. He proves how R.L.S. married Mrs. Osbourne out of a sense of honor and chivalry, and follows Stevenson in his spiritual struggles in the domain of conflicting loyalties. The veils of suppression on the part of many Stevenson biographers and editors are raised, but always with the hand of a gentleman as well as of a scholar. "The True Stevenson" is a remarkable book: the book, in fact, for which the world of letters has been waiting.

CHARLOTTE EATON.

MY DEAR MR. FARRAR:

I want to congratulate you on your review of "The Business of Being a Club Woman", by Mrs. Winter, in the October BOOKMAN. It is always a delight to find someone who can say the thing you think better than you can do it. Your criticism of Mrs. Winter's book would be mine, but I disagree with your conclusions regarding club women in the mass.

I am personally acquainted with Mrs. Winter, and thoroughly appreciate her unusual ability. I feel that I am privileged to express myself, for I am no longer young either in years or club experience. I have been an active club woman for many, many years. I have served as state president of our federation of women's clubs, and as organizing state president of another body of women of almost equal importance in numbers and influence. I have also served on the national committees, and I feel that I know club women. Having been possessed of a husband for the best part of my life, and having reared a family of sons, I claim also a knowledge of the opposite sex.

I have always thought that the great lack of the leaders in the woman's club movement has been a sense of humor. Mind you, this is not an indictment *per se* on club membership in the mass, because it is an easy matter to get a noisy response to a bit of wit from most any sort of gathering of club women. Try it and see. They are quick to see, and readily respond to a well told story, or a humorous situation. Unfortunately the leaders, the few who do the speaking and writing for the club women, seem called upon to emphasize and broadcast the seriousness of the movement, and thus leave the impression that club women have no sense of humor.

The majority of the women's clubs have special programs where the silliest sorts of stunts are done by the most dignified members, purely for amusement, just as among the club men. These programs flash with the keenest witticisms, and feature extremely humorous situations. They often parody world movements with clever original dialogue that would do credit to the professional vaudeville. Taken as a whole I do not believe the club women are any more serious in their work than are the civic organizations composed entirely of men.

The woman's club has a definite purpose. Its scope is cultural and educative, and it has been truly named the married woman's university — which of course does not mean that all club women are married. But it has been the mental salvation of the married woman, especially in isolated communities. Most of the members of a woman's club are studying some subject, and many are engaged in some phase of civic work. . . .

If you will compare the average women's club with the civic club composed entirely of men who are working for the upbuilding of the community, you will find it no more serious — nor "deadly than the male".

Sincerely yours,

MARGARET WHEELER ROSS.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

AN author I know who is fond of books, in the physical sense of owning them, tells me that he cannot bear to part with them once they have entered his door. He does not feel the urge to charity which prompts some folk to bestow aged volumes on hospitals or institutions for shipwrecked sailors and the like. He never ekes out a slender livelihood by seeking the second hand book man with his genial smile. He keeps books. Now, this is particularly difficult because his houses are always small. The books, therefore, overwhelm him. They fill the library and the bedroom. They fill the bathtub and finally the kitchen sink. Then — what does he do? — he rents another house. It is simple. It is perfect. He is the true lover of books. Robert Nathan, deep in the writing of a new novel, collects couches, not books — and, incidentally, weapons. A good soft couch or a slender Toledo blade means much to him, apparently. I missed him at tea at Stephen Benét's the other day. The Benéts and their child were entertaining that group known as the Poets. I arrived before the regular poets, while Margaret Widdemer (of course I don't mean that she isn't a regular poet) saved the apartment and the baby and everyone else from blowing up by regulating the samovar. Then, before the other guests had arrived, we practised the Charleston, with some small success on the part of one lady poet. Marguerite Wilkinson and Eunice Tietjens were coming up the stairs as I left. Afterward, came Arthur Guiterman, always brisk and looking for all the world like exactly the sort of man who should write light verse; Witter Bynner, looking more and more like exactly the sort of man who should live in New Mexico and translate Chinese poetry; Laura Benét, looking for all the world like the rest of the Benét family. Many others, who talked of this and that and did not do the Charleston out of respect for the carpets and the floor, and talked about poetry, which is much harder on the mind but not half so hard on the furniture.

Ellen Glasgow recently made her annual pilgrimage to New York City, only this year it has been semi annual. She is, as I have always maintained, the most humorful of authors. Her laughter is a tonic not often enough heard along the ways of Fifth Avenue. After the immense success of "Barren Ground", she has turned to the working out of a story of the modern south entirely different in tone and in type of character. As Miss Glasgow arrived in New York from the south, there was a rush of New York authors to the warmer clime. The two events were not deliberately coincidental. Frank Crowninshield went to Florida, to find out what it was all about, so that "Vanity Fair" should not fall one whit behind the times. The other day I came face to face with the awful truth — "'Vanity Fair' is my favorite magazine." It has all the oddity, the harmless snobbery, the absurd wit, that make this humdrum life less humdrum. Otherwise, I choose "The British Weekly", which I read religiously. That combination, plus THE BOOKMAN, I heartily recommend to those who would remain well balanced. (This in

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the face of feminine shrieks from my fashion and travel editors, signifying devotion to "The New Yorker".) Sidney Howard, torn from his novel, rushed to Florida to visit Harrison Rhodes. To the other coast went Charles Hanson Towne, possibly to escape the publication date of his novel, "Tinsel". Fannie Hurst entrained for North Carolina, and the marts of literature are desolate. Isn't it fine that authors are being so prosperous these days? Why not a slogan "Every Poet Own His Own Home — in Florida"? The dangerous part of it is that few authors are contented to stay in one place long enough to own it. Even this last generalization can easily be disproved if you've a mind to take the time to do it. Look at Booth Tarkington, for example. He owns two, even if one of them did burn down. Arthur Train lives quite calmly not far from Park Avenue, even if he does travel a good deal in Europe. Mary Roberts Rinehart owns a house in Washington, even if she does take to a ranch occasionally, or ride a camel over the desert. Ah well, if I were an author, I'd like to own a house on Washington Square and a Connecticut farmhouse. I could get along easily without the Florida business.

"West Winds", poetry from the California Writers Club, collected in volume form, contains some excellent poetry, and some complete drivel; but that is not strange from so large a state as California, from any state in the union as a matter of fact. There are many famous names here included, and the introduction is by Ina Coolbrith. Georgia, too, recently sent me a pamphlet with its prize poems. These books of poetry come in every day from this state and that society, from this school and that individual, all anxious to have their works known to the world at large and their friends in particular. I never lament the amount of bad verse included. The writing of poetry is one of the greatest safety valves man has. It is like the confessional, or playing the piano, or shouting or singing or swimming violently out into the dawn in an open sea. It is life to some, and merely ambition to others. I know of no better sign in America than that all these people write verses. Many of them are distinctly meritorious. Perhaps man writes his verses from the weaknesses of his nature; but it is from the weaknesses of his nature that his real strengths arise. More power to the books of poetry. Less power to the stuffy poetry societies that attempt to stifle whatever originality there may be in a poet. By this, I do not mean that all poetry societies are stuffy — far from it. There are groups of poets, and still more groups of poets. We hear of them from all over the country. They mean a striving, and an ideal. They mean a dream and a vision.

Recently John Drinkwater blazed a brilliant lecture trail through the south in the course of which he filled an engagement at one of the oldest and most conservative colleges for girls. This school is located in the Black Belt, so called because for generations, until the recent exodus of Negroes for Detroit and way stations, the census showed that eight out of every ten inhabitants were colored. The two whites and their descendants feel that they have to keep a stiff upper lip and practise segregation even to their mental associates. Drinkwater's lecture on "Some Aspects of Modern Drama", illustrated by passages from his plays, was most enthusiastically received by faculty and students. He was pre-

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vailed upon to make an impromptu talk to the English classes on poetry, and to read some of his most famous verse. The girls were simply spellbound. Hoping to break the ice, Drinkwater suggested, "Name me some

John Drinkwater

of your southern poets." But those students, who were familiar with Poe and Father Ryan and Hayne and Lanier — some of them blood kin to Lanier! — sat there dumb with awe of the great Englishman. So Drinkwater said, "I'll start you off with one of your best, Paul Laurence Dunbar." The ice he was seeking to break congealed afresh. If he had gone on, as well he might, to cite them Countee Cullen, the hot water pipes might have frozen and burst!

From Scribner's we learn that the latest addition to their Athletic Library is "Ice Hockey: A Manual for Player and Coach", by Thomas K. Fisher. Mr. Fisher is hockey coach at St. Paul's School. Hockey, by the way, has swept New York City, and you may find me almost any evening now wending my way to the new Madison Square Garden to try to see Yale win a game. Of all the teams yet witnessed, Dartmouth seemed to have the most dash and fire. Princeton was active, but ragged. Yale had a certain amount of technique but has of late gone to sleep. Since I am a sentimentalist, the passing of Madison Square Garden, old style, was a matter for much regret; but I must say that the new garden is more comfortable if not so picturesque. Ice dancing is a part of the program, and nothing can be more graceful when it is well done. The man I want to meet is he who is forced to follow the skating couples about the ice with a spotlight. It must take vigor and accuracy, speed, and many other characteristics to follow their swift passage from corner to corner, from side to side.

Emma-Lindsay Squier, according to the charming lady who handles the publicity for Miss Squier's publishers, made many pilgrimages through the southwest and northwest as far as Alaska to collect the Indian legends which will appear in her new book, "Children of the Twilight". On these journeys, she made friends with and gained the confidence of the ancient men of the tribes, and they told her the mystic folk tales which had been preserved till then in their memories. These she set down, often in the very words of the old brave or chief to whom she listened. Miss Squier speaks and understands several of the tribal languages. F. Scott Fitzgerald, it is understood, made several brief trips to Long Island before he judged himself capable of developing the background of "The Great Gatsby" which, dramatized by Owen Davis, will be gracing the boards of town by the time this story appears. He made friends with several persons, including bootleggers,

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and danced a step or two before he felt that he was equipped to record a house party somewhere in the vicinity of Great Neck. Mr. Fitzgerald will not return to this country to witness the opening of his frivolous drama but, instead, will continue his researches in France, leaving his apartment in Paris and moving, with his wife and small daughter Patricia, to Salies-les-Bains in the south of France. Next autumn he will pay America a visit — probably to renew his social background.

John Drury's book of poems, "Arc-light Dusks", comes floating in from a Chicago bookseller. Marcella Burns Hahner should be proud of this product of her book section. During the present warm weather, which might almost be called false spring, I am tempted to think that the fair maid is really upon us; but no, I remember those clawing February and March days when the wind whistles around the corners of Murray Hill, and the fog seeps into the corners of the soul. Fog, however, has its compensations. The other evening, from the broad window of this office, the fog took on a deep blue through which the myriad lights from buildings across the way shot dustily. Well, what I started in to do was to quote John Drury, with a poem, "Spring Willows":

Spring,
Demure and coy,
In her sun-washed
Dress of blue,
Goes about
Adjusting gloves
Of green-gold buds
Upon the ancient willows,
That,
Like silly bachelors,
Stretch eagerly
Their gnarled
Rheumatic fingers.

Two series of books are being published by the Macmillan Company which greatly recommend themselves to your attention. Do you like reasonably priced editions of the classics? I find myself, when reading at night, choosing an Everyman book, or some other small, readable edition every time in preference to the older, heavier volume. "The Modern Readers' Series" is edited by Professor Thorndike of Columbia University. It will include such widely opposed titles as "Culture and Anarchy" and "A Certain Rich Man". John G. Neihardt as well as Walter Pater will be found in its hospitable arms. I like this, don't you? It is a series worth watching. Ten titles are now ready; twenty more are announced. The other series has long been heralded by our Londoner: the new "English Men of Letters Series", edited by J. C. Squire. The first four volumes will be "Herman Melville" by John Freeman, "Swinburne" by Harold Nicolson, "Walt Whitman" by John Bailey, and "George Meredith" by J. B. Priestley. Just how cordial America will be to a Melville and a Whitman done from the other side, is a question; but this country will undoubtedly be interested.

"Fifteen minutes a day", say the advertising sages, devoted to the Five Foot Bookshelf, and your position in society, your promotion in business, are assured. But, without even clipping a coupon, BOOKMAN readers shall have the secret of a much simpler road to fame. It is embodied in that hardy perennial "The World Almanac". The 1926 volume, lately come to hand, is a reminder of indebtedness. Would you know the list of Nobel prize winners to date, the records of tennis matches, the 1924 income tax returns, motor vehicle statistics, the names of the associations and societies throughout the United States, data concerning foreign coun-

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tries, the date of birth of your stage favorite — it awaits you within these covers. Then there's our old friend "Who's Who", the 1926 edition of which contains no less than 30,000 biographical sketches. A lifetime's reading, one would think. Upon the horizon there looms also a "Who's Who in Colored America". This volume will contain facts concerning the dead as well as the living, and will not, in spite of its title, be confined to Americans. Two unique features will be references to further information on persons listed, and photographs of the more notable ones. I mentioned this project the other night to Dorothy Scarborough, who has had a gay time tracking down the spirituals, work songs, reels, and blues which make up her volume "On the Trail of Negro Folk Songs". With the assistance of numerous others Dr. Scarborough has amassed enough material for several further volumes. The old folk songs will have to be gathered within the next few years, she declares, because the generation which remembers them is rapidly dying off. Which reminds me that a recent week in New York witnessed recitals by Paul Robeson and Lawrence Brown, Roland Hayes, Julius Bledsoe, and the Dexter Chorus. Such is the influence of Negro music that a small friend of mine, when asked the other day in kindergarten to render a song, "obliged" with that haunting rhythmic chant of the Georgia convicts, "Water Boy".

Padraic Colum is lilting about town as usual. He is here caricatured as he is supposed to have looked at a rehearsal of one of his plays in Dublin. His "Three Plays" has just been reissued, and there is soon to come from the presses "The Road Round Ireland", in which he interprets his native land through typical characters and local customs, and paints intimate portraits of some of the men who are prominent in the new Ireland. I always feel, when I know that James Stephens and Padraic Colum are in the same place at the same time, that the fortunate place must literally be sprouting sprites and all other fancies connected with Ireland. The Irish are, of course, the most loyal people in the world, with the possible exception of Philadelphians. What with Philadelphia getting out its imitation of "The New Yorker", called "The Philadelphian", one is strengthened in this conclusion. What right has Philadelphia to be sprightly, I'd like to know? Of course, there are plenty of sprightly people in Philadelphia; but just the same, in my opinion no town has any right to belie its legend, and the legend of Philadelphia Quakerism is much too important to the world to be allowed to fall into disuse, or even for a second to be questioned. It would be just as bad for Chicago to publish a magazine called "The Chicagoan" which was an

Padraic Colum

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attempt to imitate the editorial policies of William Dean Howells. Is there anything more upsetting than seeing a solid and stately banker trying to do the Charleston on a waxed floor? I feel that way about "The Philadelphian". Doubtless it is very clever. Doubtless it is chic. Doubtless it is all the things it sets out to be — but the very name is against it, and no matter how snappy the cover, in green, white, and scarlet, the subconscious mind sees it as a dainty Quaker maid in grey, against a background of Liberty Bells.

Ada Kyle Lynch sends us word that California writers are progressing in spite of the fact that many noted authors from the region of the Golden Gate are at present sojourning in New York:

Corra Harris, author and feature writer for "The Saturday Evening Post", has succumbed to the California lure! Sent here to investigate the status of woman's position on the Pacific coast, she says that, although she should have been back in her "cabin" in Georgia some weeks ago, busy with the subject for which she came west, she finds the state "very hard to get away from". Those of us who had the pleasure of meeting the woman who has just completed her story in the "Post", will look with expectant interest for the series soon to appear, hoping that it may show evidence of the new frame of mind she is to prove — according to the concluding paragraphs of her serial, "As a Woman Thinks". She says: "I am late starting off on this adventure" (of proving the Scriptures by seeking and finding happiness) "and I have no very definite idea about the direction in which happiness lies, but that very uncertainty has a sort of sparkle in it." Corra Harris will find the sparkle, and revel in it. She will find "something which is just good for her" and not something supposedly good for her soul. Any author who can "pace the floor and wring the neck of her spirit in grief because she shall never write anything so good" as something she has read, is likely to evolve into a character utterly out of keeping with every phase before experienced in her life. May I be here to see the new evolution! I can even imagine her with bobbed hair, short skirts, and a lorgnette.

Harry Noyes Pratt, former editor of "The Overland Monthly" magazine, broadcasts reviews of new books over KLX (Oakland "Daily Tribune") every Wednesday evening. Mary Bird Clayes, staté vice president of the L. A. P. W., presided over the Authors' breakfast during Diamond Jubilee week, and later broadcast a report of the program. It was a social and intellectual success. Charles Caldwell Dobie, whose name is synonymous with the effective short story, is contributing a daily feature to the San Francisco "Bulletin".

Fronia Eunice Wait Colburn, pioneer newspaper woman of the country, is considering an offer to screen her book: "Yermah the Dorado". Mrs. Colburn, president of the Bay District L. A. P. W., is sponsoring a play which will be given by the members in the spring. Historical subjects and settings of Mt. St. Helena will be used. Of unusual interest, in this latter day status of women in the newspaper field, are the stories of Mrs. Colburn's experiences, when the newspaper offices in San Francisco were not in the pretentious buildings which now house them, nor on the easily accessible streets where they now stand, but way down among the warehouses!

A news story appeared recently to the effect that a cottage in Humboldt County among the tall redwoods, where Peter B. Kyne has written many of his stories, had burned down, and that the author and his dog had had some difficulty in escaping. To writers on the coast, the mention of Peter B. Kyne brings to mind always the friendship of the author and Frank Mulgrew, well known newspaper man, whose death occurred a short time ago. The plot of the story "Never the Twain Shall Meet" is the result of notes taken by Mulgrew while traveling. Mulgrew's father and uncle founded and published for many years the Healdsburg "Enterprise", which is still flourishing. His childhood was spent in the small burg on the Redwood Highway, and according to his request, his ashes rest in the family plot in Oakwood Cemetery.

A young lady of charm and winning ways came into this office the other day to demand for a newspaper syndicate word of what had been my "darkest hour". She didn't know it, but she happened in on that very hour. However, I lied pleasantly and told her that my darkest hour was when I flunked all the college entrance examinations except the one in English, and thought that Mr. Yale's college was only a dream after all. Newspaper syndi-

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cates are always thinking up these pleasant little things. "At the Bottom of the Ladder", a series of Kessler cartoons, was recently syndicated and is to be published now in book form. The origin of the series seems to have been as follows:

Judge Elbert H. Gary, in a letter dated October 18, 1922, addressed to Henry J. Wright, then chief editor of the New York "Globe", says:

"My friends have seen with interest and amusement the cartoon by Kessler exhibited in a recent issue of the 'Globe' entitled 'At the Bottom of the Ladder'. . . . He probably did not know that the cartoon accurately represents my early experiences on my father's farm. On two different occasions my carelessness, and perhaps unreasonable haste, resulted in injuries — not serious but quite disagreeable. At one time the ax slipped and struck my foot, resulting in a scar which I have carried to the present day. At another time a stick flew and, instead of striking a cow, struck me across the bridge of the nose and left a mark which lasted several days, although the wound healed without leaving a permanent scar. I am wondering if I could purchase the original drawing."

The cartoon in question shows young Gary busily engaged with an ax, making wood fly, as well as several farm animals, while a too inquisitive cow has been caught squarely between the eyes by a flying billet.

Marc Connelly has a new play coming on — by this time it will doubtless have appeared. His favorite English author, James Stephens, has meanwhile arrived again in this country to renew his triumph of last season. James Stephens is, of course, Irish, as you all know. Marc's other favorite English author is Michael Arlen, who is Armenian — well you never can tell these days, anyway. I've heard people say that their favorite American author was William McFee. Why not? He lives in America. Now my favorite American author might be Achmed Abdullah — only it isn't. Rufus King, whose dog story "North Star" is to be the first of the new Strongheart motion pictures, arrived in town recently with another manuscript, "Whelp of the Winds", and a new dog, Shep, a black Belgian police dog. Shep likes this office. He has a winning way of lying down right in front of the door so that no one can come to interrupt while I'm trying to write the Gossip Shop or other tidbits. King lives most of the year in New York State just on the border of Canada, and finds skating, snowshoeing, fishing through the ice, and other winter sports more profitable than days spent in the great town. It is a question as to whether north or south is better for a vacation these days. I find myself wavering between the two. Shall it be Vermont, or the state I chose for adoption, South Carolina? It is a question best settled by staying hard at work in town. After all, one may see here such lovely things as the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio's rendition of "Carmen", and such terrible atrocities as the Princeton Triangle Club show. What possible excuse for existence has the Princeton Triangle Club after this year's performance? It was merely a conventional musical comedy which displayed no fact other than that certain Princeton undergraduates can learn to dance rather better than the average Broadway chorus. Perhaps it increases their dance invitations, but I can imagine no other effect it could have on their futures or that of the drama — or Princeton, for that matter.

We learn with surprise and delight that Loraine Fielding, one of the prize winners in THE BOOKMAN Children's Essay Contest this year, is the grandchild of Hornaday, the great naturalist. She lives in Stamford, Connecticut. Alas! a child who is a dear friend of mine and has a fresh, natural imagination recently was asked to write a poem in school. She wrote what she con-

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sidered a poem. The teacher told her it wasn't a poem because it didn't rhyme. The child was heartbroken. She doesn't like to write poems that rhyme. They do not seem to her beautiful. There is food for profound thought here. What rank stupidity on someone's part, I say. With which observation my poor child familiar comes running in at the door, and reminds me how yesterday Miss Bab, paying a visit and bearing a lovely pink carnation, insisted on holding it out the window during our entire conversation because she was afraid it would wilt. With which this same familiar bursts into rhyme:

I've wondered many many times,
And I should like to know,
How lollypops get on their stems,
How sticks of candy grow.

Perhaps the elves have many boys
And they must all be fed,
So — in their kitchen gardens
They plant a candy bed.

From the Trade Extension Section of the United States Post Office, Nashville, Tennessee, comes Letter No. 39 "Selling Nashville: 'Nashville is the Live Stock Centre of the South'." To prove this, five anecdotes of Andrew Jackson, the illustrious son of Tennessee, are told. Three of them, to be sure, are about the post office. The last one, titled, somewhat loosely, "Andrew Jackson Was an Extraordinary Man", is my favorite Jackson anecdote. It will warm my heart toward Nashville; but will scarcely bring me and my live stock to that centre of stockery.

Toward women he was the most chivalrous of men, but with men he chose not the order of settling disputes or insults, whether by personal combat or pistol duel. He feared nothing and believed himself capable of anything, and he was not alone in his belief. Some years after his death a visitor at the Hermitage, near Nashville — his home and burial place — asked an old colored servant of the General if he thought Marse Jackson was in heaven, to which the old Uncle promptly replied: "Well, now, who gwine ter stop him, ef he take a notion to go in?"

Henry Beston

Henry Beston has been in New Mexico, a place to which Sinclair Lewis has now gone on a walking trip. New Mexico has always meant all sorts of wild animals and bugs to me, but apparently it is quite as good a place through which to walk and forget the cares of a great novelist as any. Mr. Beston, vagabonding as usual, found it a most happy excursion. He writes, "I liked the Indian dances. At San Juan one of the younger dancers had just that conscientious look which you see on the faces of well meaning students at smaller colleges — and to my great delight, he wore upon his painted eye sockets a large pair of American tortoiseshell specs — he looked for all the world like a naked but earnest young Williams man. I may be wrong, however, about the college, for the older Indian men, the chorus, were apparently saying over and over again with a good deal of solemnity, 'Dear old Brown, dear Old Brown'." A bright young man in the office came in proudly to tell me exactly what it was that the Indians say. "You can put it in right", he said. "Why?" I asked. "Oh, I don't know", he said.

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"It will be funnier if you make it look as though you didn't have a sense of humor." "But I haven't", said I. "That doesn't make any difference", he replied. "Oh, well then, I don't care — let's put it in — how do you spell it?" "Gosh", said the young man; "I never thought of that!"

New Year's Eve is always a difficult time for me. It appals me that I have no good resolutions left to make. I make them all over again so constantly, due doubtless to a New England conscience gone wrong. However, this year's celebration was easier than usual, since I was shepherded through its mazes by Mary Doran Rinehart in a Russian costume, and a charming matron who writes but will not let me see what she writes (a very unusual happening), Mrs. Alan Goodhue, in an Eastern costume. William J. Burns was the only one who had the courage to come to this gala and brilliant affair uncostumed, although properly dressed. All his masterly detective faculties were required, not only to discover what some of the costumes were, but where they were! Again this Charleston business. I hear that Mr. Van Vechten has started a class in the famous dance. It is my chief ambition in life now to see Heywood Broun dance the Charleston. If he would do that, one might forgive him his disdain of popular authors because they are popular.

Don Seitz terminates a long and glowing career on the New York "World" by launching upon another one in the editorial office of "The Outlook". This is a piece of good news; for "The Outlook" is one of those magazines which go steadily on through the years and keep a sane, steady viewpoint and a faithful following. Young Henry Morton Robinson among the new editors has done an excellent job with his first number of "Contemporary Verse". This number is well balanced, interesting, and contains several lovely poems and none which are dull. This, it seems to me, is saying a great deal for a poetry magazine. "Books" of the "Herald-Tribune" has taken on a new and decidedly more striking appearance since the section is run off on the color press in two tones. It has always seemed to me an excellent, a sparkling, an interesting comment on current life and letters, and now that its appearance has so decidedly improved it should forge ahead with little trouble in the front ranks of book review sections.

A thousand dollars in prizes has been offered by Walter Clare Martin through "The Editor", Book Hill, Highland Falls, New York. Information about the prizes, manuscripts for which are due before December 31, 1926, may be secured from that magazine. I note with some puzzlement that the offer is for "genius in its most incandescent sense". Since I am a little sleepy this morning, the following masterpiece of writing almost escaped me entirely. I was just about to make fun of it, when I discovered that it was worthy of Robert C. Benchley. I quote it in part for your delectation or astonishment:

> Neither novel nor story in the generally accepted sense will be considered. The manuscript must primarily seek and attain poetic beauty, although it may be written in either prose or verse. Conventional verse will be considered, as will verse in the most modern forms, provided always that it creates beauty. The prose most likely to attain success will be heavily fraught with poetic feeling. It may represent a mood or an idea, or it may even tell a tale. If in prose, the successful composition may be in eulogistic or oratorical form. It may fall within that form commonly described as the "prose poem". A masterpiece is wanted, not something to sell. The

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search will continue until December 31st, 1926, unless "the great unknown" is discovered before that time. If no immortal is found by that date, the award of $100 for the best script will be declared. . . . Authors retain all rights, except that the donor of the prizes reserves the right to quote occasionally from scripts in writing articles about the progress of the search. Mr. Martin and his associates will judge as fellow dreamers; not merchants. . . . He and his associate judges will be tolerant of any kind of contribution except the plagiarism and the religious "blurb" of Daytonian scope. Do not submit book manuscripts, collections of verse, or descriptions of ideas. Do not ask needless questions. Please try to understand the purpose of the offer: To unearth the manuscript of a work of poetic beauty — whether written in prose or verse — that suggests the power of genius, by an author at present unknown.

Late breakfasting on a Sunday morning, especially if one has to get up at seven during the week, is the most luxurious habit I can recommend, and in New York City it can be quite perfect either at home or at a hotel. Some people prefer the Hotel Plaza, but I have always wanted to breakfast, in the springtime, in an open window of either the Gotham or the St. Regis. These winter Sundays are becoming so mild and full of sunshine, it seems a shame to stay at home and write true stories for a living or read even the New York "Times" when there are more top hats and pink and white old gentlemen than one can count parading Fifth Avenue, and when the treasure houses of the rich are thrown open to the populace before they are finally shaken from their foundations. The Vanderbilt home on Fifty Seventh Street has just made its début before the public — a very old débutante, to be sure, but a palace in which to conjure up pictures of New York in the late nineteenth century. Psychologists say that childhood impressions are the most important. What will the Italian babies, staring from their mothers' arms at ceilings of blue and pink angels and fluffy clouds, and at breath taking chandeliers, dream of when they begin to write poetry in 1956? Mansion gazing is the latest indoor sport in the east, although it is rumored that this pastime will soon be out of vogue with the return to the city of the dime museums where trained fleas do handsprings and for a penny it is possible to see the Seminary Girls engaging in a pillow fight. There was the Turkish room adjoining the Vanderbilt dining-room, a red affair of amazing height. The former showed imagination and delighted my exotic taste. Turkish coffee in a Turkish room with Turkish cigarettes! Summon Mr. Bromfield's Therèse Callendar — and there is actually a person by that name living on the coast, who subscribes to THE BOOKMAN. We hope she will read "Possession". The library mystified us all. It is on the very corner of the Avenue and West Fifty Seventh Street, with much light, a fireplace flanked with low built in seats, a bay window you will remember, where there must have been a window seat for reading. But where were the bookshelves? Did they keep the books under the carpet or behind the paneled walls? Perhaps they rang for the butler when they wanted a book, and he brought it to them on a silver tray, fresh from the private printing presses. Hundreds of people have daily been filing solemnly, like Alpine climbers, between the ropes which guide you up and down marble stairs. Since all of old New York seems to be fast disappearing, it is not to be wondered at that these bits of the Victorian era attract vast crowds. Personally, the great apartment houses on Park Avenue inspire genuine awe in me, and I recommend a promenade in that part of town to those who lament the old buildings. Severe, yes, but

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clinging to them a new beauty of simplicity and vast distances.

To which our fashion editor adds:

There is also, on a Sunday afternoon, the Philharmonic at Carnegie Hall and, this month, Toscanini, who conducted for the first time in America "The Pines of Rome" by Respighi. It was an exciting occasion, with the audience shouting at the finish and the composer and the conductor bowing and bowing. The first part of this tone poem is the most beautiful piece of modern music I have yet heard. I think it should be called "Kaleidoscope" or "Confetti" or "Spattering Rain Through Young Trees". Here again, the modern holds its own against things wrought in the past. The Moscow Music Art Theatre, or whatever its correct title may be, has put much rhythm into "Carmencita and the Soldier", with its chorus grouped on stairs and balconies, moving their large fans to the music. A yellow background for the red, orange, and black of the costumes, and firelight thrown on the faces of the gipsies, meant more than all the scenery of the American opera *en masse*, which it usually is. And, according to the energetic teacher taking Ruth St. Denis's place at the Denishawn school of dancing in New York, the Moscow players have been taught how to use their bodies. Speaking of Denishawn, there is a new book by Ted Shawn announced, "The American Ballet". The company is in China or Japan, or both, at the moment, having danced for six weeks in Tokio to packed houses. A snapshot of Mr. Shawn learning a Japanese dance in which is worn a wig of the longest hair ever seen on land or sea, makes one anxious for the return of America's greatest dancers.

Edmund Vance Cooke, of whom I have of course heard for years, and whose trail I have always just missed in the middle west, came in today, looking for all the world like a somewhat gentler Richard Burton. His quiet, ministerial air belies the sense of humor which is practically always present in his verse. He brings good news of Cleveland, its art, its music, and its famous little theatre. Mr. Cooke is one of the few poets of whom I know who can read their works to men and be applauded as well as heard. There is a quality of homely wisdom as well as entertainment and beauty in his verses that wins the masculine ear. Ted Robinson is another Cleveland poet who is elusive in the extreme. He comes to New York, calls — and I am in Cleveland. I go to Cleveland and he is in New York. All very difficult,

From "Laughing Ann"

to be sure. Of light verse in general there is more talk of late than in former years. One of the books I most look forward to seeing this spring is A. P. Herbert's "Laughing Ann, and Other Poems". Mr. Herbert is one of those delicately gay Englishmen who, along with A. A. Milne, hold the fort for lightly humorous trifles that sing their way into the heart and the imagination. The publisher's catalogue quotes the following entrancing trifle:

Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
The Furies do you brown!
O may you buy
When things are high
And sell when they are down!
O may the Inland Revenue
Conceive a strong dislike for you

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And sometimes hale
You off to jail
For owing half a crown!
And when you pass
A looking glass
O may you start and cry
With new conviction every night,
That is a most unpleasant sight —
My goodness, is it I?
O may your nose go red and shine!
O may you catch a chill!
Confound you, Mr. Turpentine,
I wish you very ill!

John Dos Passos is in Africa. I wonder whether this reporter of the abnormal, this bedfellow of pessimism, will find Zanibar entirely filled with fleas; or will he, perhaps, find the primitive after all the nearest to happiness? Perhaps the man who detailed the horrors of war in "Three Soldiers" and the horrors of New York City in "Manhattan Transfer" will find that in Africa all meets the demands of the old Sunday School hymn. Or, who knows — perhaps he will return to collaborate with Mr. Van Vechten on an Afric-Harlem novel. Arthur Hamilton Gibbs is, between lectures in outlying parts of the country, living in New York City and finishing his new novel, "Labels". "Soundings" is being translated into German, Swedish, and braille, and while the braille people are doing it for those who cannot see, it is probable that the motion picture people will fix it up for those who cannot read. It is rather remarkable, you know, how far one small popular novel can go these days. Donald Ogden Stewart is in Hollywood again, so they say. He is at work in the Hollywood cafés, for the papers carry anecdotage of his wit and humor there. It is rumored that he has turned more of a mystic than ever and is hovering in his literary inspiration somewhere between Swift and Blake. Do you know Blake's prophetic prose? You should. You remember, perhaps, that Mr. Stewart first learned that he could write because he discovered that he was a brilliant conversationalist. Now ask your friends if you are a brilliant talker. Perhaps you will suddenly discover that you can write pages for "Vanity Fair", and then there's no telling at all where you'll end. We hear also that Mr. Stewart's "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris" is to appear serially in "College Humor".

There has been much todo recently concerning the goings and comings of one Franz Werfel, whose play "The Goat Song" the Theatre Guild have attempted. This play won the German prize this season corresponding with our Pulitzer Award. Werfel is also the author of "Verdi", the biographical novel on the autumn lists. He is thirty five years old and lives in Vienna. Presently, of course, he will be visiting America. Perhaps when he arrives he will share Vachel Lindsay's feeling, and will refuse to visit the women's clubs. Incidentally, we don't quite agree with Mr. Lindsay, and we wonder if he was not slightly misquoted in the following account in the New York "Sun":

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay, poet, returning home today after a tour of the west, declared he had "sworn off going to women's clubs".

"I prefer hostesses who do their own work and who also read", he said. "Almost any college professor's wife is this sort, but the women's clubs hate such people with a deadly hatred. They prefer to thrust me among hostesses where there is much tea and a smothering of servants.

"If there are husbands present, they are the kind of business men who find their chief nourishment in the full page advertisements of office supplies. Their only idealism is to keep their wives like these supplied with tea, poets and servants, while they themselves, as good business men, keep on attending peppy business men's banquets."

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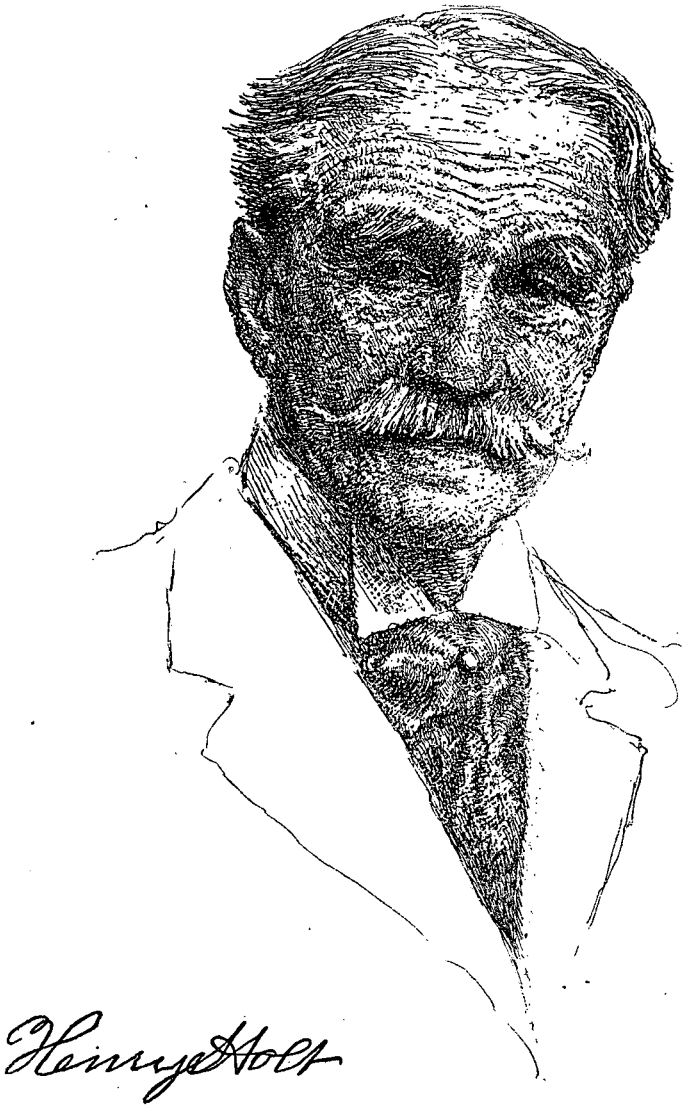

Drawn from Life for THE BOOKMAN *by Fred Lewis*

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